This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Religion
ZADA

THE

MONTHLY

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXXIV.

EDITED BY

REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES.
1865.

DONATED BY THE
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
NEW YORK CITY

971501

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by

LEONARD C. BOWLES,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

CAMBRIDGE:

PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SONS.

INDEX TO VOL. XXXIV.

Adopting Children, 275.
A Sunday-school Teacher's Lesson, 88, 223, 310.
"Beauty for Ashes," 353.
Dr. Hedge and his Critics, 268.
Following God, 300.
God in Christ, 230.
Idealizing our Friends, 171.
Letter about Swedenborg, 157.
Modern Naturalism as a Means of Religious Knowledge, 129.
Morning Side, 39, 94, 162, 236, 284, 357.
Notices of Books, 57, 190, 255, 319, 381.
Religious Teaching and the Public Morals, 321.
Street Talk, 295.
Summer's Talk, 244.
Swedenborg on the Incarnation, 104.
The Bible, and how we should use it, 193.
The Close of the War. — Scenes and Thoughts, 1.
The Executions at Washington, 76.
The Gain from Sadness, 235.
The Kingdom within, 80.
The Morale of Shakespeare, 217.
The Muses, 203.
The Sinner's Peace, through Christ, by Faith, 152.
The Value of Life in the Sight of God, 20.

SERMONS.

The Christian View of Enjoyment, 173.
The Conditions of Life and Progress in a Christian Society, 65.
The Good Man, 257.
The Lot of the Called, 341.
The Significance of Abraham Lincoln as Man and President, 31.

POETRY.

"And the Light shineth in the Darkness; and the Darkness comprehended it not," 243.
Baby's Little Hat, 273.
Calm, Peace, and Light, 255.
Dante, 318.
"Entered through the Gates into the City," 87.
Foretastes, 180.
Fragrance of Flowers, 103.
Hymns from the German, 150, 215, 282, 338.
Hymn for the Blind, 151.
Intimations of the Spirit, 75.
Lowly Service, 161.
"Memorial Verses," 55.
Morning, 45.
Night, 46.

On Affliction, 356.
Perfection, 79.
Prayer, 114.
Prayer and the Dead, 19.
Sabbath Bells, 352.
Sensibility to the Beauty and Fragrance of Flowers, 103.
Sweets of Zion, 229.
The Angel to the Beloved, 156.
The Child-soul, 172.
The Christian's Funeral, 316.
The Pantheist and the Ass, 294.
"To fill the Moment worthily is Everlasting Life," 222.

RANDOM READINGS.

A National Church: shall it be Episcopal or Congregational? 125.
Cypress Leaves, 182.
Did Paul have Fits? 370.
Faith without Works, 127.
Finishing the Work, 379.
Gleanings from Foreign Periodicals, 50, 123, 186.
God revealed in us, 188.
Habit in Well-doing, 54.
Healthy Work, 185.
Heaven better than the Almshouse, 185.
Indelible Impressions, 116.
Infinite Goodness the Same in Kind with Finite Goodness, 250.
Jesus Christ the Fountain of Christian Truth, 380.
Letter from Cuba, 47.
Mrs. Fry in Newgate, 317.
New Life in Old Forms, 372.
No more Holidays needed, 184.
Notes in the Hospitals, 252.
Rappings Rapped, 379.
Reason in Religion, 317.
Reminiscences of Rev. Dr. Nichols, 378.
Rev. Dr. Channing and Miss Aiken, 122.
Science and Religion, 128.
Source of our Knowledge of God, 189.
"Swedenborg on the Incarnation," 119.
The Best Persuasive, 188.
The Close of the Year, 368.
The Executions at Washington, 115.
The Human Nature of our Saviour, 248.
"The Nation," 127.

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. JULY, 1865. No. 1.

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR. — SCENES AND THOUGHTS.

TOURISTS and sight-seekers are already, singly, or in friendly parties, furnishing crowds of visitors to the most interesting localities of the war, which, Heaven be praised! we can say is closed. Having taken an early start on such an errand, with a desire to notice the actual look of things and the state of feeling which marked the cessation of hostilities, the writer will set down, in an unstudied way, some of his observations and impressions.

The great central scenes, where so much of strife and passion have been displayed, must of themselves be richly suggestive and deeply impressive to a thoughtful mind. For four years we have been reading of places under old and familiar names, or by names strange and new, which are henceforward to be the most marked localities for all the departments of a national literature. Thus it is that spots of the earth, commonplace towns and cities, furrowed soil, mounds, swamps, forests, become to us more than books; and with a companion, himself an actor in the scenes and woes which have given them a record, they convert the mind and heart of an observer into volumes better than those which history furnishes. As if the fame and interest of the soil of this new continent might leap into rivalry in the space of four years with regions of the earth which began to write

their history in landmarks four thousand years ago, we can already tell over a longer list of famous fields than either of the other three continents will supply. The lines of attack and defence around Richmond and Petersburg alone, cover an extent of from fifty to sixty miles, stretching over fields tilled and untilled, swamps and forests, streams, hills, and valleys, in parallel lines of works. These are not sodded and firm, like the grassy intrenchments of an old fort; they are only in a few places stiffened with timber. They show for as they are, simply the loose soil, clay, or sand, thrown up by spade, breast-high, and burrowed into by holes, such as we should associate with the vermin of the woods, rather than with even the refuges and hiding-places of men. The parallel lines, those nearest Petersburg especially, were for eight months occupied by hostile armies, each man of whom was on the watch for some advantage over his dangerous neighbors. The advanced guards could easily exchange greetings or revilings across the interval between them, and a visible limb or even a finger exposed for a moment was a mark for a sharpshooter.

The ascent of James river, after passing City Point, will furnish a very sufficient rebuke to those among us who remember their fretting impatience, that the patriotic army, with all its help from gunboats, should have been so doggedly kept from its advance to Richmond by water. The first view from the river of that long-beleagured city would present a grandly beautiful spectacle, were it not that the eye, instantly falling from a gaze on its lofty spires and embowering hills, rests upon the wide area of awful desolation, caused by the conflagration which attended its surrender. The odium of that dastardly act of incendiarism is bandied between a portion of the retiring army, and the convicts released from the penitentiary.

And then there are those revolting and misery-stamped prisons and prison-pens, so hideously associated with the agonies which have been endured in them that it is doubtful whether it will be wise to allow the buildings to stand undemolished, or the configuration of the ground to remain

unchanged, simply because it is inhuman even to perpetuate inhumanity by visible objects. Every square inch of wall, ceiling, and post in those dreary lofts, has a memorial of heart-ache and misery, drawn out for months on food that made starvation a preference, and on memories and longings of home and friends that transfigured a former life with loveliness, however rude or coarse or hard. There human beings were crowded as thick as bricks in a side-walk, and neither heart nor ear would bear the recital of what was visible or hidden there. What materials for the tragic and the harrowing have been gathered there! And yet, will it not be wisest for us, if we can, to hush all the details into silence, remembering only the sum?

The steamboats and hotels, and all the way-places where curiosity will lead a visitor, will cast him into company with some of every class, — men and women, citizens and soldiers, blacks and whites, — who will represent to him those on both sides who have been directly engaged in the war. There is a perfectly amicable understanding, that, at least in all public places, any one may open conversation with any other, and may put any question which his curiosity prompts. There is some very frank speech under these circumstances, though courtesy and mutual forbearance will generally restrain it within tolerable bounds. It is remarkable that no resort has been had by private disputants to blows, or to the use of weapons after one of these chance, way-side discussions. The porticoes of the hotels by day show groups of loungers mingling their uniforms of gray and blue; and the forms of the wearers are strewn over the floors by night, in the crowded sleeping apartments or halls, in such a promiscuous way, that any one roused suddenly by the nightmare troubles of some uneasy sleeper might well imagine himself as one of the wounded on a battle-field.

As the result of all such observations and interviews as a transient visitor and a careful inquirer may enjoy, the writer frankly reports his own experience when he avers that the fullest and most grateful impression made on his own mind was that of the completeness and thoroughness of the national

triumph. There is nothing doubtful about that. It is clean and entire, full and sure. The fact was admitted, emphasized indeed, by those over whom it was attained. The most frank avowals came freely from many individuals, that their plans and hopes were all thwarted; that their gigantic efforts had failed; and that their prodigal outlay had been spent for nothing but to prove the futility, if not the error, of their enterprise. Nor do all the facts alleged to show that a rankling spirit of hate, intensified by failure, is burning in the hearts of any number of the discomfited leaders, civil or military, avail to withstand or even to qualify the force of the statement just made. They know very well, that the people from whom they had willingly, or by a forced conscription, filled their ranks, could not again be brought into subserviency to their own schemes. They have lost their power of beguilement against their country. All the terrible evils and anxieties, actual and prospective, civil, financial, and social, which hang over the late rebellious States; their apprehensions from their own population, white or black; their present deprivations; their internal commotions and local discords, — are all of a sort, and directly tend to compel them to look to the national authority for their protection. Their unity of purpose among themselves, if such ever existed, is utterly destroyed. Destitution, marauding, internecine strifes, and absolute anarchy, stare them in the face. They have reason to be thankful that their final discomfiture was not in the winter. Had it been in the autumn, rather than the springtime, that the rebel armies had been disbanded, it is easy to conceive how the sufferings of the South would have been aggravated. As it is, their only prospect of relief and security lies in the gradual restoration of the power of the Government over the regions, and in the councils, which have been cursed by the agencies of the slave despotism. And the prime condition of the success of all measures for their relief is in an absolute restraint and prohibition of all attempts, or, at least, of all successful attempts, of their deceiving leaders to get back into the exercise of an influence, the former use of which has brought such woe upon our whole country.

The writer found the testimony of the common soldiers who had served in the rebel armies to be uniformly to the effect, that they had had enough of war, and welcomed peace. For the first two years of the contest, they had had on the whole a good time. They had whipped the Yankees over and over again. They had a firm belief that they should succeed as soon as the North discovered that they were in earnest. They did not imagine that the North was in earnest. They listened implicitly to the representations of their leaders, and believed their promises. They had good food and clothing sent them by English friends, and were kept constantly in good heart by their women. They knew that those who had wealth and influence in England wished them to succeed, were secretly giving them all the support which they dared to furnish, and were from month to month just ready to recognize them, because they wished to see this Republic overthrown. They therefore kept up a good heart, till the reverses of the last two years, the hard cruelty with which they were treated by their officers, and their sharp sufferings from cold and hunger, wore them out. If the writer was not deceived by merely happening to fall in with those who were all of one mind, — officers and men and people, — in the service of or in sympathy with the rebellion, strange as the assertion may sound, they seemed to share with us degrees of satisfaction at the result. They are at least trying, and with apparent success, to convince themselves that it is for the best. The Government and its patriotic supporters have, throughout the war, acted on the belief that the agents of the rebellion were composed of two parties, — the knaves and their dupes; the ambitious and unscrupulous plotters of the mischief, and those whom they deceived to serve their purposes. The leaders are discomfited and disabled. The common masses whom they beguiled have had their eyes opened, in part through a discovery of the deception which had been put upon them, and in part by being made aware of the strength of the nation's purpose and resolve. Men in rebel uniform, who but a few weeks before would without a word have laid the writer dead at their feet, or have sub-

jected him to the horrors of their prisons, were affable and communicative, and seemed to try in the spirit of kindly hosts or friends to make his visit agreeable, and to afford him information, and all facilities for seeing and understanding points of interest and incidents in the strife in which they had borne a full part. They made no disguise of what had been their expectations: they made no secret of their bloody deeds. A Confederate soldier, pointing out to us the position of the combatants as we stood over the mine at Petersburg, very quietly observed, "There are five hundred niggers in that pit, and I killed four of them." They had hated their foes, either with an intelligent or an ignorant hatred. They had fought with a will. They had been amazed that they were not likely to succeed. They had been astounded at their failure. But they had failed. They understood that; failed thoroughly, past all possibility of rallying or trying again; failed in council and on the field, in men and means, and at last in inclination and heart. They gave it up, without backward lookings or murmurs. Another cause, not their own, had triumphed. All that some predicted, and many feared, of a scattered and desultory warfare, of local camps in wild mountains, of chieftains with their followers, who would not come under the terms of the great generals, is happily not yet realized. The conquered have not will or heart even for that, nor for any thing like it. The triumph of the nation's cause is complete.

There are many very touching reminders of this fact for the eye and mind of an observer. The bonds and paper money of the conspirators float about as waste paper. Its value is only that of a curiosity, — a thing already antiquated, to be wondered over. Large numbers of the women of Richmond who once bore rule in the fashionable circles of society, those who loved us least and spoke so revilingly of us, all of them in the weeds of mourning for their own dead, come twice a week to the places where the merciful nation distributes its doles of charity to the amount of thousands of dollars, — and they receive bread and meat from the hands of our black soldiers. One day's easy travel will take you from the house

where the fallen President of the broken Confederacy wrote so boastfully his proclamations and State papers, to the Fortress where, as a prisoner, he was for three days in irons, living on felon's fare. And the capital city, its bristling fortifications all free to any wandering foot or curious gaze, is half of it a desolation; sadly, most sadly, testifying, that its last woe, like all its previous miseries, was inflicted by its own people.

This completeness of our triumph, undeniable in itself, is suggestive of many thoughts, some of them anxious ones. Whatever it may mean or prove; whatever it may include; whether it shall work as an advantage or a snare; whether the full power which it gives us shall be safe for us, and can be wisely used, or might have better come to us under some limitation or qualification,—as a matter of fact we must accept it as it has fallen to us. The nation has it all its own way. Those whose scheme for a Confederacy initiated and organized under the Southern view of State Sovereignty has been baffled, admit that, however honestly they may have held that Southern theory, and however stoutly they have battled for it, it must now succumb to the Northern or national view; that our Union is more than a partnership of States for the purpose of stamping coin, and carrying mails, and building lighthouses, and a few more convenient arrangements; and that there is a centralized power in the land. The issue between these sectional views has been tried in the field, and it has been decided. Mr. Jefferson Davis would have us believe, that when, at least on two occasions, — his becoming a cadet in the national institution at West Point, and his qualification as a senator in the national Congress, — he solemnly swore the oath of allegiance to the Government, it was under the restriction of a prior allegiance to Mississippi. Suppose, then, he had frankly uttered what he avers was in his mind, thus, "I do solemnly swear full and faithful allegiance to the United States, subject, however, to a prior allegiance due to Mississippi." Would he have been accredited on either occasion? But what all the arguing and debating of a century would not have decided as between the Northern and the Southern

ideas of a national citizenship, the war has once for all disposed of. There is not now a square foot of the nation's soil where the nation's flag may not be raised. There is not an organization, military, civil, or individual, united against the Government. The rebel prisons are open and empty, or occupied only by their own worst offenders. The English piratical craft — no other nation furnished such agencies of "neutrality" — are swept from the high seas and from British colonial ports. The rebel armies are disbanded, and all their soldiers are under parole. The enormous rebel debt is discredited; and it is hardly likely that our amiable cousins across the water who invested in it will have the effrontery to carry out the suggestion of petitioning our Government to remunerate their losses. The rebel secrets of State are in a fair way to be all opened. The rebel leaders and generals, who are not fugitives, are under parole or in prison. And all this triumph of our nationality has been secured by the use of our own national resources, in spite of the not even covert exercise of a strong feeling of malignity against us abroad among those from whom we expected another spirit towards us. Mr. Laird, "ram-builder to the Confederacy," in his place in the House of Commons, uttered the unblushing falsehood, that his help had been solicited for our Government; whereas it appeared, on inquiry, that an agent of his had approached our Government with his own proffers, which had been rejected. Earl Russell wrote to Lord Lyons, that the Union was dead and buried, and that he need have no scruples about informing Mr. Seward that such was the opinion of the British Cabinet. Their wishes, it seems, were not to be gratified by Providence. The triumph of the national cause is complete.

And then as freely and as emphatically is the admission yielded by the vanquished insurgents, that the prime cause of the rebellion, the stake for which the fearful venture was hazarded, goes with the decision of the conflict. The institution of chattel slavery is struck down for ever in all the constituent parts of this Republic. There are good reasons for believing, that, if the question of its restoration were sub-

mitted, after full and free discussion among the white population of the South, without interference from the Government, or any other than a moral intervention from the North, to the deliberate judgment of the citizens, such judgment, while possibly re-establishing slavery by a modified code and as a temporary arrangement, would withstand its recovery of its old sway. If, however, there is any doubt as to how this question would be decided to-day, it is certain that each coming day will, by its inevitable developments, tend to assure a decision substantially repudiating slavery. We utter this opinion deliberately; fully aware, as we are, that vexations and anxieties, which the late Slave States have yet to suffer from the tremendous revolution which has broken up the foundations of society among them, may naturally dispose very many to insist that the re-enslavement of the blacks is the essential condition of security for them.

As a matter of argument, it might be maintained, that the mighty and perplexing task of restoration and reconstruction, which is the problem to be now wrought out by the Government, would have been in a measure relieved if our national triumph had not been so complete. Possibly it would in some respects have been easier to deal with the people of the South, or with those who would have assumed to act for them, with somewhat more of facility, had they retained some degree or measure of power. Their passions or prejudices, their pride or sensibility, might have been soothed, while to a degree indulged, if our relation to them were rather that of a party to an arbitration, than that of a superior exercising simple authority. Had they retained some remnant of the power to resist, or even only to intimidate, it might be urged that they would be sure of more consideration and concession from the Government. This, however, is at best only one of those matters of ingenious debate, which, if entertained at all, may be indulged for the sake of the exercise which they furnish for the brain and the logical faculty, while they help to no direct practical result. The debate would substitute an imaginary for a real issue.

One thing is certain in this view of the case; namely, that

nothing but the absolute and complete discomfiture of the master-spirits of the rebellion in council and in the field would have secured a positive decision of the main issue of the war, which was not slavery, but the relation of the States to the nation. What terms President Lincoln would have granted, in the Hampton-Roads Conference, had *any* terms which he could offer been acceptable to those master-spirits, is not known; and the question is one of no consequence now. But the fact that the rebel commissioners were instructed to demand and to accept nothing less than a complete recognition of the independence of the fictitious Confederacy, made the patriotic alternative to be its complete overthrow.

And the completeness of our success certainly looks better, and is more promising to us, — if only we know how to use it wisely, — than would any half-way, qualified, or embarrassed triumph. If only we know how to use this full success wisely! That single memento, whether it be the inspiration of a high motive, or the warning of a distrust of our purposes, or our discretion, cannot but press itself with profound seriousness upon us to qualify any merely light-hearted exultation amongst us.

Power unresisted, admitted by the vanquished as in our hands, suggests at once its liabilities and dangerous uses, as well as its wise and magnanimous exercise. There is something even solemnly impressive in the submissive, but watchful and excited, spirit in which those whom we have so thoroughly discomfited by arms and policy yield the whole to us, and, looking with listening attent to the Government and loyal people, ask only this one question, "What are you going to do with us?" It is for us to answer. Yet, of course, the answer which we give, and the course conformed to it, may greatly change the attitude towards us of those who ask the question. If power is at present out of their hands to resent or to resist any course or method of ours which may try their pride, or inflame their passion, or trifle with their just rights, we may put power into their hands, and give them full occasion and nerve to use it against us. Their patient looking to us may be changed for a sullen, unrelenting, im-

placable animosity. A new sectional hostility or cause of alienation which can take the place of the old one, and have something better to feed it than interest in the opposition to a territorial institution bad in itself, is above all things to be deprecated by us.

It is in this view that the completeness of our national triumph is almost oppressively burdened with responsibilities. Had there been some qualification of our success, some half-way stage of accomplishment, leaving to the rebel party a conditional ability to prolong or to renew hostilities, we should then, by constraint of circumstances, have felt the need of pursuing the wisest and the most conciliatory course towards them. That course the promptings of nobleness, of self-respect and Christian principle, dictate that we should now freely pursue, if only we can learn from our common stock of discretion and grace what it ought to be.

Holding, as we do, that the master-spirits of the rebellion in the South were utterly unscrupulous, and moved by base motives in opening the war which has entailed such enormous woes and suffering upon our beloved country, we may insist that it is not a vengeful hate, but a love of justice, which demands that they shall smart for it. And this demand may, by a scale of equity, require that penalties adjusted to the measure of culpability should be visited upon the several grades of abettors and accomplices in the iniquity. And has it not been so adjudged already? There is much that is morally impressive in observing how the retributive penalties, losses, and anxieties of the rebellion are allotted and distributed among its main instigators and agents according to their share in originating or aiding it. This portioning out of visible retribution by the measure of guilt or responsibility is, to human eyes, more exactly just than is often the case in this world. The master-spirits of the rebellion are all in exile as fugitives, or in prison as culprits. Over even those of them who have assumed the highest tone of self-assertion for purity and dignity of motive rests an appreciable, though still an indefinable, measure of that black obloquy of infamy involved in the assassination of the be-

loved and revered, the almost sainted President of the nation, their own most lenient judge and most merciful earthly arbiter. The various States and cities engaged in the rebellion seem to have suffered devastation and miseries just according to a scale of their own shares in it. Explosions and conflagrations have wrought havoc in them greater even than the weapons of the nation's armies. The masses of the deluded victims of the rebellion turn from their former leaders to their conquerors for pity and help. The central Government offers them their only refuge from anarchy. And then the stern practical problem, — the immense perplexity which comes up with the question as to the future *status* of the millions of freed slaves, — how sternly does that bear with its retributive complications, not only upon the section that was cursed by slavery, but upon the interests of the whole country, which, by a subtle demoralizing process, had become its real patron! Shall these freedmen henceforward be full citizens? Their former masters, with a deprecatory dismay, in which we cannot but in some degree share, point to some of the blackest and most revolting of those Africans, — more ugly and repulsive than the brutes which they most resemble, debased, and so utterly sunken by long degradation as to be almost beyond the present reach of intelligent effort; and they ask, "Are these creatures to vote and to govern and to be voted for, on a par with us? Are they to be our equals?" Ah! ah! It is indeed a fearful Nemesis, a long and a very black shadow cast by an ancient sin. It is retribution. It comes in the shape in which Thomas Jefferson foresaw it and predicted it. How came those hideous and brutalized Africans to be here, if this be the continent for white men only? And being here, by any providential appointment or allowance, how came they, human as evidently they are, to be in a condition of debasement and dependence resembling that of cattle or swine? How has it come about, that a generation of four millions of laborers, representing several generations before them, toilers for others, and the producers of all the comforts and wealth on which they and their masters have lived, — how has it come about, that these laborers are now without funded

capital, accumulated property, houses, land, or even the hoes and spades for tilling land? Does emancipation go even half way towards righting their wrongs? Have they acquired no vested rights into which law should introduce them, and which a consistent process of rectitude should assure to them? Have they not even squatters' privileges? The refuse of foreign countries may be emptied on our shores in our great cities, and the politicians will very soon manufacture voters out of even the poorest contents of the drag-nets of emigration. What is to be the *status* of the freedmen? The President of the United States cannot in any way, directly or indirectly, interfere with the operation of our organic law, which secures to those who, for the time being, are the legal voters in a State, the right to regulate the exercise and the terms of the suffrage. Attempts to evade, to modify, or to resist this constitutional provision, will involve our politics in dire confusion. For this and other reasons, which are obvious to one who is fully alive to the circumstances of our time, the question as to the main issue on this subject must be open to the freest public discussion; moral pleadings must be engaged upon it; and all the candor, forbearance, and tolerance which the champions of different opinions upon it can practise, must be exercised equally on both sides. The argument of fullest import and force, unanswerable too by any satisfactory plea which at present appears available against it, which insists upon extending the fullest rights of suffrage to the freedmen, and indeed to all colored men in the lately insurgent States, plants itself upon these strong and matter-of-fact reasons, — that there is an opportunity offered now, such as if slighted will never occur again, but will probably be henceforward for ever precluded, of doing full human justice to the negro; that, if the former Slave States are reconstructed, and their federal relations are fully restored on a basis which denies to the negro his rights of citizenship, the wrong thus initiated will have a sure tendency to perpetuate itself, and every year that passes will make that wrong more productive of miseries and outrages to be borne by the blacks, and of tyrannical passions in the dominant

whites; and finally, that, without that new controlling and rectifying element which the full citizenship of the negro will introduce into the social and political relations of the Southern States, the same sort of men — overbearing, insolent, haughty demagogues, who have bred for us our recent calamities — will re-assume their old sway at home and in Washington.

Cannot the wisdom of the nation devise some method of compromise or of temporizing which will work out a way of right on this terribly perplexing practical issue by gradual and preparatory processes? Such limitations of the right of full suffrage as it might be found wise and necessary, or even only expedient, to set up, might be justified entirely by a regard for the best good of the negroes themselves. The black soldiers of the Union armies have a full right to the suffrage this year. Who could blame them, if, on its denial to them, they should resume their muskets, and insist upon its exercise? A limitation or condition by age, as, for instance, the enjoyment of the franchise by all negroes henceforward on reaching twenty-one years, or any similar provision, might show a purpose to respect their rights as human beings, and as freemen, while it had lawful and due regard to the common welfare of the communities in which they live.

Of course, there are those around us now who are ready to tell us how the war might have been avoided. They take its cost simply in money, the debt which now binds this nation. One half of the sum now composing the aggregate amount of the Government bonds would have paid the full market price for all the slaves, saving all the other costs and losses to the North, and enriching the Southerners, while it spared them the desolation which has been visited upon them. One half only of what we have yet to pay in money would, as easy theorists tell us, have averted this war, and crowned its highest philanthropic result. And then all the immense sacrifice of human life would have been saved to both sides, and also all the incalculable waste of war-material, of crops, stores, roads, bridges, warehouses, dwellings, forests, factories, ships, the patient and costly gatherings of long years of

blessed industry, of heaped-up capital, and great associated enterprises. Why, then, did we not make the money purchase? The wisdom that comes to man too late, when it does come, is the very sting and barb of his folly. Yet let us not deceive ourselves by vain regrets. Money to any amount offered and paid at any time would not have accomplished what the war has effected. Our fearful national struggle, by its workings, its incidents, processes, and results, has shown that slavery represented among us something more than a money value, and had a malign corrupting influence beyond any, even the worst, which is traceable to the most sordid and debasing pecuniary interests. It represented an agency and power of evil, the shadow of a curse over the land, a spirit of diabolical mischief in the fields, the homes, the hearts of white men. While its dominion was unbroken in its incidental effects, its spell could not be dissolved by the click of gold or silver.

Another burdened and crowding thought on the conflict from which we have now come out in peace, raises the familiar question about the relation of individuals to a cause, — the individuals, for instance, who have suffered for us, the half million of men, mostly in the flower and vigor of life, who, buried in crowded pits in promiscuous heaps, or in lonely resting-places, or invalided by cruel torturing imprisonments, or maimed of limb, stand to express the cost in the blood and fibre of humanity, of heart-aches, woes, and plaints of agony, of our present national redemption. The theory of our morbid and heartless if not godless essayists about individuals, in their relation to a cause, is, that *they* are nothing, and that *it* is all; or that they are every thing as parts of that, but nothing in themselves. We know how this theory is wrought out and illustrated, and that it culminates with its stark and dismal logic, in merging all hope of personal immortality in an assurance that we simply make an individual deposit of ourselves towards the perpetuity and progress of the race for successive generations, just as the mould around the roots of an oak-tree would be found to be composed of the decayed leaves which had fallen from it through all its autumns of cast-

ing them. There is something cold and cruel in this theory; and no man ought to pretend to sincerity in advancing it, unless he is ready to give himself up at any moment to the most profitable scientific or economical use which his neighbors can make of him, even if it were only to turn his bones into quicklime. Every individual is entitled to his own full share of life and good under Providence, and to his share of fruition from each cause, especially a cause to which he devotes himself. He has a claim to live, and to share in the blessings of a cause for which he makes sacrifices, just as long as that cause itself perpetuates and imparts any form of good. And unless each of the patriotic victims of our war found, and still finds, his full share of good in it, then it was to him an unrewarding, wasted sacrifice.

True, it would seem during the war as if a man had been nothing, as if thousands of men had been nothing. Whatever has befallen them, we seem to have so judged, provided a cause has been gained. What means this? In a sense we all accede to what is thus stated. But what are the conditions of the fact, the grounds of its bold assertion, the reasons for its general acceptance?

In that sightly old mansion which stands on the highest ground across the river opposite to our national capital, and in the ancient woods which environ it, the revered Washington was an honored guest; and there those who represented his name and family, because he was himself childless, have had their home. From that spot, as his proud dwelling-place, the leader of the rebel armies went forth to his unblessed hold of power, — to his credit let it be said, with misgivings and a divided heart. On the best portion of his estate, in fair sodded graves, tenderly decked and watched over, sleep now, in the quiet of their close fellowship, more than six thousand of our patriot dead, the victims from our neighboring hospitals, added to daily. They all represent a cause. What part of it is a part of each of them for ever? What part have they still with the spirit of Washington, as by day or night it haunts those loved shades?

Meanwhile, how manifest to all of us with eyes and minds

and hearts, is the solemn, aye, the quickening and the cheering fact, that, the weapons of war having done their work, we are now committed with every stern necessity and every fair hope to the plannings of our noblest wisdom, and the guidance of our purest vital religion! Glorious it will be for the living to watch how the pilotage of discreet policy and true statesmanship will conduct our nation through the opening seas on which the wild storm is laid. Those seas are deep; all the safer they may be for that. We should not need wisdom, if it were not in our reach, answering when we call upon it. We shall be saved. Nor need we stiffen our threats and resolutions against a single culprit in our power, and demand for him the gibbet. If the rigid forms of justice decree that penalty, then it will be in judgment, not in vengeance. And of this we may be sure, — retribution having already fallen so dire and deep, — that the more free and winning and comprehensive we can make the reconstruction of our whole country, the more sure and complete will be our peace.

Our martyred President, the man of the mild eye and the kind heart, left behind him a testamentary promise of as much of leniency even towards the worst culprits as the safety of the nation would allow. There is no mistaking the evidence, that nothing like a spirit of vengefulness or cruelty dictates even the most stern demands which find utterance among us, that justice exact its penalty of those who are responsible for the calamities visited upon us. Immediately after the surrender of the rebel armies, the tone of our newspapers, almost without exception, was conciliatory and forbearing; very rarely denunciatory towards the chief military or civil leaders of the rebellion. We have noticed lately, that some of our journals have been provoked into more of harshness toward them by the officious proffer of advice from England as to how we ought to treat the chief criminals. It is amazing that so many of our English cousins should manage to keep along with the developments and surprises of our struggle by a series of comments, mistaken statements, and impertinences, of a sort to display their own ignorance and im-

pudence. Would that it might be given to the people of England in general, allowing for individual exceptions, to understand that we regard them as having lost their right to the power of moral protest or rebuke for what any nation on earth might do, or might purpose doing, that is questionable or wrong! We say this deliberately. There never has been a history of England written by an American, and therefore our knowledge of her course and deeds is through her own writers. And what a record it is in her relations with other nations! What mean and dastardly act, what atrocity or outrage, is there that she has not perpetrated in some quarter of the globe? And what are the present foundations of her policy alike in Church and State? When she reads us moral lectures, how does she think they sound to us? Remembering that, after trespassing into and subjugating another territory on the other side of the globe, she blew some of her own prisoners of war from the muzzles of her cannon, she now writes over her importunate entreaties to us, that we show great leniency to those ruthless leaders of rebellion whom it has suited her ends for four years to represent as moral heroes of virtue, magnanimity, and statemanship. Remembering how their Cabinet suppressed the assurances of our Government in the "Trent" affair, and allowed the war-spirit to inflame their people, and at once poured their soldiers into Canada to be ready to fight us in the time of our weakness, the English are now whining over our possibly too hasty, though very deliberate demands, and yet to be resolute and unyielding, for remuneration for her piracies upon our commerce. We must frankly say, and with all the kindness and respect possible, when such a thing must be said, that if England wishes to share a measure of respect among us for time to come, and above all that there may be peace between us, she must abate her advice of every kind, and try to believe that our Government, and the majority of our people, are actuated by principles loftier than those by which she has generally practised.

As for the wounds which are still open for us and our now reclaimed and partially conciliated enemies, our prayer is, that

they may be gently treated and rapidly healed. For ourselves we would not inflict a single throb of pain, or visit a single exaction of cost or disability upon any of the agents of the late rebellion. They have suffered enough. The prevention of any further harm or mischief to be wrought by them, should, in our view, be the measure of restraint upon them. We are to live with them as fellow-citizens, to share together the blessings of a new prosperity, and to work together to secure it. Let us have salt in ourselves, and be at peace with each other. G. E. E.

PRAYER AND THE DEAD.

They passed away from sight and hand,
A slow, successive train;
To memory's heart, a gathered band,
Our lost ones come again.

Not back to earth, a second time
The mortal path to tread;
They walk in their appointed clime,
The dead, but not the dead.

Their spirits up to God we gave,
With eyes as wet as dim;
Confiding in his care to save,
For all do live to him.

Beyond all we can know or think,
Beyond the earth and sky,
Beyond Time's lone and dreaded brink,
Their deathless dwellings lie.

Dear thoughts, that once our union made,
Death does not disallow;
We prayed for them while here they stayed,
And what shall hinder now?

Our Father! give them perfect day,
And portions with the blest:
Oh! Pity, if they went astray;
And Pardon for the best.

As they may need, still deign to bring
The helping of thy grace;
The shadow of thy guardian wing,
Or shining of thy face.

For all their sorrows here below,
Be boundless joy and peace;
For all their love, a heavenly glow
That never more shall cease.

O Lord of souls! when ours shall part,
To try the farther birth,
Let Faith go journeying with the heart
To those we loved on earth.

N. L. F.

THE VALUE OF LIFE IN THE SIGHT OF GOD.

The doctrine of Christ, that the care of a heavenly Father is over each one of our souls, and that our lives are all precious in his sight, which certainly is one of the most cheering and beautiful in the whole range of the Bible, is one also which is brought often into the most startling contrast with the facts of our actual experience. It would seem at first glance as if there were nothing of which God is so entirely reckless as the lives, not of one kind only, but of all his creatures. The mere dead matter of the universe, though it passes frequently from one condition into another, is in itself absolutely indestructible to any force which can be used against it; and there are many of its forms — the precious stones, the petrified animals and plants, the manufactures of gold and silver, the layers of rock, the mountains, and the outline of the continents — which bid defiance, age after age,

to all the power of the elements. But life, all life, and especially human life, is the very emblem of brevity and instability. "It is like the grass which groweth up: in the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth." — "It is even as a vapor which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." The thread with which it is held together is of the slenderest kind. The prick of a pin into the heart, the want of a breath of fresh air, a drop of poison under the skin, a single rap on the head, are enough to bring down its most vigorous forms into the dust. There is no special care which seems to surround the life of man above that of the brute; no immediate outreaching of a Father's hand to save the human being who is made in the image of God, more than the two sparrows that are sold for a farthing. On every side we are struck with the exceeding prodigality with which it is taken away. The earth opens its mighty jaws, and entire cities are swallowed up at one gulp. The pestilence goes forth, and whole nations are wrapped in mourning. War unsheathes its sword, and ten and twenty and fifty thousand of the strong and brave are cut down upon a single field. Yet even these agencies, with all their terribleness, are not the worst. Voltaire was shocked out of his faith in a divine Providence by the great earthquake of Lisbon, which destroyed sixty thousand persons at once; but there are unseen influences at work every month — the sudden fall of the thermometer ten degrees, electric waves sweeping over the earth, the sudden formation of ozone in the atmosphere — as independent of all human care or neglect as the earthquake or tornado, which silently put to death, over a wide section of country, a list of victims, which, taken together, is absolutely appalling. There is not one person in a hundred that lives to complete the full period of our human life. The mother's agonized prayer for the sparing of the innocent, golden-haired child, is all in vain. No distinction is made in favor of the virtue and knowledge and love which are consecrated on the altar of God. And the evangelist with the word of life; the philosopher whose lips are trembling with

the utterance of a mighty truth; the magistrate, the centre of a nation's hopes, the standard-bearer of all that is high and noble and good, are swept off with as little hesitation as the vilest sinner of the penitentiary; yea, or the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven.

The Bible says, a loving Father, who cares for each one of our souls, and does not willingly grieve or afflict the children of men; Nature a blind, unpitying fate, that crushes under its chariot-wheels the lives of our race, with as little care or consciousness as man does the dust of the earth. How shall we reconcile the difference?

The first point of agreement is found in the fact, that the loss of the individual is only an incidental result of those laws and forces which are made in the end to promote the welfare of the race. It is well known, that the larger part of all death comes from our ignorance or neglect or disobedience of some divine law. The careless mechanic treads beyond the line of his equilibrium, and is thrust down by the force of gravity dead to the earth. The child breathes impure air, or eats unwholesome food, or is exposed to the elements, and, in strict accordance with the laws of our physical system, is deprived of its life. The molten matter of the earth contracts in cooling, and its crust falls down with a violence which lays a city or a whole country in ruins. Collections of filth and stagnant water are left in the neighborhood of dwellings, violating the great command of cleanliness, and through these avenues the death-angel knocks at the door of every house. A nation nourishes in its bosom a foul institution, till it grows into flagrant opposition to every sentiment of justice and humanity; and then its children are slain by the hundred thousand in its defence. In these, and all such cases, the trouble is not so much with the laws and forces themselves, which God has established, as with our incidental relation to them. Nature does not go out of its way to kill any one, does not do it by accident or chance, or by any slip of its forces: it simply goes on regularly in its own appointed work, crushing out every thing which lies in

its course. And there is not one of its powers, even when it is scattering ruin and death abroad, that is not engaged at the same time in carrying out God's plans for life on the great scale of the universe.

But, even admitting this principle of the general good, it may still be asked, Why does the Deity (if he is indeed a kind Father) allow this incidental result? why not interfere and save his children, by his own hand, from the effect of their ignorance and neglect? Could not the mechanic be caught midway in his fall to the earth; the laws of health suspended in the body of the child; the blighting touch of the pestilence warded away by the breath of heaven; the earth rent open in some other place than under the foundations of the city; the disobedience of the moral law saved from bringing forth its fruit of death, — and still the general forces of Nature move on the same as now? If the human parent can rush out, when he beholds his child creeping on the railway, and snatch it from the approaching engine, cannot God do the same when his child is seen to be in the way of Nature's progress? If the overseer of the factory can hasten to shut down the gate, when he finds that one of the workmen has had his clothing caught in the machinery, cannot the Overseer of the universe do the same, when he beholds that one of his workmen is in danger of being crushed?

Doubtless it is possible, so far as the mere power is concerned, for God to do it. But, in the end, would it be a blessing? The infliction of a violent death is a means of discipline to the race, just the same as wounds and sickness and sorrow are to the individual. Men would grow careless, would violate the divine commands with less and less reluctance, if they found they were inevitably to be saved from their consequences. Our vigilance, our discretion, our habits of self-dependence, our motives for searching into the hidden laws and phenomena of nature, would be lost through the want of an imperative necessity laid upon us for their exercise. Moral distinctions would be blurred, conscience deprived of its greatest prompter. We should become as mere

children, accustomed to rely on the wisdom and strength of a parent's arm to supply the defects of our own negligence. And the life of the individual would be secured only at the expense of the growth of the race. It is better on the whole, — better not merely for its own sake, but for the good of the world, — that the law be infallibly kept. Mankind is only a larger man; the carnage of the earthquake, the pestilence and the sword, only the wounds and scratches and burns of its childhood, — things which no wise parent, however much he loves his boy, greatly regrets, — that will make him grow up a stronger man. And the whole thing, after all, is only another example of that divine law of sacrifice which runs through all nature, — it is expedient that one man should die, rather than that a whole nation should perish.

Another point of agreement is found in the ultimate use of those moral principles in behalf of life for which so many, even of those who comply the most strictly with God's law, are led to die. It must be confessed, that, with all the concern which the Bible expresses for the individual life, there are some things, — truths, ideas, principles, — for the preservation of which he is concerned a thousand times more. It is wonderful to look over the pages of history, and behold the sacrifices of the good and brave and true, which have been made on the altar of moral principle. We talk sometimes about the reckless disregard of life that was displayed by one of our generals in leading his army from the Potomac down to Richmond, — the three days' slaughter of the Wilderness, the disastrous affair of Cold Harbor, the battle of White House, the terrible repulse at Petersburg, and the bloody sacrifices that were made in creeping along mile by mile to the Weldon Railroad. But this is all a mere trifle in comparison with what the great Captain of our salvation has used for the extending abroad of his kingdom in the world. There is no measuring what rivers of blood have been shed in reaching the advanced positions we now occupy in civil liberty, organized society, human rights and religious truth. It is not only separate States, but generations and ages, that have been marshalled for the fray. Again and again he has led their

shattered and bleeding ranks against the bristling walls of tyranny, conservatism, ignorance, prejudice, dogmatism. The assassin's dagger, the martyr's stake, the loathsome prison, and the battle's fury, have swept away the great and wise and good, hardly to have their blood grow cold before new ones were ordered into their place. The young and fresh and strong — the fathers, the sons, the husbands — have been ploughed down by the hundred thousand only for the survivors to hear the command, "Close up the ranks, and forward." Cities have been burned, countries ravaged, the name of home almost extinguished; but still the cry was "Onward." There never was any system of conscription invented by man so irresistible as that with which God recruits the great army of progress. His drafting is of the spirit; his marshals, love, devotion, enthusiasm, religion, those that seek out all a country's noble souls. And when the strength of one generation is consumed, and the cause from very exhaustion is obliged to rest, it is only that another generation may grow up, and, with new leaders, new resources, new power of sacrifice, press forward in the same old fight. It is human life that is the price of moral principle; and, when there is one single iota of it to be obtained, all history is full of the proof that there is no higgling about the price.

And yet, when we look forward to the end, we find it is not for himself alone, not for any mere abstraction of morality, good order, and progress, that this sacrifice is made, but always in some way for the advancement of our human life. It is the good order of society, the progress of humanity, the moral principle of souls, that is kept in view. The buried thousands of the battle-field are the seed-grain of a new and glorious harvest. Our whole existence is made the deeper, richer, better worth the living, by the blood of the brave and good. And as it is the exceeding value of wheat which leads the farmer to scatter it so profusely on the ground, so likewise, in the divine economy, the paradox is true, that the very greatness of the destruction of life on the field of principle is but a new testimony to the value of life in the sight of God.

These two causes — sacrifice to law, and sacrifice to principle — embrace, in one way or another, the whole vast range of death; and they certainly are not inconsistent with the doctrine of a Father's concern for the general well-being of our race. Still it may be said they do not cover the case of the individual soul, that they only show God is anxious for the safety of man, not men, — of life, not lives; and the question yet remains as to how we can reconcile the facts of nature with his concern for the individual welfare, for the lives of James and John and Mary and Martha, and of those thousands and tens of thousands of dying men and women that will have no share in this bettered life of the race. This leads us to say, the true test of God's care for our lives is the use to which they are put, and not the means which are employed for their preservation. We do wrong to the whole spirit of the Christian, if not of the Hebrew faith, to suppose their real value in the sight of God is to be measured by the number of years they are continued on the earth. They are not given as an end in themselves, as so much time in which to eat and drink and sleep and be happy, but as a great help in the execution of God's plans, — are given not to be preserved, but to be used. The worthless existence is not the one which is sacrificed, in its very prime, to misfortune or disease or the sword, but that which is frittered away in idleness and pleasure, and the gratification of self, even though it should be prolonged to a hundred years. We must go, not to the battle-field, the hospital, and the starving crowds of Salisbury and Andersonville, to find the greatest waste of life; but to the parlors of wealth and fashion, to the groups of young men in the saloons of intemperance and lust, to the excited throngs of Wall Street, to the thousands and tens of thousands who have had the thought only of how they should escape from the calls of their country for men. And the hardest problem after all is to show how the living of Jefferson Davis, not the dying of President Lincoln, is consistent with our heavenly Father's unsleeping care. It is everywhere the lesson of Nature, that a thing is great in importance, just in proportion

to the greatness of the ends it is able to accomplish. We are of more value, in the sight of God, than many sparrows; not because we can eat and sleep and enjoy more than they, but because we can do more. It is the power of action which distinguishes living from being, — the worth of a soul from the worth of a stone. And as, in a great military conflict, the regiments for which the general has the highest esteem are not left to straggle in the rear, or placed far off on the flank, where they can look on the fight in peace and safety, but are sent to the very front of battle, the post where the cannon roar the loudest, and the foe charge the fiercest, and the iron volleys of death sweep through their ranks in the largest furrows; so in that great battle of the Lord, ages long, where all the forces of the universe are marshalled in strife, the highest possible proof of our heavenly Father's regard for us as individuals consists in the fact, that we are not left in safety as idle lookers-on of the fight, but are sent forward under his own eye to the very van of carnage and death, to the place where our lives are able to tell the most grandly, through all time, for the triumph of his own great cause.

Then it should be remembered, as bearing on this subject, that death, by accident and disease and the sword, is not an absolute infliction, — the striking-out of the whole, even of our mortal being, — but only an anticipation of what must come inevitably with the progress of years. It is not a question between our having life, and not having it at all, but only of how long we shall have it. There is no sacrifice, not even the grandest, in which the Deity takes more than a part. And surely, if death is a wise arrangement at all, it is not a hard demand on faith to believe its premature coming is one of the ways in which God would secure the soul from greater harm, or, in the case of sacrifice, would give us the glorious consciousness through all eternity, that it was spent in a noble cause.

Take the three hundred thousand men that have perished in our own civil war, — they are not, even in the lowest sense, that dead loss, either to the country or to themselves,

which they are sometimes represented as being. Many of them before this would have died in the quiet of their own houses. The larger part of them in twenty years from now, and, in less than a hundred years, every one of them, would naturally have passed away. And who shall say there is any other way in which Providence could have cared for them more tenderly, — any other form in which they could have gained so much good, either for themselves, their country, or the cause of humanity? Some of them would have spent their lives in the heaping-up of wealth; some idled them away in the enjoyment of selfish ease; some, alas! have gone down the dark valley of sin and shame and woe; and even with those who might have lived the most nobly and usefully, it would have been, perhaps, on a lower plane of action. But now they are made a part of the world's history for ever. The nation will bow down in homage at their graves; liberty grow up with new vigor from the touch of their blood; the ages to come drink the inspiration of diviner effort from the grandeur of their deeds.

Take the case of our noble President: the sudden termination of his life, with all its horrors, is not the blotting-out even of his mortal existence, but only its going-down to the grave a few short years the sooner. There is no assassin's blow that could take away the part of it which is already past, — no secret conspiracy, wherever planned, that could overwhelm in the night of death, its love, its honesty, its truth, its genial warmth, and its long list of noble deeds. And, behind the murderous weapon, is it not possible even now to catch a glimpse of the Father's loving care, securing his life from all that he himself might have done to mar it, and making that one short moment of agony rich in results to the world beyond all the labor of the longest years? Wonderful is the meaning of those inspired words, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die, it abideth alone; but, if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." The electric fluid which is scattered through the broad heavens has no such power in cleansing away its corruptions as that which is concentrated in one quick lightning-flash; and so,

many times, the truest way in which God is able to show his care of a human life is not to spread its influence over twenty and thirty and forty years, but to pour it out all at once in some dark hour of corruption before the eyes of a startled world.

But beyond all else in explaining how the ravages of death are consistent with that divine esteem of our lives which is taught in the Bible, is the great fact of the soul's immortality. If this world were the whole of our being, we might indeed, with all our philosophy, stand aghast at the wholesale destruction which is taking place, if not on the battle-field, where it goes to accomplish great ends, yet in the earthquake, the pestilence, the famine, where it is the result simply of a natural law. Our residence on earth, however, is only the very beginning of existence; the advantage which dead matter appears to have over us in its continuance from age to age, such only to the outward sense. The human life so brief, so frail, which a drop of poison or the prick of a pin would seem to destroy, is in reality provided with powers which not all the clash of the elements can ever annihilate, — powers which are to outlive the continents, the granite of the earth's foundations; yea, and the world itself. The dissolution of the body, which is regarded by us as such a terrible experience, is looked upon by his all-embracing eye, as only a single incident in our career; not more, perhaps, than our emigration here on earth from one country into another. The Providence which seems to be so reckless of the bodily life, is devoted beyond all question with the most scrupulous care to the life of the soul. The Bible, the Church, the long line of the Prophets, the sending of his Son Jesus Christ, the suspension of those penalties against sin which are carried out with such iron determination in the disobedience of natural law, the willingness of his spirit to commune with us as individuals, — surely there is enough in all these things to convince even the most sceptical mind, that there is something about our human lives which is indeed precious in his sight. Yea, is it not possible that even the worst ravages of death are a part of the

means with which he is providing in the world to come for our individual souls? We have all learned that sickness, pain, misfortune, sorrow, — those things which precede death, — are not the evidence of his disregard, but rather the means of spiritual discipline, the chastening of our souls because he loves them; and why not the same with death itself? It is not the end, but a part of our probation. The wholesale destruction of life by the earthquake, the famine, the pestilence, which seems at first to militate so fearfully against his loving care, is really the opening all the wider of the gates of the eternal world. The poor, the weak, the ignorant, the superstitious, — those who are cut down in the greatest numbers by these means, — is it presuming too much on his love to trust, are admitted to opportunities of improvement such as they never could have had on earth? And the noble, the good, the brave, the true, — those who are stricken down at the post of duty midway in their work, — is it repugnant to the idea of a special care, that they are called away so early to the immediate presence of God, and to the blessed rewards of the eternal world?

The problem, therefore, which seemed at first glance to be so discouraging, is found, in the larger view, to be capable of the sublimest solution. Behind all the harsh tread and the stern, unpitying face of Nature, — the gaping earth, the starving city, the blood-dyed field, the assassin's dagger and the tyrant's sword, — there lies the warm kindness of a Father's heart, the shelter and the loving bounty of a Saviour's hand. Our human lives, in the highest and noblest of all senses, are precious in the sight of God. His care is indeed over us each one as individual men and women. And no matter how dark and terrible is the road we have to travel, no matter though it lead us down into the very valley of death, we can always press forward in the blessed assurance, that to lose our life in this world is only to find it again the more rich and beautiful in the world to come. J. C. K.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS MAN AND PRESIDENT:

A Sermon preached in the West Church, on Fast Day, June 4.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

"Their nobles shall be of themselves, and their governor shall proceed from the midst of them." — JER. XXX. 21.

ONE is tempted to say, Who shall doubt some reality in prophecy, after the verification of these words in our own case? It was from the first, five years ago, by our aristocratic slaveholders, part of the reproach against the chosen President of the United States, that he was but a common man, of vulgar origin, indecently called to preside over a great nation, including such high-born and chivalric gentlemen as themselves; and no President of theirs should he be! But we hold it, on the contrary, the civil and religious glory of our land and age, that a child of the people became so worthily their chief. Jeremiah we may suppose to have been as good a judge of intrinsic propriety as any American planter, or even any British peer; and he counts it a sign of millennial splendor, when the head of a community shall be furnished from its middle rank. Why so account it but because the toiling and thriving mass of the people comprises more worth than either extreme of wealth or poverty in the social order: and there never was before, a mass so intelligent as our own. No matter how humble the vocation a man has been trained in. The pious phrase of ages has sanctified the taking of David from the field to the throne. But what essential grace more was there in feeding sheep than in the so-much despised splitting of rails?

Misproud overseers of the poor bondmen have talked of the lower classes, in their elegant epithet of scorn, as "mud-sills." But are the foundations of a building of less consequence than its summit? Nay, in how many a showy edifice we may notice that the underpinning is granite, and

the spire of perishable wood! The strength of the supporting part is most important, and any defect in it fatal. So the general humanity society rests on, is more solid and enduring than the steeple of pride or streamer of fashion at the top. I protest, this country is indebted to the people — mainly to the middle rank, under God — for its salvation. Had our cause been trusted to any distinguished class of merchants, scholars, politicians, or priests, how much less safe were it than with the common folk! "Oh, he is but a common man!" we say. But this same common man has been our stay; and we may all rejoice henceforth to be common men. From what but the commonalty our army rose like an exhalation, and as silently sinks away, — more sublime in its disappearance than its rise!

Our new President at his inauguration, though having the stimulus too much in his head of what he took to sustain him for the occasion, yet with his unloosed tongue uttered more truth about human equality than the Confederate tyrants in all the sober moments of their lives. The resolutions of sympathy in great foreign courts, and letters of condolence from crowned heads, prompted by his predecessor's death, may awaken, even in oppressors' minds, now they are fallen from their cruel dynasty of the lash, some suspicion that what is styled humble birth is not incompatible with height of character and station; and that the meanest of creatures are those most elevated on the broken commandments of God, and the ruined rights and liberties of their fellow-men. But exaltation how precarious, to prepare for overthrow how signal! With the collapse of the Confederacy as a broken shell, what a crushing of foreign hopes by haughty lords, like ill-based towers built high upon it! How a strong west-wind, all across the Atlantic, has smitten the vanes and weathercocks of British opinion, making them suddenly veer! Democracy celebrates her triumph. We must try to forgive the opposition of oligarchs and kings. Let us not fight them for it! It proceeds more from fear than hate. The success of our Republic brings a strain upon all that is overbearing in the world, like the comet Milton wrote of

"with fear of change perplexing monarchs." Universal suffrage takes a new lease and leap.

But the associations of the day present an example and incarnation of the principle of equal rights; and our text would seem to have been written for the martyr of the United States. Abraham Lincoln, more than any other ruler, illustrates in his person its verity. Let me try to show you how.

First, in him are exemplified the apparently opposite traits of lowliness and dignity. What plainer or homelier man than he was, did this Western soil ever grow? Yet what speech or bearing, from Washington down, had more nobility? What finished courtier, cultivated scholar, or accomplished statesman, has equalled the impression, on the wise and the ignorant in many instances, he made,—in his few words, transcending the long and set oration at the dedication of the Gettysburg cemetery; in his inaugural on his resumption of the presidential office for a second term; in his emancipation proclamation; his correspondence with friends, and offers of amnesty to foes! Will the cotemporary head of any nation on earth have a greater place in history? Will Queen Victoria fill the eye of posterity as largely, or will Louis Napoleon as happily? In a hackneyed pun on the word, majesty without its externals has been called a jest: and the late Mr. Thackeray, sketching with pencil as well as pen, represents the great French King, Louis, in three figures; first, with the royal costume all on him; secondly, undressed of the gorgeous habiliments, a dull, over-fed, imbecile, naked old man; and, thirdly, the clothes standing alone in the corner as a stiff brocade, grand and imposing as ever to the servile gaze of a superstitious imagination: and it is hard to tell on which of the three shapes the eye reposes with most content or least pain. But our late leader was no dressed-up symbol and wooden figure-head of authority, dependent on his paraphernalia for our respect. He was a real man. With a hand how firm to hold as quick to seize the rudder, he navigated the ship of state alike through stormy and misty ways, till within sight of the harbor

the pilot retired. A better helmsman has there been in any vessel on the sea of time?

Unpretending, but strong, he was a true king, according to the derivation noted by Mr. Carlyle of the word; namely, one that can. *He could and did.* By his election he was no taller than nature had made him. He stood not an inch higher in the presidential chair than in his own parlor. He ascended no platform or raised seat, to take the reins of power into his hand. Genuine lofty rank do we despise? No: good birth or breeding is not to be disparaged. What is said of a superior stock and strain of blood is undoubtedly true. Only its track is a little mysterious! It will not keep in the banks men, however cunningly, make for it. It can be confined to no peculiar channel. Kings and queens, breeding in and in, run down to idiocy. It may break out in a carpenter's shop, as it once notably did, as in a palace. He that grasps a sceptre may have it only in name, as Jesus told the Jews they falsely called Abraham their father. This high blood got very muddy at the South. In the veins of Abraham Lincoln it ran pure.

Another combination of his qualities was of humor and truth. Much fault has been found with him for his story-telling, as beneath the height of his position. But the critics overlook the fact, that humor is, in every position, the most kindly and effectual way of conveying truth. It is a great infelicity in the family, private business, or public affairs, when one is incapable, as some are, of using or receiving it. A tender heart is always moved, not to smite us with the truth as a hammer, but to insinuate or suggest serious matter with a parable and a smile. It has been well said, a sagacious wit fathoms the policy of a question hotly discussed on diverse sides with this divining-rod of every party's real purpose; for it puts debaters off their guard, and sends them from self-will and diplomatic calculation to their heart. But, better still, when the murky clouds that have thunder in them gather and mutter overhead, it turns to an electric conductor, and lets the elemental wrath harmless to the ground. Not to be able to take a joke is pro-

verbial proof of a sour or arrogant disposition. Mr. Lincoln's banter was never shallow or silly, but full of pith and meat. If it was ever coarse, it was also pure. It was the clean dirt that will rub off. Nay, it was a ripe apothegm or epigram, and always had a kernel of nutriment. It touched the heart of the subject as keenly as any grave argument. Doubtless, too, it was a relief to an overburdened, anxious soul; for he told the consequential congressman, who undertook to reprove him for it, "If I did not get this vent, I should die." Did ever supreme magistrate to a subordinate make apter reply? How pathetic as grand, the moisture of humor turning to the moisture of tears! Though natural in him, and not intended for policy, it made him popular, and brought him nearer to his constituency. Ordinarily they like such familiarity, the kindness of rough play and home thrusts. The archery of telling words at every target of folly outdoes all arrows and artillery beside. 'Tis a finer firing at a more deserving mark than with your rifles or pieces of ordnance yonder on the plain.

Another mingling of attributes in Mr. Lincoln was of the radical and the conservative mood. So bold, some, even of our most excellent and humane citizens, thought him an unwarranted violator of the Constitution; so wary, some mistook his wisdom for fear, and styled him, as they would not venture to brand him now, a "turtle," for being so slow. But he, the good patriarch, wanted both to get his flock on, and to keep them together. Did you ever see a flock of sheep got forward on a country road? Then you know what he did! He was physician of the sorely diseased body-politic, and practised the heroic and expectant modes of treatment alike. His wide vision comprehended every side; his judicial brain weighed, as a mightier balance than any in the market, all parties; his deep heart, like the benignant and divine One we are all surveyed and embraced by, had in it room for sinners as well as saints, — not alone for the loyal, but for the treacherous that were against his moral sense; his skilful hand moulded and guided the materials, discordant beyond all precedent, he had to deal with; his

firm foot never retraced a step of its way to the country's rescue. Her foes knew well who was foiling their plans, when they suborned his murder; and he bled for us in the discharge of his functions, because to establish the commonwealth, and blast the hopes of traitors, he succeeded so well. That he at first satisfied neither the *immediatists*, who think a great political boon can be had in a moment, nor the procrastinators who waive every method of having the boon at all, only the more demonstrates his wisdom and perfect poise.

But the highest harmony in him was of the humane and devout temper. No man better understood in his own experience, that the second commandment, of love to man, is like unto the first, of love to God; that philanthropy divorced from worship becomes acrid and malignant, denies its own nature, and commits suicide; and piety unwedded to philanthropy is barren, and runs to seed, degenerates into a gymnastic exercise of the solitary soul, which consumes its vitality, instead of rising to a productive industry for the general good. Our lamented one was a pattern of united benevolence and prayer. Because he bent in humility before God, no man could provoke him to revenge. His incapacity for resentment, — oh, that was his diadem! It was brighter than any other on a royal head. The man you cannot provoke, and who has no feelings he will let you hurt, is the paragon. But what tenderness for others' feelings he had! His pardon to the deserter, whose wife with her crying child sought an interview with him, and the domestic's hurrying after her to say, "Madam, the baby did it," is but one illustration of a temper of loving-kindness, which perhaps sometimes threatened, at the expense of justice and the safety of the community, to go to excess. But the beautiful trait in him did and will do infinite good. How friendly he was to rebels, while withstanding rebellion! What proposals of reconciliation, with long terms for reflection on them, he held out! How ready to leave White House, cabinet, and capitol, to run to any conference which promised a composition of the strife! How patiently he would talk

with or write to editors, committees, and representatives of meetings, on all means or chances of pacification or reconstruction! We felt almost inclined to say to him, Sit still in your place! do not answer foolish epistles; do not keep open doors, to be tired to death with curious callers and office-seekers; do not visit Hampton Roads or Richmond, to enter the Confederate President's mansion, or sit in his chair, but dispense justice from your own! Houses are said to be haunted with the spirits of former occupants; and we do not know how much mischief was in that of Mr. Davis, — what pests he left behind. Yet this abundant affectionateness, not only of accessibleness, but of his own easy approach to all, showed a President from the common folk. It seems strange, that even diabolic insurrection should hold out against such goodness, or murder be so mad as to take off the best friend of its own authors, but that his goodness was killing their badness, and destroying their ill-conceived enterprise. Truly this kindliness to his fellow-creatures was a stream that could flow from no other source than the fountain of peace with his Maker. When he saw the soldiers' burial ground at Gettysburg, it is reported he said he "gave his heart to God." But in such a heart it could have been no first impulse. He had given or God had taken it before, else it would not have flowed out thus on the spot. So only could this blended touch of pity and piety have come. This I believe to be Mr. Lincoln's character. His character in his office is what I wish to-day to present.

One thing more is to say. Such a character it behooves us here in America to cherish as a bond of union. The memory of redeemers is a great tie by which races are held together. Iron roads or telegraphic wires, linking distant territories and shores, are often mentioned as a uniting force. They are a mechanical fastening; but lofty characters are a moral one. How much the patriotism of George Washington did to bind the different parts of the land and constitution in one, and postpone the day of doom! How diligently, in his old age, Edward Everett traversed all the sections of our broad realm; hoping by his peculiar, classic,

and everywhere acceptable eloquence, reviving the image of our political father, to keep angry and embittered parties from coming to blows, to make atonement some other way than by blood, to stave off collision and heal alienation! But in vain. In the Book it was written, that, to cleanse away our sin, nothing would serve but suffering unto death. The judgment-seat of God is not one solitary and final erection beyond the tomb, across the horizon of time. The great tribunal is not so deferred. It is set up on the earth. Men and nations are summoned to the bar now. We have had our trial for a judgment, than which when has ever been one more tremendous? We are expiating and working out our sentence. As, under the rod, we put away our transgressions, burying slavery and secession in one grave, — as near kindred in one tomb it is proper to inter, — the prospect of future agreement becomes how fair! The sky never looks so clear as through the rifts of the parting and exhausted, just now flashing and roaring thunder-cloud. There will henceforth be some purity in the air. Health in the social organism there will be, let us trust; and, God grant, for ages to come.

The recollections of all our heroes and martyrs in the conflict will be a cement of peace for our liberties and laws; and as the greatest of bards, Homer, leads the procession of poets in Dante's vision, which Ary Scheffer has painted on his canvas of mingled earthly and unearthly tints; so one great name — that of Abraham Lincoln — will head our civil list. Unconverted sympathizers with our enemies' cause may disown and reject and ridicule his meed of renown; but the decree has gone forth of a fame for him twin with Washington's own. The last President, indeed, was no repetition or copy of the first. Washington was a stately and naturally passionate, as well as patriotic and gloriously virtuous man. If Lincoln possessed not his forerunner's unmatched and almost superhuman grandeur, he was more gentle and sweet. He was not Washington's fac-simile, but counterpart. Heaven be blest for them both! Both were honest, laborious, fearing God and serving man. One minis-

tered at the nation's birth, the other at its new birth; and, if regeneration be an event to vie with creation in our personal biography, the era of revolution exceeds not that of reformation in a people's history. Let this people's thanks ascend to the Giver, for its first President and its last! After all the patterns of presidential excellence we have had, may he ordain our nobles to be always of ourselves, and our Governor never any arbitrary and domineering despot, but proceeding from the midst of us; and that to every nation and kindred and tribe and tongue on the face of the earth, the same lesson at last may reach, till God's voice and the people's be indeed one, and no boundaries remain, but like bars in music for concord, between all classes in the social scale!

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER VII. — IMMORTALITY.

THE day turned out very differently from what we expected; nothing uncommon when success depends on the weather. There was a continuous, pouring rain. Arthur, I suppose, enjoyed another "red-letter" day. As for me, I was bustling about in my barn and sheds, intent upon putting things to rights; which means, so much had every thing got awry, a general topsy-turvy.

The case was something more than hope deferred for one day. The glen would be too damp perhaps for a week to come. But we had the reward which the proverb assigns to patient waiters; and the dry ground, and the clear blue sky, and the warm sun, and the hopes sharpened by delay, promised and gave us a day of rare enjoyment.

It was a pretty sight to see little family groups arrive, one after the other, each freighted with baskets and pails to eke out a common repast; and when that repast, seasoned with the condiments of joke and mirth, was finished, it was another pretty sight to see other groups formed here and

there, gathered now, not by ties of blood, but by those of sympathy and taste.

One bright, joyous form we all missed, much in our thoughts, and not absent from our speech; and who does not know with what a tender power such remembrances, in hours of social enjoyment, touch some of the deepest chords of our many-toned nature?

As for Arthur and I, we soon found ourselves walking aside, till we came to a high projecting rock wreathed with ivy and wild grape-vines. Its solemn shadow suited the grandeur of our proposed subject; while the murmur of distant merry voices was in unison with that human, cheerful key to which, in Arthur's hands, I knew that subject would be pitched.

Seating ourselves upon some flat stones, Arthur reverted to the talk of the other day, which had reached the point of the soul's immortality.

Arthur. — Many seem to think, that, for an event of such unutterable interest to mankind, the evidence should preclude doubt, and compel assent. They forget that the divine government is not one of compulsion; our highest interest, even in this present life, is not forced upon us.

This great hope is not a mansion that stands directly on the dusty thoroughfares of the world, where all travellers *must* see it, nor is it reached by the short avenue of a syllogism. It is embowered, a little remote, amid groves and walks, not hard to find, and yet requiring pains, aided by the instinctive quickness of some sympathy with its peaceful shades, and with the song of birds on the branches of the Tree of Life.

Neighbor. — In regard to this evidence, I have often thought of the apparent disproportion between the proof, and the fact to be proved. In the one scale is our interest for eternity; and what do we put in the other to swing such a weight as that? Intuitions, inferences, probabilities, arguments, which seem merely feathers in comparison with the ponderous solidity at the other end of the beam.

Arthur. — And how do you meet such a point as that?

Neighbor. — I have stated the case so as to get your view.

Arthur. — It seems to me the case is not peculiar. A like dis-

proportion is seen in other things. You place the whole *temporal* interest of a young man in one scale, and what have you got to put in the other? You have got considerations relating to what life was designed for, and is adapted to give; relating to the nature of true happiness, and the value of self-respect, and peace of mind: rather abstract and dreamy things to him, — feathers, all of them, by the side of some apparently solid good offered by clamorous passions.

And yet, light as they are, they will be like that little child Jesus, whom, as we read in the beautiful old sequel, St. Christopher bore over the river on his shoulders. The farther he carried the child, the heavier he grew, till at last it seemed to the giant as if he had the whole world on his back.

If a man takes up any one of these arguments, which seem so light, and carries it along with him, it will, before he has done with it, appear to have far more weight than he suspected, and the alleged disproportion will be less.

Neighbor. — Very well, I like that. It is a view of the case different from what I had in my mind, and better. The matter had presented itself to me somewhat in the following light: —

Admitting that the disproportion between the proof and the object to be proved is as great as is alleged, what follows? that there is no proof whatever? The very existence of a doubt implies that there is some evidence in the case.

Even a doubt, then, is a moral trial. It imposes the duty to treat the subject with reverence, to take it up for consideration in our best moods of mind, to look at it under the aid of the wisest guides of our race, and to live so as to be prepared for the possibility which our doubt admits. We shall not have, it is true, the consolations and hopes of a more stable and tranquil faith; for these we must look to teachings above the plane of Nature; but the lowest statement of the evidence of immortality does not free us from obligation.

How well do I remember the homely power with which this is brought out in Bishop Butler's "Analogy," which I read ever so many years ago!

Arthur. — I think it is some hint of the possibility you refer to, that there is this general *looking* to a life to come. At least, it is not easy to see how one can affirm, that this instinctive expectation has no responsive object; or can show why there should be

this exception in the correspondence of instinct and object; or why it should be found here, in the highest concern of our nature, where failure would be most signal, and least to be expected.

Neighbor. — I think that is very true, Mr. Arthur. It must have been just as easy to have made man so that he would have no thought of a future state; and it cannot be according to any one's conception of a wise and good Father to suppose that he should take pains to work that thought into the make of the nature of his children on purpose to deceive them.

Arthur. — Go one step farther, neighbor. See these thousand inferior creatures of his hand, happy while their day lasts, and with no conception, so far as we have reason to suspect, of any thing beyond that day; and can we assign any cause why to man alone should be given a gratuitous lure and torment?

Neighbor. — And, then, what induced the Creator to make man at all? It is not a forced inference, that the same reason would probably incline him to continue man's life, unless it can be shown that that Creator is like some bungling artificer, who soon gets tired of the work of his hand, and cares not about seeing it carried on to higher degrees of improvement.

Arthur. — Ah! in that capacity of higher improvement, is there not another hint? So far as we see, every thing else here completes the circle of its nature. Endowments of the soul hardly begun to be developed do not seem to make the supposition improbable that their growth is to be carried farther on.

Neighbor. — At least, if we saw the walls of a house carried up half a story high, and there left, windowless and roofless, we should not infer that this was the completion of the design of a wise architect.

Arthur. — Nor that it was a wise seaman who, for a voyage of thirty miles, provisioned his ship just the same as for a voyage of three thousand.

Neighbor. — This is a point I have often thought of. A being designed to live only threescore years and ten, and a being designed to live for ever, it is not likely would be cut out on the same pattern, and made of the same materials; and, if the design looked only to the shorter period, there would probably have been something about it which would have made the supposition of the longer period absurd.

Arthur. — And then the unequal sufferings of this life, how can

we explain them consistently with the divine impartiality, without the supplement of a future life? I am reminded of a story which Goethe tells of his childhood. When he was quite a boy, I think but six years old, there occurred the destruction of Lisbon by the terrible earthquake that overthrew that magnificent city, its temples, churches, dwellings, and killed sixty thousand of its inhabitants. It oppressed his spirits. Everybody was talking about it, and many were saying that it shook all their faith in a Providence. "In vain," he afterwards said, "my young mind strove to resist these impressions. I went so far as to declare that God had not displayed paternal care in consigning both the just and the unjust to the same destruction." After some time, he regained his cheerfulness by looking at this event in connection with the future life. "After all," said the boy one day, "God very well knows that an immortal soul can receive no injury from a mortal accident;" and how often do we all have need of a like reflection? All suffering is full of immortality; and the more truly we comprehend what such a being as God must be, the more deeply shall we feel that one single instance of unadjusted inequality, even in the smallest degree, is a sure pledge of a future life.

Neighbor. — And this suggests, that there is a prophetic element in our nature, — an ideal which is a sort of forefeeling of the real, an assurance of coming joy, a presage of approaching retribution, which, however we may explain these things in our system of philosophy, do, in the heart, have something like the power of one who could show us the zeal of a seer.

Arthur. — But where shall we stop? Of the intimations of the soul's immortality, we have hinted at only a few, such as we have here recalled. There is one which is perhaps more convincing than any we have named, — the impression made on the mind of a good man by a prolonged study of them all.

The effect of attention to a speciality is well known. Experts are trained to a success of which others are incapable. Seamen, in the dark, hear sounds which our ears would not detect. A landscape-painter would point out charming features in this scene of which we are unobservant. The poet feels the beauty of subtle relations of which we do not dream.

Now, just in the same way, a good man, for years conversant with the divine ways of doing things, training his ear to catch the

gentle whispers of wisdom, and his eye to see the relations of this to goodness and love, might give a sound opinion as to the value of all these arguments combined, whether they are consistent, and support each other, and have about them the unmistakable air and impress of the Infinite Mind. In comparison with his judgment, what would be the value of that of a thousand worldly-minded men?

If to him these arguments should appear not as abstractions and shadows, but should take their place among the permanent realities of life, need this surprise us? "Forty years," said an old sacristan in the refectory of the Escurial," — forty years have I showed these pictures to thousands who have come and gone, many of whom have been born and have died in that time; and now to me those visitors seem like shadows, and these pictures are the realities." Have we not known a much shorter study of these indications of immortality make them start into reality and life?

Neighbor. — What a transforming effect they must have?

Arthur. — Yes, neighbor, indeed it is so. Life and death, the present, the future, the whole world, must be changed. We should see this, could we look into men's hearts.

I have read that, during the horrors of the French Revolution, there were Registration Offices (*Salles de Greffe*,) where the condemned made some brief preparation for death, and had a momentary interview with their friends. Grief, of course, was on the features of victims and mourners alike. But a sight of their hearts would have revealed something there as wide apart as the two ways they immediately took, — some to their homes, and some to the guillotine.

It is not possible that hearts can be just alike where some believe they are going to the charnel-house, and some to a freer and intenser life.

We were here summoned away; for our friends were making preparations to leave the glen.

A year ago I should have thought it strange, if I had passed the time of a rural merry-meeting in such a conversation as this. These new internal experiences, changing the entire aspect of life, have they no hint of something spiritual within us, and of still higher aspirations and longings which may be reached?

I hardly know why I was so much taken with Arthur's talk: —

> "And how those sounds within me wrought,
> Remaineth yet a mystery;"

to quote two lines from the poetry he read about "The Lost Church." Something was due to my interest in these themes; something to his quiet and earnest enthusiasm; and something to my suspicion, growing stronger and stronger, that he might ere long, by his own vision, know more of the things about which we conversed.

MORNING.

The morning, with resistless art,
An hour can render all ideal,
To sound soft cadences impart,
And dreamy outlines to the real.

The engine rushes on his track
Through open gates of golden light,
His cloudy tresses streaming back
In willowy waves of flowing white.

Long, venerable locks are those,
Dishevelled silver in the light,
Like the loose train a comet shows
Borne backward in its ether-flight.

And see! a wreath of grace ascends
From every household altar-fire!
All earth burns incense; and uptends,
In dew and mist, devout desire!

The morn is aspiration's hour,
To climb the lattice-beams of light;
But evening has an earthward power,
And moral danger broods by night.

R. F. F.

NIGHT.

Oh! there are some in sisterhood of night,
That in the shame of darkness never share;
As those there are, in brotherhood of light,
Day's nobler name, and not his nature bear!

Come to the court, then, of the starry queen,
Whose soft complexion tinted darkness shows;
And pay fit homage at the throne serene
Of gentle languishment and soft repose!

Now silver moonbeams mottle with the shade,
And darkness visible enshrouds the trees,
Whose leafy harp, by soft Æolus played,
The varied voice of Night accompanies.

A sweet, low accent warbles whippoorwill,
To interrupt the lullaby profound
Which hushes air with soothing cadence still,
And slumberous whisper murmuring around.

O Night! would'st thou the poppy cast away,
Nor drug the conscious sense to dreamy sleep,
We'd sometimes make a fair exchange of day
For thee, and all thy silver watches keep!

R. F. F.

O thou *deep love*! I pray thee take the *desire* of my soul into thee; bring it forth out of the bonds of *death* through *thy death*, in thy resurrection, in thee. Oh! quicken me in thy strength, that my *desire* and *will* may begin to spring up and flourish anew. O thou *vanquisher of death* and of the *wrath* of God! do thou overcome in me self; break its will and bruise my soul, that it may fear before thee, and be ashamed of *its own* will before thy *judgment*, and that it may be ever obedient to thee as an *instrument* of thine. Subdue it in the bonds of death; take away its power, that it may will nothing without thee. — *Behmen*.

RANDOM READINGS.

LETTER FROM CUBA.

THE following is from a highly intelligent lady, who went from the United States. We venture to print it, though a private letter, on account of its glowing description of the flora and fauna of the island; and also in the hope that some good "Yankee" may respond to the invitation which it contains. The reader will call to mind the animated picture of Lord Morpeth, of the glories of this sunny clime: —

"Ye tropic forests of unfading green,
Where the palm tapers and the olive glows,
Where the light bamboo weaves her feathery screen,
And her fair shade the matchless *cebia* throws!

Ye cloudless ethers, of unchanging blue,
Save where the rosy streaks of eve give way
To the clear sapphire of your midnight hue,
The burnished azure of your perfect day!

Yet tell me not my native skies are bleak;
That, flushed with liquid wealth, no cane-fields wave:
For virtue pines, and manhood dares not speak,
Where nature's glories brighten round the slave."

SIERRA DE PALMOS, May 9.

MY DEAR MR. SEARS, — I have been often thinking to write you, but truly have not had courage to do so, not having been very well, and in an unsettled state since my arrival here. Then the climate and habits of these isles make me lazy.

Now I am in our home, up in these magnificent mountains, I begin to feel more active, and might get through a good deal; the air being most heavenly, and health in its breath: only it begins to be very warm some days, which I can't stand much of. The mornings and evenings, however, are always pleasantly cool. Such a climate, I think, can be found nowhere else on this earth. Havana is a most disagreeable, hot, unhealthy city. But, up in

this region, extreme heat is unknown, as also sickness of any sort. The people live here to one hundred and fifty years of age, in many cases; seventy years is their prime of life, which speaks for the country.

We are still in the midst of building, as 'tis difficult, unless one owns slaves, to get work of the kind done; and, as we would not have slaves, find it rather difficult to get along. We are trying to get some contrabands from the North, who will like this climate, and get along easily; nature having done every thing for this island, the soil being rich, and very productive. Only imagine: they take three crops of corn a year off the same land, and never manure it. This portion of the island produces the finest tobacco, of which there are three crops a year. An acre of this weed gives from five hundred to eight hundred dollars a crop. My father does not cultivate any thing of the sort, as he is not an agricultural man; but could we get a good farmer to take over the place, and divide with us, he taking two-thirds and giving us one-third, we would like to have such a man from the North. We might find in Havana many coming from Europe, but prefer, could we get, a New-England man. We only now keep cattle, and these he could keep for us also on shares; his part being one-third of the increase. We can keep ninety head of cattle on the place: it being always summer, they feed out on grass. No hay is cultivated here, though it could grow, if planted, and bring a great price in Havana, where it is imported from New York now. Any man who can work, and has any brains, can make his fortune in Cuba. Nature here does every thing; but the natives are so indolent and ignorant, and behind the age a century. Still, they all seem to grow rich.

My father is now having his coffee and cocoa walks planted, as these are very productive here. Such plantations are called a coffetal and cocotal.

The flora and fauna of this island are beautiful and luxuriant in the extreme. You would be delighted, I think, to pass a winter and spring here; and I trust sometime you will visit us when we are all arranged.

These mountains are the most beautiful I have seen yet in my travels. One may ride for hundreds of miles ever through palm-groves, which are to me trees of celestial beauty, such as I imagine are in heaven. I feel, in the palm-groves, as if walking in some

vast cathedral, such as may exist in the heavens, — in a church worthy of the Creator. Then the alleys of bamboo, like giant plumes waving in the wind, and arching avenues, which look as a church of giant proportions would.

The effect is solemn, and one feels almost as if in the spirit-land. At dusk, or by moonlight, in passing through them I look around, expecting to see spirits there. Such forests of fine and precious woods; such huge trees as grow on the mountains, covering them to the summit, which often are crowned by palms, I do not think are found out of Cuba. And such splendid flowers!

San Domingo and Jamaica may have something of the same; but here all is vast and grand and luxuriant in its growth.

Not far from us are some beautiful grottoes in the mountain, with crystallizations, and statuesque form. In one is a perfect crystal lion, couchant. A river runs down from one of these grottoes. 'Tis most lovely up there. There are birds of every variety of brilliant plumage and sweetest notes. The nightingale sings there till it swoons away, and can thus be taken. Of course, among the beautiful on this earth we have ever the evil, and there are many venomous reptiles and insects to molest.

One kind of spider, large as a saucer, is very dangerous; and, if it stings, makes one dance the dance of death with pain. I think it is a sort of Tarantula. The fang of this spider, however, is very precious; and, in Havana, sells for seventeen dollars an ounce in gold, as the touch of it on an aching tooth cures immediately. We have the mountain river running around our estate on three sides. There are fine fish in it. We have a royal bath there, and more beautiful, being natural. I bathe there twice a day, at early morn and evening, and never enjoyed such bathing anywhere. As I look up, I see overhead, roofing me, the palm and orange trees with their golden fruit; limes, myrtles, and mango, plum, and other fine tropical trees. Our plum-trees here are as large as your American hickory or elm. Then at eve the trees are lighted up with fire-flies, very large and luminous, such as nowhere else are to be seen. They fly very swiftly; and, at first, I thought them bright meteors. The ladies ornament themselves with them, as they can be tamed, and become attached to their mistresses. They live many months in cages. We are rejoicing in the prospect of peace, and the great victories of the North. . . .

Now should you hear of any good man who will come to us, will you write me? He had better have a wife to care for him, and sons, if possible, to help him; and be something of a carpenter, so far as building up a comfortable house for himself. Father will give him necessary materials, tools, &c. We have much trouble to get our dwelling completed; no carpenters to be had here. Yankees are generally every thing, and can help themselves.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

The meeting of the London Anthropological Society, May 16, was of special interest, as it was known that Bishop Colenso would read a paper on "The Efforts of Missionaries among Savages." He began by giving some account of his diocese. The District of Natal, in Africa, was called *Terra Natalis* by the old Portuguese navigators, because it was discovered by them on Christmas Day. It is about one-third the size of England and Wales, and contains a population of 15,000 Europeans and 150,000 natives, who are called Zulus from a former chief of that name. He then reverted to a remark made by a member of the Anthropological Society, to the effect that "every so-called Christian negress was a prostitute, and every so-called Christian negro a thief." This was said of the slave-coast, where the slave-trade with all its abominations was still practised. The remark was too sweeping in its application to that region, while it was wholly unjust to other portions of Africa. While he had no sympathy with the creed that doomed all ignorant heathen to eternal misery, the expenditure of vast sums of money, the sacrifice of noble energies and of many lives for the conversion of the heathen could not be referred to without respect. Undoubtedly, too much had been expected from the labors of missionaries. It was a painful fact, that exaggerated representations had been made of their success. But, after all abatements had been allowed, and even in cases where no outward results could be enumerated, it would be quite unsafe to say that no good had been done by scattering the seeds of a Christian civilization. If it be admitted, that, for the most part, little could be done with the adult population, the condition of the young was more hopeful, and schools for

their instruction were the best instrumentalities. He believed the missionaries would have greater success, if there were less preaching of eternal punishment, and more of that kindly and wise discrimination observed by St. Paul in his address to the Athenians. A lively discussion followed the reading of the Bishop's paper, which displayed, as we think, more theological prejudice than anthropological learning.

A BOOK has just been published in Edinburgh, entitled "The Art of Pedigree-making." The "Gentleman's Magazine" for May says, "It is a caustic exposure of the way in which illustrious descents are manufactured to order for the new men who by some lucky hit are advanced from the counter to knighthood." Placer and petroleum millionaires may find it useful.

THE Peace Society held lately its annual meeting in London. The "Saturday Review" says, "We are reminded, not without amazement, that such a society is in existence. It is a curious question whether we are making any perceptible progress towards the expected millennium. If such progress is being made, it is certainly slow; it is a secular and not an annual change. We may be gradually getting rid of the military fever; but we have suffered, and are likely to suffer in the future, a good many relapses before it entirely disappears. It seems sometimes as if the change which is taking place rather concerned the questions which are decided by war than the number of wars themselves. We do not have the dynastic quarrels of former times; but the principle of nationalities gives us plenty to fight over."

THE "Holy Land," by W. Hepworth Dixon, to which we alluded some time ago, has just been published in London. The "Dublin University Magazine," for May, has an extended notice of it, and says that Mr. Dixon "has the triple faculty of acuteness in detecting character, generosity in interpreting it, and ability in giving it portraiture." From the extracts we have read, we think he has thrown a fresh interest over the familiar details of the Bible. The following quotation illustrates the facility with which he rises from the simplest fact to the discussion of broad principles. Writing incidentally of the *road* he was travelling, he immediately corrects himself by saying that what we understood by a road is unknown in the East. "In our English Bible the word *road* is found only once, and there it is used in the sense of raid or inroad. We hear of paths, of ways, never of roads, which must be regal

works, the offspring of art, and the production of a settled peace. A Greek, a Roman, made roads; an Arab, a Jew, never. A dweller in tents detests a path so easy that wheels can roll and cannon can be drawn along it. To such a man a great road is a great peril."

JOHN STUART MILL'S examination of Sir William Hamilton's "Philosophy" is noticed in several English reviews. "The London Spectator" says, "We hold this to be Mr. Mill's greatest book, requiring far greater powers both of imagination and exposition than are required by his 'Political Economy,' and showing these powers in a higher degree than his 'System of Logic.' We say this without acquiescing in the foundations of Mr. Mill's philosophy, which, as receiving the sanction of so wide and profound a mind, we view with simple amazement; but heartily acquiescing in the justice, and admiring the accomplished ease, of much of the destructive critcism directed against Sir William Hamilton's philosophic crotchets, and thoroughly impressed with the intensity of the love of truth which breathes through the whole." The reviewer particularly praises Mr. Mill's reply to those who affirm that justice and goodness in God cannot be understood by the qualities in man which are called by these names. "I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and, if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go." Of this the "Spectator" says, "This is the true language of prophets and apostles about God, who never yet asked any one to worship him without declaring his goodness in the language in which it had been manifested in our Lord, and come straight home to the heart of man."

IN 1851 an "Association for promoting the Unity of Christendom" was formed in England. It has now seven thousand members, one-third of whom, it is said, are clergymen of the Papal, Greek, and Anglican churches. The only condition of membership is the daily repetition of the collect for peace, in connection with the Lord's Prayer. The Association has just published a volume of sermons on the re-union of Christendom, by members of the different churches above named. This movement, it is further said, has attained to a magnitude sufficient to attract the attention of the Pope, who repudiates it and discourages it, believing that he represents the only unity which the Christian Church can have.

ITALIAN papers inform us, that the long-talked-of withdrawal of French troops from Rome has lately commenced. Three thousand French soldiers have left that city, thirteen thousand still remaining to defend it. Through the growing accord between the Pope and Victor Emanuel, it is hoped that these will not long be wanted.

SOME of the many travellers who have sojourned in Florence may like to hear about the Dante festivities lately celebrated with so much splendor in that city. A file of Florentine papers, lately received, have much to say on this subject. The quaint and dear old city, always so busy and lively, was never more excited. For weeks prior to May 14, the note of preparation had been sounding; and innumerable festoons, arches, inscriptions, statues, attested the universal interest. The railways brought daily four or five thousand visitors, — delegations of distinguished men having been sent from all the leading cities of Italy. In many cases they brought with them banners and homage gifts, which have been carefully treasured up as a memorial in the Palace of the Podesta. The chief interest on the first day's celebration centred in the piazza Santa Croce, which was entirely covered with a green cloth, in the centre of which was erected a throne for the king and court, whose presence gave great eclat to the occasion. When the curtain was dropped before the statue of the great poet, the enthusiasm was so intense that many were affected to tears. There were *tableaux vivants* representing scenes in the "Divina Commedia;" and the first artists of Italy, Ristori, Salvini, Rozzi, and others, recited choice extracts from the poem in illustration of the *tableaux*. An exposition of mediæval objects, such as manuscripts, wills, parchments, rare editions, objects of curious art and antiquity, collected from every part of Italy, drew thousands of visitors. The gonfaloniere, or mayor of the city, had sent a letter of special invitation to Victor Hugo, who, not being able to be present, had returned a somewhat long but eloquent reply, which was publicly read, in which he calls their celebration a magnificent symptom of the age, in honor of one who, in the thirteenth century, brooded over ideas which had been realized in the nineteenth, while he rejoiced that Italy had come out from the seven circles, and that slavery was at that moment dying in America. A banquet was given, attended by eminent generals, statesmen, poets, and scholars of all Italy, and about thirty

distinguished Frenchmen, Englishmen, Russians, and Germans. The king decreed, that Conte Pietro Alighieri, the sole descendant of the great poet, should be inscribed in the golden book as a Florentine patrician, himself and his descendants for ever. Add to all, a few days after the celebration the Florentines learned a fact which raised their enthusiasm to a still higher pitch. Many fruitless attempts had long been made to find the body of Dante, at Ravenna, where it had been buried. On the 28th of May, word came, that, by the demolition of an ancient chapel near the poet's burial-place, the veritable "Ossa Dantis" were discovered; and the municipal committee sent back a congratulatory reply. We have given a hint of only a small number of the exhibitions of popular feeling. The inevitable horse-racings for which the Florentines have such a passion were not of course forgotten. The illuminations of the Pitti, Uffizii, and other grand old palaces, closed the public rejoicings.

HABIT IN WELL-DOING.

It is a vital condition of success in the Christian life, that we should begin with making its duties not merely a series of separate actions, but a constant habit. Most people, when a religious service is set before them, would like to comprise it in a single job, as they do other kinds of business, and finish it all up at once. They are discouraged with the idea of doing the same thing over and over again. The calls of charity are answered cheerfully enough the first two or three times, but are wearisome when it is found they are to be presented month after month. The Sunday school, on which the young teacher entered with such enthusiasm, is apt to be a bore at the end of half a dozen Sundays. The hardest trial of the drunkard, in breaking off from his bondage, is after the impulse of his first conversion has died away, and while he is yet obliged with each new temptation to make a separate effort of resistance. Many a young Christian has found himself wishing, that, in some fervent moment, he could lay up a stock of prayers on his closet-shelf that would last him a whole year. Indeed, the popular idea of salvation is that which would have it closed up with one revival, on one day, in one place; and not dragging

along through a person's whole life, and mixed up with all days, and all kinds of business. We are like a little girl I know of, who, when reproved for some naughty thing she was doing, exclaimed, "Well, mother, I had almost rather go to the wicked place, than keep trying so hard all the time not to go!"

The difficulty in these, and all such cases, is, that we have not done the things required of us often enough to make them a habit. Every thing is a labor just in proportion as we have to do it by a separate effort. If a person were obliged to do up all his breathing once a week, to eat his food only at rare intervals, or to put on his clothing simply for a few days in the year, he would find them a very wearisome task. It is only the frequency of these acts, only breathing every moment, eating every day, and wearing our clothes literally as a habit, that keeps them from being irksome. Drive your wagon over a road where the planks are five feet apart, and the motion is excruciating; let the planks be shoved up close together, and it is one delicious roll. So in the Christian life. We must make our duties come so near to each other that they will touch, if we would have them a pleasure. It is easier to give fifty times a year than it is ten; easier to go to church every Sunday than every month; easier to pray each night and morning than only now and then; easier to be a Christian on every day, and in every place, than only in the meeting-house, and once a week. Habit is the great helper that takes away the burden from all labor, and makes even the roughest places smooth. And, in our well-doing, the best way never to be weary is never to stop and rest. K.

TALFOURD, the poet, lost a child, aged six years, named after Charles Lamb. The following is extracted from the "Memorial Verses," written by the bereaved father. We hardly know which touch the heart more deeply, the allusions to the lost boy, or to the gentle poet whose name he bore.

The LAMB, with whose endearing name
  Our boy we proudly graced,
Shrunk from the warmth of sweeter fame
  Than ever bard embraced.

Still, 'twas a mournful joy to think
  Our darling might supply,
For years on earth, a living link
  To name that cannot die.

And, though such fancy gleam no more
  On earthly sorrow's night,
Truth's noble torch unveils the shore
  That gives to both its light.

The nursling there that hand may take,
  None ever grasped in vain;
And smiles of well-known sweetness wake,
  Without their tinge of pain.

Though 'twixt the child and childlike bard
  Late seemed distinction wide,
They now may trace, in heaven's regard,
  How near they are allied.

Within the infant's ample brow,
  Blithe fancies lay unfurled,
Which, all uncrushed, may open now,
  To charm a sinless world.

Though the soft spirit of those eyes
  Might ne'er with LAMB'S compete,
Ne'er sparkle with a wit as wise,
  Or melt with tears as sweet, —

That calm and unforgotten look
  A kindred love reveals,
With his who never friend forsook,
  Or hurt a thing that feels.

In thought profound, in wildest glee,
  In sorrow's lengthening range,
His guileless soul of infancy
  Endured no spot or change.

From traits of each, our love receives
  For comfort nobler scope;
While light which childlike genius leaves
  Confirms the infant's hope:

And in that hope, with sweetness fraught,
  Be aching hearts beguiled,
To blend, in one delightful thought,
  The poet and the child.

LITERARY NOTICES.

History of England; from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 124, Grand Street. 1865.

Two volumes have thus far been issued of this luxurious reprint. We need not say, that, if history is one of the most interesting and valuable works of modern English literature, there can be no doubt that the publishers will be abundantly encouraged to finish what has been commenced with such admirable enterprise. The only way by which we can even approximate the truth of history is to put ourselves with open minds under various guides, and be content, if need be, to hear our most cherished historical conclusions vehemently spoken against. Mr. Froude can help us greatly in this way; for he does not rest, without inquiry or protest, in any stereotyped foregone conclusions, and is quite free to set himself against the unfavorable verdict which people and scholars alike had pronounced upon Henry the Eighth of England. Let him be heard in his pleadings, even though the exculpation of king be the condemnation of queen; and, whatever we may think of the justice of his conclusions, we shall be sure to follow his narrative and his arguments with very deep and enduring interest. The two volumes which have been given to readers on this side of the water bring the story to the execution of Anne Boleyn in 1536. They are full of the most valuable and entertaining matter, and are especially rich in descriptions of the every-day life of the English people in the sixteenth century. The mechanical execution of the books leaves nothing to be desired; and there cannot be the slightest shadow of an excuse for importing copies from abroad, now that this exquisite library edition is to be put within our reach. E.

Thoughts on Personal Religion. By EDWARD MYRICK GOULBURN, Chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford. Appleton & Co., 443, 445, Broadway, New York.

Religious Duty. By FRANCES POWER COBBE. Boston: William V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street. 1865.

Miss Cobbe's book has already been noticed in this journal. We have written down the title again, because we wished to place it by the side of another work upon the same topic, by a writer whose stand-point is within the fold of Christendom, and to say how much we have been moved and rejoiced to find, that, widely as these authors differ in the treatment of their subject, they are none the less singularly at one, and, far more than they seem, do mean the same thing. Both are hearty, whole-souled, practical believers in the grace of God, in his loving nearness to the human soul; both are at once eminently devout, eminently practical, and richly suggestive. Differing as widely as two writers can in their theological views, they are both edifying, and will be read with great interest and profit by persons who would hardly worship in the same church, because they both believe in PRAYER; and that through the mighty help of God the being of man is enriched and strengthened unto every good word and work. The books are, both of them, real and experimental, — reports of the inward life. Miss Cobbe believes far more than she can prove; and, whilst it is plain that her nature might have been eminently religious, she does credit to a noble Christian culture. And, on the other hand, Gouldburn, holding strong, positive Christian views, does not content himself with the phrases of piety, but abounds in mature thoughts, and good, wholesome food for hungry souls; evidently without any attempt at fine writing, or literary aim beyond the very laudable desire to be clear, concise, correct, and animated. There are denials in Miss Cobbe's book, to which we should take exception: her view of prayer for outward things seems to us narrow and unsound, quite inferior to that which Dr. Hedge has presented in his admirable volume entitled, "Reason in Religion" (see chapter on "The Exorable God"); in fact, an effort of the understanding to pass beyond its sphere into transcendent realms. But we are quite ready, in our hearty assent and consent, as we read other pages besides the few which are given to this special topic, to forget these (as they seem to us) unsatisfactory reasonings. And, as we are compelled to add to the affirmations of Miss Cobbe, so there are a few things in Gouldburn which we must leave out as unreal to us, and amongst the conventionalities of theology. We presume that our English Episcopalian would be much horri-

fied with the theological freedom of Miss Cobbe, even in this, which is one of the most positive and affirmative of her books; whilst Miss Cobbe, once a good "churchwoman" herself, might characterize the "Thoughts on Personal Religion" as belonging to the literature of the past. But, for ourselves, vehemently as they might dislike one another, we are glad to confess, that we are inconsistent enough to like them both, and to have found in both good food for the hungry soul. Neither of the books should we give to the undiscerning. As we cannot choose but judge, there are heresies in the one as in the other; things that need to be explained and qualified for the unskilful and unstable. But this is true of most earnest scriptures: were it not so, there would not be the need there is in Christendom of the well-instructed scribe.

E.

Companion Poets for the People. Illustrated. *Household Poems.* By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. Price, fifty cents.

No insignificant part do these little volumes play in the blessed work of educating the people. They will sow good seed, and so pre-occupy the ground that there will be small space for the tares to spring up. Specially grateful will the small books be, in the summer time, for the folks on hill-sides and "by the way of the sea."

E.

A very timely and very manageable and very comely little volume is "*The President's Words*, a Selection of Passages from the Speeches, Addresses, and Letters of Abraham Lincoln." Published by Walker, Fuller, & Company, 245, Washington Street. It is as full of wisdom as an egg is of meat, and far better than a much larger book would be.

E.

The Life of M. T. Cicero, by FORSYTH, published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, which we announced in our last number, is a charming picture of the private as well as public life of the great Roman statesman and orator. Mr. Forsyth does not conceal the faults of Cicero; indeed his egregious vanity and egotism are not to be concealed, as they were an essential part of him: but the author does ampler justice to his great virtues than Merivale does, and with a more discriminating and impartial hand than Middleton. This work will supersede Middleton's, and will be indispensable not only to the scholar, but the popular reader, for a familiar knowledge of Cicero, or the times which his splendid genius illustrated.

S.

The Iliad of Homer, rendered into English blank verse, by EDWARD, Earl of Derby, in two volumes, is published by the same firm, and in the same style with the "Life of Cicero." The binding is in exquisite taste, the print large and clear, on tinted paper, and is most grateful to the eye.

The heroic blank verse which the translator has chosen is unquestionably better adapted to the majestic simplicity of Homer than the monotonous rhymes of Pope, or the heptameter verse of old Chapman. He adheres as closely to the original as the English language will allow, without giving a paraphrase or a baldly literal rendering. The grand old bard himself would own the present translation as giving more perfectly than any other the honest sense and spirit of the Iliad. The reader who wishes to study Homer in the most terse and simple English will prefer it, and cannot well do without it. Nothing, however, will supersede either Pope or Chapman: the former as showing the wonderful resources of the English language for musical flow; and the latter for preserving the old English idioms in their compactness and nerve, — the English of the Elizabethean age. Macauley sneers at Pope very justly so far as he fails to give us Homer; but Pope's Iliad has been thumbed and read and recited in farmhouses and cottages, wherever the books of a circulating library have found entrance. It was the standard of poetical taste for half a century; and, though a very false standard, it did more to abolish limping and slovenly rhymes, and develop the wonderful harmonies of the language, than any other work that could be named.

The present translator, for good reasons, adopts the Latin rather than the Greek nomenclature for the heathen deities. He has given in these two volumes a noble monument of taste and learning. S.

Christianity and Statesmanship, with Kindred Topics. By WILLIAM HAGUE, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

This is a new edition of Dr. Hague's former work, revised and enlarged. It embraces a variety of topics, discussed in the vigorous style and intellectual power for which the author has become generally known. These topics are Christianity and Statesmanship, Christianity and the Turkish Power, Christianity and Traditionism, embracing a review of the life and times of Wickliffe; Christian Greatness in the Apostle, Christian Greatness in the

Missionary, Christian Greatness in the Statesman, Christian Greatness in the Citizen, Christianity and Pauperism, Christianity and Liberal Giving, Christian Union, Christianity and Slavery. There is also an Appendix of sixty pages, containing discussion and criticism on topics of living interest. The essay on Christianity and Slavery is elaborate and closely argumentative, and a triumphant vindication of abolitionism. "Apostolic Christianity abolished slavery" is the well-reasoned conclusion of the essay. The spirit of the book is both liberal and evangelical. S.

The Ideal Attained. By ELIZA W. FARNHAM. New York: C. M. Plumb & Co.

Not often do we read a novel clean through; but we have got fairly into the story of this, and shall not give it up. We are very agreeably surprised in the graces of style and the truthfulness of description, both of character and scenery, and the absorbing interest of the tale. The pictures of scenery and of social life in California are said to be faithful and true, as they are certainly graphic and lifelike. The writer evidently draws from a large experience of men and things, and paints realities in the colors of romance. The print and paper are worthy of special praise, and the whole external appearance of the book very attractive.

Mrs. Farnham held some theories which are justly thought very extravagant; but no one can refuse a hearty homage to her brilliant genius and her noble philanthropy. S.

Reason in Religion. By FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co.

This treatise, after two introductory chapters, divides into two books: the first, "Religion within the Bounds of Theism;" the second, "Rational Christianity." Under these divisions are several chapters, each an essay complete in itself, yet bearing upon the general scope of the whole treatise, and helping to develop a system, though the outlines of it are not sharply defined, and were not intended to be. The themes are handled with Dr. Hedge's great logical power and felicity of style, and with unusual beauty of illustration. Sometimes he takes the highest positive ground, far in advance of the prevailing thought of Christendom, fortifying and inspiring anew its flagging faith. We have never seen the subject of prayer placed on ground more impregnable and rational, or giving ampler encouragement to devotion. The proofs of the

divine existence in the moral and spiritual nature of man are set forth with great cogency; those from external nature, or what is called the cosmical argument, are dishonored, we think, more than need be. The Christian doctrine of immortality seems to us also to have an inadequate statement; immortality being a moral attainment, rather than the inhering necessity of human nature. On many subjects treated, most readers will withhold assent, and many more will enter strong protest; but they will not fail of a constant intellectual stimulus and moral quickening, as also vast openings into fields of thought which they had never trodden. The subject of miracles is treated with philosophic discrimination, and from a point of view which renders the old controversies altogether useless. The book will be widely read, and many passages of special power and pungency will have a permanent place in religious literature. S.

Harp of the West. By H. A. REID, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. We have received the sheets in advance of publication. Mr. Reid is a genuine poet, and writes from the gushing fountains of the heart. We have already published some hymns of his which evidently wrote themselves. We select another from the sheets which he sends us.

"The soul's new birth is as a flower
  Fresh budding in its place,
With inward joy and soft, sweet power
  To form the outward grace;
And shows what germs of beauty rest
Within the rudest human breast.

The soul's new birth is as a star
  Just peeping out of night;
From depths of darkness oh how far
  It reaches after light,
And twinkles with a glad, new sense
Of God's bright-shining providence!

The soul's new birth is as a rill
  That leaps and ripples down
The rugged, rocky steeps of will,
  That only used to frown;
But now the crags are mossy green,
And sweet wild-flowers shoot up between.

Oh come, thou quickening grace from heaven
With radiant beams of love,
And give our waiting souls the leaven
Of new life from above,
Till all the thoughts of all our days
Shall blossom sweetly into praise!"

Life of Horace Mann. By his Wife. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co.

Mrs. Mann properly dedicates the book to the young. We can conceive of no work better calculated to elevate their aims, and make them generous, noble, and unselfish, than the record of such a life. It is made up mainly of Mr. Mann's private correspondence, so selected and arranged that his mind, heart, and motive are revealed with the most perfect transparency. As a student, as a lawyer, as a legislator, as a philanthropist, and as an educator, he appears before us devoted to the highest ends, with a zeal as pure as it was intense and burning.

Two things distinguished him. He always magnetized those who came within reach of his voice or pen, if they had a particle of his own nobleness; and hence the thousands, especially of the young men and women of the country, who date from his word a new self-consecration, and a new birth in their consciousness of intellectual and moral life. He had a power of illustration that fired the heart through the imagination, and a profusion of glowing images which came so thick, that, as he said himself, he "drove them away from him every hour." So that he was also distinguished for the little opposition which he excited among the bigoted and self-seeking who tried to obstruct what he deemed a righteous cause. He sometimes scattered them with his satire, and even excoriated them to the bone; and we were only reconciled to the operation in the reflection that they deserved it, and that the public good required it, and that there was no venom on the point of his blade. But the depth of his kindness, the warmth and sweetness and delicacy of his whole affectional nature, were known to his friends; and the present biography brings out these traits as the great charm of his character. Mrs. Mann had a delicate task in preparing this biography; but no one could have done it better. We closed it with a sad feeling, because such a man should have *worked himself to death*, as he literally did, when we needed him so much; but the

mind soon rises exultant in the assurance, that he lives at this day in all the young minds of Massachusetts, and widely throughout the West, and throughout the country, and lives in its best thought, and inspires it. Let this record of his life go everywhere, and it will help to enforce the last words which he uttered publicly as he charged his graduating class, *Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity.* S.

PAMPHLETS.

Hasty Recognition of Rebel Belligerency and our Right to complain of it. By GEORGE BEMIS. Boston: A. Williams. A complete and most admirable answer to Lord Russell, and "Historicus" of the "London Times." A neatly printed pamphlet of fifty-seven pages.

Life and Services of Edward Everett. An Address by RICHARD H. DANA, Jr., before the municipal authorities and citizens of Cambridge, Feb. 22, 1865, very just and discriminating, and beautifully got up. Seventy pages.

The Radical Creed. A Discourse at the Installation of Rev. David A. Wasson, as minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston, May 7, 1865, by the pastor elect. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co.

Eulogy on Abraham Lincoln before the New-England Historic Genealogical Society, Boston, May 3, 1865, by ELIAS NASON. Boston: W. V. Spencer.

Mr. Barrett's Reply to Strictures on himself and Writings, published in the organs of the New Church in the United States, and under the authority and direction of that body. Philadelphia. Twenty-eight pages.

AN IMPORTANT WORK. — Mr. William V. Spencer of this city has in press the recent examination by John Stuart Mill of the philosophical teachings of Sir William Hamilton, which is just now exciting attention in England among the students of philosophy. It will be published in a few days.

NOTICE. — Several articles in type, omitted in this number for want of room, will appear in the next.

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXIV. AUGUST, 1865. No. 2.

THE CONDITIONS OF LIFE AND PROGRESS IN A CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

BY EDMUND H. SEARS.*

"For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." — Eph. iv. 12.

Three things, you observe, are here brought into view, each depending upon the other two. The perfecting of the saints is the growth and the ripening of the Christian believer in the personal graces and virtues of Christian living. The work of the ministry stands related to this, both as the means and the fruit of it: for an efficient ministry helps to Christian living in the believer; and then, again, its work is mightily inspired and borne up on the believer's prayer. And when you have both these, you have the body of Christ — that is the Church — built up, and ever enlarged and beautified, and extending its forces to the peaceful conquest of the world. Such is this Christian triad of *the saints, the ministry,* and *the body of Christ.*

I embrace the present opportunity to speak of these and kindred topics. I can best include what I have to say under one general head; namely, the *conditions of life, strength, and prosperity in a religious society.* The subject will suggest to

* A sermon preached at his installation in Weston, May, 1865.

us, as we unfold it, the duties and responsibilities of the relation which we have just formed, — duties and responsibilities which pertain to the pulpit and the pews.

In a new consecration to the Christian work that lies before us, let us get some nearer view both of its nature and its extent.

1. The first condition of life and prosperity in a Christian society touches *the foundation* on which it rests. It is not a voluntary association like a reform society. There are two views on this topic radically distinct; and our whole work will be one thing or another, according to the view we take. One view is, that Christianity is to be received just as all the other religions of the past are to be received. We must sift it as we would Brahminism or Parseeism; eliminate the good from the bad, and the true from the false; take what remains, and carry it forward into a new and more comprehensive cultus. Christianity was good for its day; but we have learned it out. God shows himself now only to the individual soul, and we must look there only for the newer and broader revelations. Believing so, a man preaches only out of his own intentions and inspirations. Of course, the Church, with its old ordinances and rituals, is abolished. We have only a voluntary association or a reform society, gathered around this man or that, according as his individual afflatus is the more plenary and demonstrable. That is one view.

The other view is, that Christianity is the absolute religion, not one of the superstitions of the world; that before it those superstitions are to pale away and disappear; that, so far from having learned it out, we are just getting through the letter of it, just breaking the rind, and beginning to taste the ambrosial fruit; that the Christ of the gospel history, so far from having set upon the world for some new one to appear, is but just melting through the mists of the early morning, and that we have hardly begun to look upon his open face. This being so, the Church becomes, not a voluntary association, but, as Paul puts it, the body of Christ; and the ministry draws not out of its own private stock, which is scant enough, but out of God's everlasting treasury of jew-

els and gold. In this view of the matter, a Christian society has truths in its keeping which are not of private discovery.

As such, it draws mightily upon a strength out of and beyond itself, verifying the promise and prediction, "Lo, I am with you alway." A ministry which preaches out of its own puny individualism has no more authority than the guesswork of this man and that; and it is liable, all the while, to degenerate into an intolerable arrogance and an enormous egotism. A ministry which has Christ for its background and support, and his majestic authority to which always to make appeal, has a right to speak to you with urgency, and apply the truth of God closely to your consciences: for the preacher disappears and is lost in his message; he only interprets and clears away the hinderances, that the Christ himself may be more openly revealed.

I hold it, then, as a prime condition of our spiritual life, that we make Christ the foundation, and his word, as our old covenants have it, "the infallible rule of faith and practice." The distinction between the church and lecture-room is, that in the first we come to hear, interpret, and apply a message from above; in the other we come to hear a man discourse ingeniously from his own notions and private opinions. He may call these opinions God's absolute truth. He and they may call this rush-light of to-day a new sun risen on midnoon. It looks so to them. It looks so always when one's mind is kindled by the lurid gleams of his own private intelligence, warmed only by self-love. But the distinction is here: the lecturer speaks from himself; the preacher, if he be Christian, speaks from divine communications which are not of himself, and so keeps himself out of the way. Hence all the associations and societies which have ever been got up as substitutes for the Christian Church are weak and ephemeral, and crumble back into the individualism they started from. The Christian Church has all the Christian ages behind it; and, after eighteen hundred years of fluctuation and change of empire, we still "hear within, her solemn voice and her unending song."

2. Hence another condition of our life and prosperity be-

comes obvious, pertaining to *the end* for which we come together. We go to other places to be amused, to have our tastes gratified, to have our opinions echoed back to us; or, where men are supposed to preach themselves, and draw out their own intuitions, to admire the ingenious web-work which they weave, and float off in the air on the breath of human conceit and vanity. We go to church believing that we have souls to be saved and perfected, and that here we meet, or ought to meet, the Christ who can help us, and draw us up into the love and the salvation of God. I think it one of the surest signs of spiritual decline and death, when the attractions of the house of God are made to consist in the ingenuity of preachers, the husks of rhetoric, and the æsthetics of architecture; and, though churches be filled to overflowing in this way, it only stimulates the conceit both of preachers and hearers, and projects the spirit of the world into religious things, and increases it sevenfold.

All that I know of spiritual life; all of that truth which darts down through the inmost nature, and lights it up with the glare of noon, revealing the whole realm of sinful motive, like the fountains of the stream trickling down from the sides of hidden caves; all the openings down from eternity into time; all clear vision of its endless landscapes; all the light that shines on the path of duty, and makes it clear; all the warmth that comes into the heart, and fills it with comfort and peace in believing, till it overflows, — all this comes to me from this old Bible breaking its seals afresh to the groping generations to light them on their pilgrimage. It will be my chief purpose, so long as I preach to you, to open its contents and break its seals to you; to bring out its eternal verities as they lie embedded all through the rugged letter of history and parable, like seams of gold in the quartz mountains, to show them, not separate and fragmentary, but harmonized in a grand system of faith; to bring it in direct and naked contact with your hearts and lives and daily affairs; to bring out its threatenings alike with its promises and blessed consolations. You will find this done with a great deal of weakness and a great deal of imperfection. Only come with

this end in view, — to be revealed unto yourselves; to know your deepest wants, and have them supplied out of the wealth and the fulness of God; to get help to serve God worthily in time, and be fitted for a blissful immortality, — and you will carry a blessing away with you. That done, we shall be saved from the results, so meagre and shallow, of much of the church-going of these times, where manner and rhetoric and the rockets of the imagination are substituted for the grand gospel verities; and a very superficial culture, a very external decency and moralism, for the regeneration of the heart, and the forgiveness and the peace of God.

Hence I think it supremely important, that worship, and not preaching, should be the great idea that draws us to the house of God; and that preaching ought to be valued only as it brings us into attitudes of communion, and gives us the Christian atonement. In those congregations with whom faith in any thing has become of no consequence, and the Bible has become rather obsolete, they will amuse themselves with the genius of the preacher, as he spins out of his own brain his gossamer fancies, and sets them afloat above their heads in balloon-bubbles, — that wretched substitute for the gospel which is sometimes called originality. But in congregations where worship, and atonement with God, are the supreme idea, and men are always held close to its worth and grandeur, there will be no room for this sort of amusement. I think there ought to be some stated service where preaching as such is left out, and priest and people together are drawn up to the foot of the throne in adoration and prayer.

3. There is another condition of life and progress. If we would have these, we must not be a sect nor belong to a sect; but, as the text has it, to the body of Christ. The distinction between a sect and a church is obvious enough, and should be kept clearly in view, and one never confounded with the other. A church organizes itself around the whole Christ, believing his truth to be infinite, his advent therefore to be perpetual, his spiritual coming always fresh and new. He is not merely the Christ of two thousand years ago, but the Christ of to-day.

A sect posits itself on some fragment of truth, some private interpretation of it made by fallible men; and it grasps this, and holds it as the last word in theology. Hence a sect has no future, and can only keep repeating a worn-out creed for ever. A church, while it holds on to the old truths which are central and primary, is open always to the Lord for new light, life, and inspiration; and so the old truths never become dead and stale, but are seen ever with new settings and relations, and with new illustrations of what before was dark and mysterious. A sect is always becoming partial and narrow, and a thing of the past. A church, if only it be a true one, — that is, the very body of Christ, — is always growing towards a genuine comprehension and catholicity; for, being his body and robe, it changes in the transfigurations of his light and love. Indeed, the reason of this notion, that Christianity is learned out, and that something else must be hurried up in its place, lies mainly in the fact, that men have drawn it off into creeds, and claimed the creeds as the whole of it. And so they study it there, where it has turned into stone and fossil, and not in the living Christ who melts through the ages, and breaks through the worn-out creeds themselves, as the husks and the sheddings of the coming harvest. Looking, therefore, to the Master, claiming to be his minister, and acknowledging fealty to him alone, I will never ask whether the truth he gives me tallies with the notions of this denomination or that, and whether men choose to call it Unitarianism or Calvinism. I do not believe that any of these names exhaust the truth as it is in Jesus, or are any thing more than the first stammerings of his everlasting gospel. And, while I would fellowship all denominations who have the Christian spirit, and work with them so far forth as I could work freely and to good ends, I would never get moored with any of them in the flats and shallows, where the living stream of Christian history is sure to pass by them, and leave them high and dry upon the sand.

Unitarianism, — why, if you construe it in the way of sect, it is only fifty years old, and its traditions are scant and meagre enough. But construe it as liberal Christianity, —

that is, Christianity in its largeness and comprehension, — and it gives us all the wealth of the past, and all the Christ of the future, as he comes ever new into his Church, and breaks ever freshly from the letter of his Word.

4. But we come to another, and most important condition of our life and prosperity. *Every Christian Church and Society should have an end and object out of and beyond itself.* The law lies no less upon a Christian body than upon an individual.

"He that saveth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake, the same shall save it." Life which is hoarded and kept in declines, and becomes extinct. Life which is given out freshly and freely and perennially comes back to the giver in fourfold measure. The Christian Church was established, not for its own sake alone, not for the comfort and salvation of its own members alone, but to be a living force in society, to sanctify it, and to evangelize the world. Indeed when the Church is called the body of Christ, what means it but that it is an organism through which Christ may have a new forthgoing to convert the nations, and draw them to himself? It is not a place merely where people may come together to hear preaching and praying for their own pleasure or their own edification: it is a corporate power to act upon the world's evils, and purge them clean away. We talk about feeble societies, — generally meaning those who have not great wealth or great numbers; but there is more strength in three men or three women organized as Christ's veritable body to do his work, than all the splendid popedoms we could name organized for mere ritual and show. All church history proves it. The smallest beginnings, based on this idea of work to do and a mission to be accomplished, grow mighty and prevailing; for Christ comes into them, makes them his own instrumentality, and works by them and through them, and makes them healthy and strong: while the largest bodies, whose end is in themselves, and who care for nothing beyond themselves, are sure to be smitten at last with decrepitude and decay. If the Church leaves to reform societies the work which she ought to do herself, the reform societies so far

forth will drain the life out of her, and leave her with only a ghostly existence. And what work there is to be done! There is unbelief and ignorance and wickedness and suffering, yea, the world itself groaning and travailing together in pain. And how impressively the admonition comes to her now, "Forasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me"! Very true, no individual and no Christian body can do all sorts of good in all sorts of ways; but the good cause which is congenial to it, and lies near to its door, it can adopt as its own, pour its life into it, and the unbroken stream of its charities great or small; yea, give to every man and every woman and every little child something to do, and something to pray for, and something to cherish, not for themselves, but for the sake of humanity; and then the pulse of the great heart of humanity would beat through them, and make them live. I do not know of any evil which afflicts society to which the pulpit may not apply the whole truth of the gospel, until the evil is scourged out of existence. If a political party has imbodied some hideous falsehood into its creed, as parties are wont to do, and if the pulpit henceforth must be dumb in that direction, then it may see all the ten commandments annulled or travestied in turn as parties rise and fall. Clearly, then, both the Church and its ministry, though in the world, should have a position above it, which commands it; never going down to its level, and becoming conformed to it, but always drawing it up, through the transformations of the Christian law, towards the serene heights of Christian perfection.

5. I name another condition of religious life and prosperity in a Christian society. It is, *that the members, individually and personally, be Christian themselves.* This is obvious enough, and almost a truism: but then how easy it is to slide into the persuasion that the ordinances of religion are for the public morals or the public convenience, or perhaps are a temporal and worldly expediency, and not as an aid to each one of us in forming a personal living relation to God and to his Christ; or, as Paul puts it, "warning every man and exhorting every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man

perfect in Christ Jesus." This devolves upon each one the responsibility, not only to support Christianity, but to *be* Christian; to be clothed in its virtues and graces, and so to use its ordinances as a means of grace. After all, every thing else depends upon this. The stream will rise no higher than the fountain. There must be the Church in the house, and in the heart too, or there can be no living Church which is the public body of Christ; and the Church is in the house and in the heart when the individual acknowledges the spiritual interest to be supreme over all others, and is prompted to a self-consecration of his powers to a regenerate Christian life.

6. I name one more condition. It is, that the members of a religious society be co-laborers with its minister in the work of spiritual culture and of social and religious improvement. What can he do alone? Every individual, if he be a doer as well as hearer of the word, may preach the gospel, not only in his life and example, but sometimes in word and action, with a more persuasive eloquence than that of the pulpit. What is a Christian society but an organization of interacting and commingling agencies by which the whole body acts upon every member, and every member upon the whole body.

It is by the actual co-operation of every individual, that the whole body grows to perfection in Christ. The sabbath-school teacher who leads the pupils of his charge beside the still waters of truth; the word fitly spoken, whether of consolation, of warning, or of good cheer to fellow-travellers by the way; the prayers that go up to God and come back in blessing on the Church and the ministry; the Christian parent bringing home to his household the lessons of truth, and moulding the young minds around him to virtue and goodness; woman with the sweet charities of neighborhood, and with angelic ministrations at the bed of pain, — these, and such as these, carry the truth and the power of the gospel through a thousand subordinate channels, and make it pervasive as the rain and the dew. When there is this interaction and mutual aid among all the members of a Christian

society, they are rising, under the eye of God, to the perfection and moral glory of the angelic societies above.

Such, I think, are the essential conditions of life, strength, and prosperity. Let us cherish this as our ideal, and strive to approach it, and then we cannot fail to realize, in some sort, the beautiful triad of the text,—the saints, the ministry, and the body of Christ; and then the Christ will be seen and acknowledged, not merely as an historical person who lived a great while ago, but as one who lives now more than ever, the central life of his Church, the fountain of its charities, the river of its peace, the tabernacle of God with men; and then his love melts into all your hearts, breathes through all your speech, puts a soul into all your morality, sheds perfume through all your homes, transcends denominational lines, and draws us into the communion of the Church universal as doves that fly to their windows.

This done, the Church below is at one with the Church above, between which the angels of God's presence come and go on the messages of everlasting peace.

O God, the Holy Ghost in Christ my Saviour! teach me, I pray thee, what I shall do, that I may turn to thee. Oh! draw me in Christ to the Father, and help me, that now and from henceforward I may go forth from sin and vanity, and never any more enter into them again. Stir up in me a true sorrow for the sins I have committed. Oh! keep me in thy bonds, and let me not loose from thee, lest the devil sift me in my wicked flesh and blood, and bring me again into the *death of death*. Oh! enlighten thou my spirit, that I may see the *divine path*, and walk in it continually. Oh! take *that* away from me, which always turneth me away from thee; and give me *that* which always turneth me to thee; take me wholly from *myself*, and give me wholly to thyself. Oh! let me begin nothing, let me will, think, and do nothing, without thee. O Lord, how long! Indeed I am not worthy of that which I desire of thee. I pray thee let the *desire* of my soul dwell but in the gates of thy courts; make it but a servant of thy servants. Oh! preserve it from that horrible pit wherein there is no comfort or refreshment. — *Behmen.*

INTIMATIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

THERE are things of the spirit wherever we go,
For heaven is close-linked with our sojourn below;
There is not an hour, if the vision be clear,
When the heart from its depths doth not own they are near.

In the light of the eye and the glow of a smile,
And the clasp of the hand unspotted by guile,
And the artless embrace of the innocent child,
Whose gladness bursts forth from its source undefiled.

And the music that touches the heartstrings within,
Ah! do they not vibrate from pressure unseen,
As an undertone thrills us, so plaintive and sweet,
In chords full and rapturous while joy's pulses beat?

And e'en the light south wind that breathes in our face,
And bids us look upward its pathway to trace,
The breeze on the hill-tops, the rill through the wood,
And the sighing mid vines where the lone ruin stood.

Not the leaves that the sages have left on their way,
Not the lips we revered in our life's early day,
Speak more to the heart of the spirit's deep power,
Than the magical voices of God's every hour.

Seek the things of the Spirit, ye sportive and gay,
Whose life seems for ever one midsummer's day;
And ye who toil hard, so sturdy and true,
Look upward, — look onward, — they come to your view.

The words of the Spirit, oh, list to them all!
True riches, true pleasure, come forth at your call.
Pure beauty enfolds him who lives for the soul,
And death is new life, undivided and whole.

Give up idle musings, for they never bless;
Nor fold up your being in earth's cold caress;
But spread the heart open to heaven's own sweet light:
For spirit is power, where there dwelleth no night.

THE EXECUTIONS AT WASHINGTON.

We are living in a day of judgment, a day of wrath; human, certainly: shall we not also say divine? Some may call it weak, and stigmatize it as sentimental, and beneath the just demands of the hour; but I must confess to a certain heart-sickness when the gibbet is set up even before the mind's eye, and, with the rest, a woman is a victim. I am moved to other feelings besides those of deep indignation for the crime which has so been avenged; I cannot quiet myself altogether by recalling the rank offences of those, who, because they did not choose to retain God in their knowledge, were given up by him to believe a lie, and to slay the just and loving. Vengeance, and the comfort which it brings, belong to hot blood; and when vengeance has had its work, and slain the offender, and we can truly say, He died as the fool dieth, yet sorrow and mortal misgivings get hold of us as we look upon the lifeless form: we ask, Need it have gone quite such a length? We put the question very often when it is not too late to get any good from answering it; whilst, as yet, the transgressor is within the reach of human mercy, and can profit by our reviving tenderness, if, indeed, it be tenderness. I mean that, indignant as I am with villains and villany, I am not so swallowed up with indignation, that I would wait, as, in the days of persecution under Queen Mary, an English bishop waited for tidings from Smithfield, before sitting down to meat. I would rather the fearful news came later. I confess that I have no stomach for such tidings. I am not ashamed of the feeling which I am endeavoring to describe. But what effect should it have upon our conduct? and what compensation has Providence set over against it?

I answer, first, the sin must be slain, though the sinner perish in the process; though, to use St. Paul's strong language, he must "be delivered to Satan for the destruction of the flesh;" though the flesh should be torn and burnt off from him in the terrible discipline. There must be penalties:

heart-sick or not, we must not weakly interpose between the sinner and his sentence. To punish is one of the hardest duties laid upon love; hard in exact proportion to the measure of love; hard when the wrath is not that of the lion, but that of the lamb. How love is tempted to forgive! The angry parent is swift to smite the child, but the loving parent tries to believe that the time for sternness has not yet come. Only that it were too human a way of regarding Him whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, we could almost conceive of God as asking of his Eternal Word, Are there no less painful methods by which good can be brought out of evil, and my own dear Son be spared? But there is a reality of sin, and there must be a corresponding reality of suffering, — real fire to burn it out of us. Revenge, hatred, malice, bitterness, punishment merely as punishment, are of the Devil, and the sentences of an unhallowed wrath ought to make us heart-sick unto repentance: but, as the great and loving God makes the heaven above the sinner to be as brass, and his soul is bound as in a torture-house, so we must sometimes bind men hand and foot, and bear them away to deserved punishment; and the less delight we find in doing it, the more reason have we to believe that we are doing what is right. A healthy human sense in the mind of the people declares that there is such a thing as a crime, — offences which are not to be forgiven by society, and which are to be stamped as unpardonable. It is a loss, not a gain, to humanity when this sense is tampered with; when criminals are treated as if they were merely misguided and insane: undoubtedly they are that; but such wanderings must be restrained with a strong hand, and there is a moral insanity for which we must give account to judges human and divine. The time has been, indeed, when cruelty and cowardice and low views of human nature dictated the criminal code; and this time has not gone by, in many places. There have been, and are, enormities of punishment against which every humane, not to say Christian, man must needs plead: but they relate more to minor offences than to great crimes; to children who have been taught to steal, more than to men who resort to murder.

And there are imperative social necessities before which humanity, even, must shut her mouth. The tired sentinel sleeps at his post, and men all say, He must be shot! The assassin smites unto death the Head of the nation: how can an equal justice spare him, or those who had part with him? Do you raise the plea of fanaticism? Grant it: but the sincere fanatic should be content to suffer, in order that those who are not fanatics, but only hypocrites, may not lightly imperil the peace of society, and deluge the land with blood. No: sad as it makes us, even to think of the infliction of suffering, we must not weakly shrink from it. It is the only way, sometimes, by which you can interpret the sinner to himself. Society tells him, that he has done that which makes him unfit to be at large, or even to live on this planet any more. It is a terrible thing to be told; terrible, because it is so true; and yet, methinks, compared with the awful sentence of conscience, it is but as the breaking of fearful tidings by careful lips. The manliest of those who have just suffered at Washington is reported, I know not with what truth, as having spoken of the light which had been thrown for him upon his shameful deed by the discipline to which he had been subjected. He had learned what he knew not before. There are many in our world who need just such teaching, and do not get it. They tell us, that it is of great service to the offending street-boy to be in jail, provided he is there but a short time. I presume the same thing might be said of not a few adults.

And yet, on the other hand, I can set down such harsh words only because the faith is so strong in my heart, that sufficient unto a suffering world shall be the awful misery which dogs its sin. Clouds and darkness and tempest are about me; but the sun is streaming down upon those distant hills. Sorrows are not appointed that the soul of man may be swallowed up of them. They must come. They are just. Do not hope to escape yourself, or ward off from others the retributive stroke. "Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him; lest at any time thine adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge de-

liver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt not come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." Thou shalt pay the uttermost farthing; and yet, when that shall have been paid, thou shalt come out. Look forward, onward, upward! It is a tragic life, and upon many an earthly stage the curtain falls in the hour of deep darkness, and the faces are bathed in tears, and it comforts no one to say it was all their own fault. Yes, it was, and the more's the shame, and the more's the pity; and the more hopeless would be the grief, were it not that the city of God is not here.

It must needs be that God and man should deal with us very sternly: there is so much wood, hay, stubble, to be consumed, it is well if we are not consumed with it; but the heart of infinite Love is ever throbbing, though the hand which none can resist is reached out to smite and to slay. You are held at arm's length now, and the face of the Father has caught a frown from your dark countenance: presently you shall be folded in the everlasting arms to that loving bosom, and the night of your wickedness shall be ended; and as a dream when one awaketh shall the madness and the misery of earth be to the redeemed child of God. E.

PERFECTION.

Without the consciousness of sin! — O God!
Could I attain that high, divine ideal,
Sacred and beautiful, — though 'neath the rod
Still of thy healthful discipline, — how real,

Midst the dark trials of my earthly state,
Would this life prove to be; how doubly blest
Each comfort as it comes; how pure, how great,
Each day's sweet toil, and each night's heavenly rest!

Not then, as now, should some besetting sin,
Or the o'erspreading and corrupted air
Of this infected soul, fain enter in
To wither highest joys, or blast them there.

But the pure consciousness of sin destroyed,
Of battles ended, victories nobly won,
And peace with angel guests, — so unalloyed!
Should lift me up, — my heaven on earth begun.

O Father and Redeemer! 'tis a prayer,
'Tis a dear hope that haunts me as a dream,
That I may be so perfect and so fair,
E'en in a world where such faint glories gleam.

What in the poet's mind so beautiful?
What in a life so high, so grand, divine?
When thrones and kingdoms fall, then, dutiful,
And perfect before God, the soul would shine!

Without the consciousness of sin! — O God!
Could I attain that high, divine ideal,
Though sinking ever 'neath thy chastening rod,
More joyful still I'd be, more true, more real!

BOSTON, MASS. W. M. P.

THE KINGDOM WITHIN.

THE Jews, we know, were looking for a temporal kingdom and an outward king. They waited for a deliverer, who should restore to Israel the power, the authority, the elevated position above other nations, that Israel had lost. Accustomed to conquer, they had become, instead, the conquered. Regarding themselves as the chosen and best-beloved people of the Most High, the first nation of the world, in comparison with whom all other dwellers of the earth were but barbarians and outcasts, they saw themselves reduced to the condition of subjects and suppliants, and regarded by their supplanters as barbarians and outcasts in their turn. They looked and longed for an anointed sovereign, raised and consecrated by Heaven from among themselves, who should overturn the Roman power, and set them up again on their rightful seat of authority.

And to the large body of the Jews, the idea of any inward

change and preparation for the coming era was quite foreign. The Jew of fair standing and reputation was perfectly well satisfied with his internal condition. He fulfilled Moses' law. He performed every ceremonial requirement. Knowing not the unhealthiness of his soul, he sought no inward reformation. He asked only this, — to be relieved from the oppression under which he unjustly suffered.

Now, Christ's whole teaching is a protest against this Jewish idea, that the Messiah is to found a worldly kingdom. John the Baptist, himself but half comprehending the real nature of the new kingdom, proclaims, nevertheless, repentance, change, as the essential requisites for those who would become its subjects. It was thought that the very fact of a descent from Abraham was enough to insure an entrance. John says, "It is not so: outward descent is nothing, inward life is all. And so afterward and everywhere the Messiah himself taught; and so he practised. Many of his own followers he chose from despised and hated classes. He lost no occasion of rebuking the self-satisfied spirit of the Pharisee, who felt that he, and he alone, was worthy of a lofty position under the coming reign; and of rebuking the lowly spirit of those who were filled with a sense of their sinfulness and their need. And when asked when the kingdom of God should come, he answered, "The kingdom is not what you look for. It comes not with observation. Never shall you see the Messiah establish any outward fabric. Never shall you see him raised to any gorgeous throne. He comes not to set you free from Roman yoke. He comes not to make you, in strength and influence, first of nations. Think not to erect here or there a royal seat, — visible shrine of heavenly power. Your own hearts are that shrine. Within you, and only within you, can God's kingdom come. It is not outward and temporal, but inward and spiritual. It makes no difference in what external state you are: free or subject, conquerors or conquered, you can win for yourselves, within yourselves, freedom, authority, joy."

We also, too many of us, are often still looking for the kingdom, — looking here and there, near or afar off, in this

world or in the next, for the establishing of some safe and happy place of relief and harbor of retreat into which we shall be received. We wait for better circumstances. We look forward to a happier lot. We long for the coming of a purer and holier time. Discontented, full of unsatisfied desire, we are frequently without conception of any heaven save some place where all causes of discontent and unrest shall be removed. With all our various ideas about death, we almost all agree in expecting some sudden change of the soul at death, when it shall be made, *be made*, healthy and happy. And in this world we look all about us for happiness, as if it were some jewel which one by long seeking might find. So seeking, we never do find it: yet we continually deceive ourselves with the thought, that the next time we shall be more fortunate; and so we go on in our search. And so to us does this word, spoken of Christ, need to be spoken anew. You *cannot* say, either now or hereafter, "Lo here! lo there! is God's kingdom. Here will I fix my peaceful seat. When I arrive thither, every desire will be satisfied." Nay, the joy, the peace, the rest, the freedom from care, the satisfaction of desire, are only to be found within you. It matters not, in comparison, *where* you are. It matters most and always *what* you are. You may have riches or poverty; your loved ones may all stay with you, or all go from you to God; you may enjoy health, or you may be laid low in sickness; you may live in the midst of holiness, or in the midst of unrighteousness, — neither in the one condition nor in the other shall you find or miss the kingdom. If you have it at all, you have it within you, and bear it about with you, whatever you enjoy, whatever you endure.

All gratification, delight, satisfaction, — save mere sensual pleasure, which is acknowledged by all to be temporal, and which sooner or later palls, — depend for their realization upon the condition of the inward man. You can find no happiness in any thing, unless there is deep down within your soul some source of happiness which responds to the outward cause of joy. Nothing delights you, unless your

soul is attuned to that delight. The voice of the mother awakens in the breast of a stranger no emotion. But from her little child, who hears it, comes in response glad utterance, declaring the love implanted and growing in its heart. Its kingdom is that mother's love within it, not without. And, when God speaks to us in any fashion, only his loving children hear his voice, and leap to meet him.

You may go and view some pleasant landscape, — some picture of earth's beauty that God has spread before you. From some height you may look afar, over field and hill and river; over woods green and flowering under spring's magic touch, or waving with summer luxuriance, or glowing, as they fade, in ripened autumn grandeur. But whether such lovely sight shall give you joy, or lie there before you meaningless and dead, depends on your inward state. Not in this beauty shall you revel, unless you have already become a subject of beauty's kingdom. Only so far as your soul is attuned to it can you derive from it any joy. The sense of beauty must have been developed within you. One devoid of this sense, or within whom it has not been duly developed, may roam the world over in search of enjoyment from nature's fair and wonderful scenes, and never find that which he seeks, whatever lofty heights he climbs; whatever stupendous cataracts or sweet babbling streams he views; whatever lovely lakes or broad and boisterous seas he sails on. While another, who has that within him which greets as a friend every thing of beauty, finds close to his home, and along his daily walks, more pleasant and cheering sights than the wearied traveller, after all his persevering and unsatisfying search. He can enjoy that which, once beheld, he is not to see again; nay, he can enjoy that which he shall never see, but only with the inward eye contemplates: for in his soul is set a throne for beauty.

People go together to hear fine music. Not all enjoy it equally. Some do not enjoy it at all. Not in all is equally developed, in some is not at all developed, or may not even exist, the capacity of understanding it. If one has not more or less of the sense of harmony and melody, more or less of

a musical soul, the play of instruments, the sweet utterances of human lips, are empty sounds to him, — nothing more. And the same person may find himself at different times more or less impressed with the same music, because in inward condition he is better or worse prepared to partake of its delight. The kingdom of music is not without, but within, the soul. One who goes about seeking it will never find it. Only in his own breast can he realize it. The outward symbol has no meaning for him, unless it correspond with some inward reality.

And so of human love. Into the kingdom of love one who roams in search of it cannot enter. You may surround yourself with home, family, friends, kind hands, gentle and tender hearts: these things are not real to you, are not your own, unless from your heart also wells up a fountain of love. To the isolated misanthrope, — isolated in the home circle, and in the densest throng alike, — all the excellence of humanity is but sin and sorrow; all the patriotism, faithfulness, zeal, patience, compassion, that beautify and glorify human life, are but mockeries, — sad shadows of truths which are never made realities on earth. But he within whom love dwells, and always holds his court, may go whithersoever he will, he cannot lose that which has become his own for ever. The loving heart carries with it its own sunshine, its own inseparable peace, its own joy, its own unconquerable power.

And in like manner the kingdom wherein God in a special sense dwells and reigns, comes not with observation, nor is to be seen with eye of flesh, — *comes* not indeed, at all, but *exists* in the soul conscious of God's presence. The one great mistake that we make, almost every day of our lives, is that we think of God, when we think of him at all, as above us, beyond us, out of our reach. We look up and off to him, as if he dwelt away from us; as if his only real throne, the place where he in his essence abides, were set on some infinitely high and distant eminence, whereto it were almost sacrilege even to try to direct our gaze. Whereas, to my thinking, one great object of Christ's mission was to convince

men that God lives, — is, just as really and truly abides, in this world, in man's heart, his temple, as anywhere else in his universe. He is no more truly on his throne in the heavens, at this moment, than he is in this assembly among us. In your soul, in my soul, he dwells. There we are to go, if we want him. There shall we find him, if we find him at all. When Christ tells us that the pure in heart shall see God, he speaks words of literal truth. He means that they shall really behold him here, in the same way, though not so clearly, but *in the same way*, that the angels behold him. We fancy that by and by we shall look upon his brightness, — look upon it as something wholly outside of, and apart from, ourselves. But shall we ever see him in any other way than that in which we may begin to see him here and now?

We think and talk and read about our Master. It is right and desirable that we should do so. It is well that the story of his life should become familiar to us; that we should acquaint ourselves with the cities that he visited, with the places wherein he spoke his strong and tender words, and did his kindly deeds. It is well to make his face and person ours. But not in this way alone can we find him who came to call men out of their iniquity. His spirit must be ours, or he is not ours, however well we know his history, however frequently we call upon his name. He rules with no outward sway. Within has he set up his authority. Only they are his true followers within whom his spirit dwells.

And we look, as was said at the beginning, for heaven as a kingdom only of the future, as a separate realm wherein good spirits abide, and whither they shall be transferred after death. Much of the language that we use about heaven — natural and perhaps necessary language — fosters in us this error. But I do not see how any one can rise from the careful and candid reading of Christ's utterances, without the conviction that the heaven of which he spoke is not so much a place as a state, — a state to be begun here and now; and that the kingdom of heaven is a kingdom not solely of the future, but also of the present. Within man's self is his

heaven or hell. Death changes him not. He carries through the dark and mysterious valley the one or the other, or portions of both. We must not wait for the kingdom of heaven. It will not come down upon us, nor shall we ever be led into and held within its happy precincts, safe and joyful. It is not far off: it is near. If we ever find it at all, we shall find it in our own souls.

How many of us have been waiting, all our lives, for a good time to come! We are poor, and look forward to wealth; oppressed, and wait for deliverance; wronged, and expect justification; sorrowful, and find in the future only peace and joy. In our present low and unsatisfying estate, we do not hope to gather the fruit of our labor and our patience. Adverse circumstances block the door of our kingdom, and prevent us from entering in. Perchance in time, circumstances change, our surroundings are more favorable, our present causes of sorrow are done away. And yet we have not that which we seek. Our good time, our kingdom, does not come. We are not satisfied. We still look forward, and wait and hope. And so we might look and wait and hope for ever, and gain nothing. For, whether here or hereafter, there is no such thing as satisfaction from without. Within is the kingdom, within is our happiness, — not that which we have, or can get, but that which we are. Circumstance, surrounding, may embrace joy; may also, for a season, dim its brightness: they can neither give it, nor take it away.

Let us leave off, then, our vain search; and, standing still in self-communing before our Maker, see him with our soul's eye. Whatever else we may gain or lose, whatever else we may enjoy or suffer, the kingdom within, once won, no man can destroy; the kingdom of joy and peace, — the KINGDOM: where the spirit, hovering master supreme, superior to every outward ill and opposer, has free course, and is glorified; owning no sovereign but God, and owning, serving, worshipping him always. W.

(Lines contributed by a friend.)

"ENTERED THROUGH THE GATES INTO THE CITY."

REV. xvii. 15.

INTO the city! In silence deep
The pearly gates unclosed once more;
Hushed was the fall of her parting feet,
As gently she passed the threshold o'er;
Only the light of that peaceful brow,
Reflecting splendors earth never guessed,
Told that the spirit had entered in
The holy city of Love and Rest.

Into the city! A little way
Our faith may follow her "shining trace;"
May see in vision the jasper walls,
The golden streets, of her dwelling-place;
May catch the gleam of her robes of white,
As low she kneels 'mid the countless throng;
May see in her hand the victor palm,
And know her voice in the ceaseless song.

Into the city! whose purer joys
Were ne'er to prophet or saint revealed, —
To clasp the loved ones of earth, and share
The bliss of the souls that God has sealed;
To lean for aye on the Saviour's breast,
Where life's glad river for ever flows,
And feel the sun of the Father's smile,
The rapture that perfect love bestows.

Into the city! Why stand we here
Gazing so steadfastly into heaven?
Her angel whisper comes floating on,
Hallowed, and soft as the breath of even:
"A few more steps of the onward way,
A little longer to watch and wait,
And ye, with sorrow and tears all past,
May enter the city through the gate."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S LESSON.

OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES.

"WHAT is the matter, Esther? you look troubled."

"I am. I have had so many things to vex and annoy me lately, and so many difficulties in the way of what I have tried to do, that I have been made quite unhappy by them; and I cannot dismiss the thought of them to-day. I wonder why it is that people have so many things to try them, — at least some people, for all are not equally tried: indeed, there are some who seem never to have any trouble at all. And this makes me feel sometimes as if God were partial; as if he actually designed to make some happy, and others unhappy. I have no doubt it is wicked in me to feel thus; but there are times when I cannot help it."

"This feeling of yours arises, Esther, from the mistake you make in looking upon happiness as holding a higher place than God has intended it to occupy in the thought of his creatures. He has always other and higher blessings to confer than this, — those that are capable of far more than compensating for the loss or absence of mere enjoyment. Therefore the fact that all are not equally happy does not prove the want in him of an equal love for his children: his higher blessings he bestows on all alike. Yet is it for them to choose whether or not they will be made happy by these blessings: on none does God bestow his highest gifts, unless they are sought or willingly received. And this is one proof of their greater worth. Happiness comes to us often without a thought, while these are not offered without a price; yet a price that all can pay.

"But I do not think there is the difference which you suppose in the allotments of Providence in regard to the common enjoyments of life. A difference there certainly is: it is too plainly manifest to be denied. But there are sorrows often which do not appear upon the surface, an appearance of freedom from them which is only in the seeming; there are those, even, who are outwardly gay and happy, who yet

have a worm gnawing at the heart. On the other hand, the sorrows which seem to us to be spread over the whole of life are not always unmitigated burdens: the disposition and other circumstances make green spots often in the desert of one's grief, and the heart is lightened, and made even happy for the time. There are none, I think, whatever their experience of trial and pain, but are sometimes visited by such alleviations.

"But let us look at the object of the difficulties and trials and perplexities of life. For what are they designed? They are intended, we cannot doubt, to make us stronger and better for the effort we must make to rise above them. The triumph over difficulties is the condition of all attainment; for, though it is true that we imbibe much unconsciously, we *attain* nothing without effort: and especially is this true in reference to character. We can reach no high moral state without effort, without struggling against difficulties; and therefore are they placed in our way. The Almighty, doubtless, could have made our condition one of unalloyed happiness, had he chosen; but he preferred to give us the opportunity of reaching a higher state, to offer us the prize of goodness as the reward of self-conquest. Have you never felt, Esther, the superiority of goodness as compared with happiness, mere common enjoyment?"

"Yes: I have felt it at times, and I have wanted to be good. But, as often as I have tried, I have found so many difficulties in the way that I have become discouraged, and given it up as of no use. They have proved too hard for me. And yet it has seemed as if I *ought* to overcome them."

"Do you suppose, Esther, that God ever requires any thing of us which he does not give us the power to do?"

"It would not seem so, certainly, if he is a good and just Being."

"And you cannot doubt this, I am sure, notwithstanding what you have said. You must believe, therefore, that you have the power for all that is given you to do. The Almighty has placed difficulties in the way of the lower animals, and of vegetables and plants; and they strive against them,

and gain the victory over them: has he given, do you think, less power to the human being? Animals in pursuit of food, and in compliance with other wants of their nature, overcome many obstacles, and vegetables and plants no less. The roots of trees have been known to run long distances, struggling against many intervening obstacles, and so far overcoming them as at length to find a passage to the air and light, and grow up themselves in strength and beauty. A remarkable instance of the power of a mere plant to overcome a formidable obstacle in the way of its growth is given in the story of a nut-tree which I have read. Perhaps you have read it; but all of you may not, and therefore I will relate it. A nut had been deposited for winter by some nut-eating animal under an old millstone that lay in a field. By and by, it sprung up through the central aperture; and Mr. Waterton, who relates the story in his 'Essays,' goes on to say, 'In order that the plant might have some chance of success, I directed that it should be defended from accident and harm by a wooden paling. Year after year it increased in size and beauty; and, when its expansion had entirely filled the hole in the centre of the millstone, it gradually began to raise up the millstone itself from the seat of its long repose. This huge mass of stone is now eight inches above the ground, and is entirely supported by the stem of the nut-tree, which has risen to the height of twenty-five feet, and bears excellent fruit.'

"Now can you suppose, Esther, or can any of you, that God has given such power to a tree, and yet withholds from you the power to overcome the difficulties he places in your way?"

"No: we cannot believe this, certainly. But suppose we try many times, and fail; shall we go on trying, and never give up? May we not sometimes mistake God's requirements, and our own duty?"

"Yes: this is possible, but seldom necessary, where the mind is in a healthy state. It is only the morbid consciousness that is often troubled with exaggerated ideas of duty. Keep the mind open to all natural influences; let these act

freely upon it while it is striving after the higher inspirations of God's spirit, and it will seldom think that to be a duty which God does not require. And then, when you can know with little doubt what God is asking of you, and have faith that he asks nothing which he will not give you the power to do, no difficulty ought ever to discourage, no failure ought ever to induce you to give up. Keep ever trying; and, though you fail many times, you shall surely succeed at last."

"But I fear very much," said Esther, "that *my* faith would not hold out against many failures. I should go back to the old feeling, that it was all too hard for me."

"And thus give up all that is held out to you, — the strength, the power of mind and character that is assured to you through victory, and all the peace and happiness of heart which such victory also gives! Oh no, Esther! do not be overcome by failure; do not give over effort. Take a lesson of the spider (you have read the story) that helped Robert Bruce. Twelve times, as the leader of her armies, he had tried and failed to set his country free, and had thus well nigh lost faith in his power to win for her success. Harassed, disheartened, weary, he sought repose in a barn; and, lying on the straw, by the morning light he saw the little insect striving with great effort to reach a point above him. Again and again he tried and failed; but, not thus to be discouraged, he tried again. Twelve times he made the effort, and as many times he failed; but again he tried, and this time his efforts were successful. Bruce saw and took the lesson; and, rising from his humble couch, he gathered his armies and went forth once more, and this time to win the victory. A similar story has been told of Timour the Tartar. In early life he was forced to take shelter from his enemies in a ruined building, where he sat alone for many hours. Wishing to divert his mind from his unhappy condition, he fixed his eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. Sixty-nine times did the grain fall to the ground; but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it succeeded. This sight gave Timour courage at the moment, and he never forgot the lesson.

These stories, if true, and there is nothing improbable in them, should teach us faith, and nerve us to perseverance in the midst of difficulties; giving us the assurance, that, though they may be often daunted, our efforts shall in time be crowned with full success. Do you want instances of the power of faith and perseverance in overcoming difficulties? all history is full of them. No biography that has ever been written, which has been a record of true worth or large accomplishment in any direction, but has shown that the way to these has been through difficulties, often, they would seem to many, insurmountable. And instances are not wanting, if we will look for them, or open our eyes to see them, in the experience of many all around us. I have myself known those whose courage and patience and noble resolution in the midst of trial and difficulty have been sufficient to put the weaker faith of many to shame. When we see those around us, with apparently no greater power than we, rising above difficulties as great or greater than those which are given to us to overcome, shall we not be prompted by their example to new courage and renewed exertion? I will close our lesson for to-day by the relation of a story which I have read of a blind sculptor, in illustration of our subject. The name of this sculptor is Kleinhaus; and he resides at Innspruck in the Tyrol, where he was seen by a modern traveller, who relates the story.

"When five years of age," he says, "he was attacked with the small-pox, which affected his eyes, and finally made him entirely blind. Before he had lost his sight, he had often played with those little wooden figures so skilfully carved by the inhabitants of the Tyrol, and had even attempted to handle a knife, and to form a statuette himself. When no longer permitted to behold the light, his thoughts unceasingly turned to those images he was wont to contemplate with so much pleasure, and which he would gladly have imitated. Then he would take them between his hands, feel them, and try to console himself for not being able to see, by measuring them with his fingers. Feeling them again and again, and turning them over in every way, he was able

from the touch to comprehend by degrees the exact proportions of the figure; anatomizing upon wood, marble, or bronze, the features of the face, and the different parts of the body, and thus to judge of the niceties of a work of art.

"When he had acquired this skill, he one day asked himself, whether he could not succeed in supplying the loss of sight by the keen sense of touch with which he was gifted. His father and mother were both dead: he found himself alone and destitute; and, rather than beg, he resolved to make out through his own exertions the means of subsistence. Taking a piece of wood and a chisel, he at length began to work. His first attempts were very troublesome and very trifling. Frequently did the unconscious blind man destroy, by one notch made too deep, a piece of work to which he had diligently devoted long days of labor. Such obstacles would have discouraged any other; but his motives for exertion induced him to persevere.

"After very many efforts, he at length succeeded in using his chisel with a steady hand; and so carefully would he examine each fold of the drapery, one after another, and the contour of each limb, that he saw, as it were, by means of his fingers, the figure he intended to copy. Thus he proceeded by degrees until he attained to what seems an almost incredible perfection; for he is now able *to engrave from memory the features of a face, and produce a perfect resemblance.*

"During the course of his career, he has sculptured several hundred figures. He is now seventy years of age, but robust, and works every day, as in his youth. He lives alone in his humble apartment, and supplies all his wants from the produce of his art."

O God in Christ Jesus! I am blind in myself, and know not myself for vanity. Thou art hidden from me in my blindness, and yet thou art near unto me; but thy *wrath*, which my *desire* hath awakened in me, hath made me dark. Oh! take but the *desire* of my soul to thee; prove it, O Lord! and bruise it, that my soul may obtain a ray of thy sweet grace. — *Behmen.*

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER VIII. — THE WORD.

EVERYBODY understands that the reported words of an absent person give us no just conception of his meaning, unless we know the manner in which they were uttered. When I was a boy, our books to teach reading had examples of sentences which had four or five different meanings according to the position of the emphatic word; and I suppose modern works of this class have similar illustrations.

A somewhat important thing this reference to manner must be, when, into a remark dropped in the street, referring to a third person, a change in the emphasis in repeating it to him may put the soul of love, or the sting of scorn.

There is something still more noticeable, if we consider the case of receiving a letter from a distant person. If you are acquainted with the writer, your knowledge of his looks and tones and gestures forms a sort of running commentary on his words; and the page of his letter seems to have the lifelike figures of a piece of tapestry seen on the right side; whereas, if he be a stranger to you, it is the wrong side of the tapestry you look at, where the design is not at once apparent, and even may not be detected at all.

Of course, all must have thought of these things in connection with writings, which, in sacred interest, form a class by themselves, — the biographies of Jesus. What imperfect transcripts they are of his mind! Scarcely a hint do they give us of his manner of speaking; though who does not long to know on what sentences, or parts of sentences, or particular words, he laid peculiar stress?

The difficulty of forming a just conception of his meaning is still further increased by the manner of speaking in his time, and still common in eastern countries. It is our habit — I suppose because we are more prolix and artificial talkers — to express transitions, connecting ideas, and varying emotions, by words. Such is not the fashion in

the countries referred to. Nods and winks, a shrug of the shoulder, a shake of the head, a wave of the hand, form a considerable portion of their methods of mental intercourse. I have been told that a learned book has been published on the explanation of many obscure sentences in classic authors that is afforded by a knowledge of ancient gestures. I do not remember that commentators on the Sacred Scriptures have ever resorted to this source of exegesis, which yet, in some cases, might yield valuable hints.

I met, the other day, a friend who had lately returned from Arabia Petræa and Palestine; and he told me, that there, when two persons are walking and conversing together, one observes that every few paces they stop, and face round toward each other, so as to have a full view of those motions and gestures upon a sight of which a knowledge of each other's mind depends.

In examining Leonardo Da Vinci's great fresco of the Last Supper, the observer never fails to notice how animated is the gesticulation. All the disciples are talking with their fingers and arms and heads. In this representation, the artist was true to Oriental habits; as, undoubtedly, He was whose manner must have been full of a divine sweetness and power, — a manner as marked as the matter, perhaps even more, arresting immediate notice, and commanding instant conviction.

I believe that Roman-Catholic writers, perhaps under a bias which we all may suspect, have more frequently referred to the winning grace and divine energy of that manner than have Protestants, who have been under an opposite temptation to exaggerate the importance of a Scriptural literalism, and the printed word.

Does it not seem, that, till we take that manner into account, we can hardly comprehend facts found in all parts of the biographies, — why Jesus drew such multitudes around him; why the poor and neglected, the sorrow and sin struck so hung upon his lips; why many at once left all, and followed him; why parables and discourses should have been impressed so indelibly upon their minds; why they felt their hearts burn within them as they walked,

and talked by the way; why three words from him caused the soldiers sent to arrest him to go backwards, and fall to the ground; why a mere look from him should make Peter weep bitterly, or the bare sight of him draw forth the exclamation, "Truly this was the Son of God."

I was talking on this subject with Arthur, one November evening, as we sat in his parlor before a fire, which always has much more than its usual cheerful and cosy attraction in the first cool nights of autumn.

Arthur. — Those biographies of which we speak seem to me to be like a grand picture, drawn by an inspired hand, of which we have only the outlines, — nothing more. The filling-up and the coloring of the picture must be the work of a high Christian consciousness. The profoundest study of the letter is not enough, nor is a lively dramatic imagination. There must be a strong sympathy with the elements of such a character, an internal reproduction of him himself, so that he is seen vividly in his entire personality, in his acts and words, in emphasis and looks, in the divine graciousness of his manner, in the infinitely tender tones of his love.

Neighbor. — Is not here the reason, Mr. Arthur, why each generation seems to find something new in those biographies? Interpreted by a higher Christian consciousness, they are yielding continually fresh instruction, and thus can never grow old.

Arthur. — Yes, neighbor, I agree with you there; and I think another thing follows, — that we have no just idea of what the Teacher reveals touching any particular subject, until we have deeply studied his manner of treating it, and have tried to set him before us in his own living tone and look. Perhaps it would be interesting to do this on the subject of the soul's immortality.

Neighbor. — The infrequency of his direct allusion to it is one noticeable fact. Is it not a token of the calm hold it had upon his mind? No reiteration betrays nervous solicitude lest he should not be believed. All little details, with which pretended revelations have so much abounded, and for which human curiosity has betrayed such an itching eagerness, are subordinated to unfolding the laws of the spiritual life.

If it be a great thing to believe, that one ever lived among men, who had a knowledge of the mysteries of the future world, such

a striking reserve and majesty show where a claim to that knowledge is most credible.

Arthur. — Perhaps you have felt, as I have, a faith in immortality strengthened by the fact, that Jesus no where undertakes to prove it, or even formally to announce it; but, from the first of his ministry, assumes that the conviction of its truth is native to the human soul. We know that the world needed to have this doctrine lifted up into a more pure and radiant light; and, if I do not quite go along with some theologians in ascribing this effect to any one event in his life, but prefer to think that it came from the whole of his connection with humanity, I trust I am not, on this account, less thankful that he has made our hope more full of immortality.

For myself, I stand with wonder and gratitude before the divine plan of doing this, which was, as it seems to me, to confirm all our natural expectations, and give them the sanction of a supernatural knowledge. I feel more surely that these expectations are the voice of God in my soul, because the Teacher of humanity treats them as such, quietly assumes them and sanctions them as a part of his great message, without any formal annunciation, without a claim to any fresh discovery or new proof; and few things in the biographies of Jesus have impressed me more than the marks of his consistency with this divine plan.

Neighbor. — You state the case a little differently from what I have usually heard. It gives an increased interest to an examination of Christ's references to a future life.

Arthur. — And that is a work, each for himself, in some private, studious hour; but one illustration may make my thought a little clearer.

Take the first sentence of the first sermon that he preached. Let us try to call up the scene before us.

In a rural neighborhood of Judea, the story had spread, that the Great Expected had come; and crowds pressed forward to hear what he had to say. He stood on a hill-side, with a few whom he had chosen to be near him as his special pupils; and he is to give them, and the people at large, their first idea of the message he has brought.

It is a trial moment. How many feel that the look of his eye, and the tone of his voice, will settle every thing! So we should have felt, had we been there. Often have I tried to reproduce

him before me as he probably was at that instant. Sometimes I have seemed to catch a view of him, and then it has gone; just as it has been with artists trying to express some fleeting conception of the divine beauty of his person.

The very first sentence he utters is a key that opens far into his soul. Every man, you know, speaks from his consciousness. Of the hundreds of preachers we have heard, the first few words they uttered indicate the plane of their thought, while the consciousness from which each spoke was apparent, perhaps, before the utterance of a single word. In some we have seen at once a consciousness of intellectual strength, or of the authority of the Church, or of a trust in a creed, or of a belief in the hardness and perversity of human nature, or of a desire to gain applause; and, in many true servants of their Master, there has been apparent a self-forgetful longing to preach good news of Grace.

Do you think the world ever heard another who preached as he who uttered that first sentence of the Sermon on the Mount? There is no explanation, no argument, no assumption, no appeal to authority: there is a simple statement of a spiritual law. It was something behind that statement which carried demonstration with it. I refer to the manner in which those words must have been spoken; the celestial sweetness in that voice; the depths of heaven in those eyes; the trust in truth, in human ability to see it, in human hearts to love it; and the infinitely pitying and winning tone of invitation to come to him for life. "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

I feel that, if I had heard those words from his lips, it would not have been possible to doubt who should have the kingdom of heaven. To be like him was to have it. Such could not be out of it. Neither things present nor things to come, nor life nor death, could take it away. Heaven would be in the soul, and the soul in heaven; both enduring by their own undying nature. This was his aim, as it seems to me, — to open the soul to see in the laws of spiritual life the sure pledge of immortality, and thus to give to them a fresh sanction and power.

Neighbor. — Did you ever think of being a preacher, Mr. Arthur?

Arthur. — Do you ask because you see I have a facility of wearying you with words?

Neighbor. — But that is not your conception of the first qualification for that office.

Arthur. — No, by no means. But it is perhaps the only thing, in common with preachers, which I possess. You know my reverence for a calling which only seems too great for as such we.

"But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands."

Neighbor. — My question was suggested because you seem to have studied sacred subjects so much.

Arthur. — I have studied them no more than any thoughtful man must have done. I will not deny that this subject of a future life has been, of late, much in my mind. You will not think this strange.

Neighbor. — And you have found in the words of Jesus stronger declarations of that life than that just named.

Arthur. — Of course; but not many. Let me allude to one. It was made in that hour of free communion with his disciples, when they were sad at the thought of a separation.

In what accordance with human affection was it, that he then comforted them with the hope of a meeting in heaven? With such naturalness and delicacy and grace does he take up the subject, that nothing but a dull perception, and a gross inertness of sympathy, can fail to recognize the sure impress of reality and love; and then — what quite as much shows the Master's hand — the subject is opened just enough for consolation and hope, and there left in the obscurity in which it is good for us that it should remain. The divine beauty and grace of all this is a thing to be felt: it cannot be described in words.

And what does he say? "Let not your heart be troubled." Do we know how much affection the best reader can express in these words? What an utterance must it have been in the deep tones of that sympathy which wept at the grave of Lazarus! "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you."

Let us one moment stop there. Are not these infinitely precious words? He who knew what was in man saw what the human heart looked out for and longed for. These aspirations and hopes, welling forth from the soul in all its holiest moments, do they point to a coming reality? "If it were not so, I would

97 17 01

have told you." It is more than the expression of his personal love: it is the explanation of his reserve; it is the divine sanction of our inborn hopes.

And then come the tender words which follow: "I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again to receive you unto myself, that, where I am, there ye may be also." A few verses after, there seems something peculiar in his saying, "Because I live, ye shall live also." It is a sort of appeal to the unutterable love which they *knew*, by his manner, he felt for them, and which had so much melted Master and disciple into one, that they must have the same destiny.

But the whole account is so pervaded by the spirit of infinite tenderness and love, that, as I have mused upon the outlines of this picture, it has at times started into a life that has moved me to tears; and not this scene of our present talk seems more real.

Neighbor. — What you say about his identifying himself with others brings to mind those memorable words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Arthur. — Yes, and I thank you for recalling that expression. It has not been friendly to a right comprehension of it, that it has been so often detached from its connection, and formally announced on stately funereal occasions. If we reflect upon it for a few moments, what an opening it seems to give us into a scene of transcendent reality and love!

In the little domestic group at Bethany, where the two sisters, Mary and Martha, were mourning the loss of a brother, He came to them whom they loved as a brother, and mingled his tears with theirs. Something more than a faith in a far-off and shadowy event would he inspire. He aimed to make them sure of the spirit's rising now, immediately, through that continued, unbroken life of which he was the pledge; so that, for whatever he stood, their love for him would make him it, and it him; just as, in hours of overflowing tenderness, one says to confiding hearts, "I am your strength, your prop, your safety," — a mould of speech into which only the intensest affection projects itself.

Can you imagine the manner in which he said, "I am the resurrection and the life"? Sometimes I have thought I got a glimpse of it when, in quiet and holy hours, I have tried to picture the scene before my mind, and have myself uttered those words, a hundred times, in what I suppose was his tone. Of one

thing I am certain, that an articulate voice from the opening heavens would hardly have made a deeper impression on the hearts of those who heard him.

As for Jesus himself, he little thought those burning words would go beyond that humble group, would be borne over the world, and down through the ages, the fittest to assure the hope of undying life in the sharpest hours of mortal anguish. They are a prophecy too; and how has it been fulfilled? He has been the resurrection, is, and will be; for in whom beside is human hope so centered?

Neighbor. — But, beyond any one assertion of a future state, what a spirit of hope and triumph pervades the whole life of Jesus!

Arthur. — Yes, indeed: who can overlook that? Jesus and death are the opposite poles. Immortality is the morning-song of the new creation. It is the spring of that submission which bows to present evils, because they endure but for a little while, and will work out a greater good. It is the consolation of that sorrow which looks forward to the time when all tears shall be wiped away. It is in the surprise of him who found the pearl of great price; it is in the joy of the father who welcomed back the prodigal son; it is in the smile of the Judge, at the last day, who says, "Come, ye blessed of my Father;" it is in the song of the angels over one sinner that repenteth; it is in the tearful awe with which, not the first disciples only, but the whole Christian world, heard that story of Lazarus, and looked into that empty tomb in the garden to "see the place where the Lord lay." Nor is this all: immortality is the key-note of every duty the teacher inculcates; for he has shown us, that we are to go through life, not with the timid and trembling gait of slaves who know not what is before them, but with the firm and joyous steps of soldiers who are marching to a victory.

Neighbor. — Well, Mr. Arthur, I have been waiting to see if you alluded to miracles, — the raising of Lazarus, and Christ's own resurrection from the tomb.

Arthur. — And you did not suppose, neighbor, that I should presume to say that there is no use in them, when they give such associations of power to the person of Christ, and offer sensible illustrations on which the minds and imaginations of thousands have fastened, and by which they have been held up. How won-

derfully the Word ministers to all our varying needs! Let us thank God it is so much broader than our intolerance, which would cut out from the Book of Life every thing that we do not find nutritive to our own peculiar taste.

I have indicated some aspects of that Word which go to confirm my hopes of immortality, and which put upon them the seal of Him that is true. Others may state the grounds of their confidence in some other way. Is this a reason why we should distrust one another?

There has been a long controversy, you know, touching the foundation of moral obligation; some placing it in the nature of right, and others in the will of God. What should we think of one who should say, "I will never believe the word of my neighbor, because he grounds his sense of moral obligation on a different basis from mine"?

To the tempest-tossed mariner, the main thing is to have his cable hold him to his anchor; and, if it does this, he need little mind those that condemn that cable because it was not twisted in their shop, or welded after their favorite mode; though he may well think that words of courage and cheer would more become them as brethren.

Neighbor. — Perhaps we think we should have had a more vivid faith in immortality, if the Bible had cast more light upon actual life in a future state. But does not this reserve arise from our sheer incapacity to understand the things which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which have not entered into the heart of man to conceive"? Let us consider that incapacity one moment.

If I was to go to some planet where life is wholly different from ours, how could I give you by letter any idea of it? Every thing I should describe, you would interpret by conceptions born on your planet, and applicable to that alone. The only thing I could do would be to seize hold of some great moral principles which underlie life in both planets alike; and this is precisely what the Bible has done.

Arthur. — I met a gentleman yesterday who had long lived in England; and, as he praised that country, I asked him what it was that he liked so much. He thought a moment, and replied, "Life is so methodical there." He thus named one of the chief social features of that country; and I thought he complimented my understanding more than if he had named a score of details.

Neighbor. — I remember that, when I was a boy, my mother took me in a carriage to a neighboring town, to a house I had never seen, but where I was to pass one or two years. On my way there, how eager I was to learn all about the place from her who had often been to it! I asked how many rooms the house had, how many chimneys, how many windows; and, when my childish curiosity had been gratified, I fancied I had formed a pretty accurate idea of my future home. But such was not the fact. These details I interpreted by the house in which I was born, and I was thus misled throughout. Besides, in a fortnight's time I cared nothing for all these particulars. The moral relations of my new abode, the gentleness, kindness, good-temper, were the matters of enduring interest; but I was too much of a child in my ride with my mother to be able to subordinate every thing else to these.

Arthur. — Perhaps one day we shall see a divine wisdom and goodness quite as conspicuous in keeping a veil drawn over the future, as in allowing these partial glimpses through its waving folds.

SENSIBILITY TO THE BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS.

How freely do the flowers their wealth bestow
Of beauteous tints on every passer-by!
How freely, too, their fragrance round them throw!
To none who pass, their gifts do they deny.
But though for all their beauty they dispense,
Alike for all their fragrance round them fling,
Yet is there wanting oft a finer sense
Than to their blooming bowers we thoughtless bring.
So, when I meet them in the vale or wood,
Or, on the hill, their varied charms survey,
Blest with some purer thought, some happier mood,
They to my soul a new delight convey;
And, to their well-known haunts as I draw near,
More fair they seem, more fragrant they appear. J. V.

SWEDENBORG ON THE INCARNATION.

[The writer of the following wrote his original reply for our May number. Its length was such that we could not insert it. The present article is the original one condensed. — ED.]

IN the last March number of the "Religious Monthly Magazine" appeared an interesting article on "The Church of the New Age," from the pen of the senior editor. But on one point — the Divine Incarnation — I think Mr. Sears has misapprehended Swedenborg. And, as this is a point of great importance, I ask the privilege of presenting in the same columns the view which I have derived from a pretty careful study of the writings of the great Swede. I hardly need to say that I write not in the interests, or as the advocate, of any "ism," but simply as a lover of truth and justice. The paragraph to which I take exception is the following: —

"In regard to the divine incarnation, the Word made flesh, Swedenborg elicits nothing new, and is not consistent with himself. He is more partial and one-sided in his Christology than anywhere else. He reproduces in all its essential features the theory of Apollinaris, which denies to Christ a human soul, and makes his natural humanity an outward mask rather than an incarnation; so that Christ does not assume our whole nature, but only the outside appearance and shell. In the primitive theology, and under its immediate influence, this whole subject was developed with a power and full-orbed completeness, not to be found in the great mystic, giving to the Christology of the Church a realism, a human tenderness, a warm sympathy of Christ with man, a practical working, and a renewing and redemptive power, which Swedenborgianism has never had, and which, so long as it remains an 'ism,' I think, never can have."

Now, the careful study of Swedenborg has brought me to a different conclusion from this of my brother Sears. It is my impression, that Swedenborg has developed this whole

subject with a "full-orbed completeness" as far transcending that of any or of *all* other Christian writers, as his doctrine of the resurrection, of the final judgment, or of heaven and hell, transcends in truth and beauty the doctrine hitherto believed and taught on these subjects.

I admit, however, in the outset, that there are a very few passages in Swedenborg which seem to justify Mr. Sears's charge of inconsistency. While I think the general drift of his teaching is sufficiently obvious, I find, here and there, expressions and brief illustrations, which seem not in harmony with his otherwise uniform statement of the doctrine. And I suppose it is these expressions and illustrations, which have led to what I am constrained to regard as a mistake on the part of the senior editor. For example, in illustrating the subject of the incarnation, he tells us in one place, that "all the spiritual part of a man is from the father, and all the material part from the mother;" and that the soul, which is from the father, is the real man; and the body, which is from the mother, is not the man in itself, but . . . is only the clothing of the real man, composed of such materials as belong to the natural world." And as Christ had no human father, therefore the fair inference would seem to be, that only his material body was derived from the mother. And, in some instances, Swedenborg seems to justify this inference in explicit terms.

But the true way, I submit, to interpret an author, is, not to seize upon a few expressions here and there, but endeavor to ascertain his meaning from the general scope of his teaching upon a given subject. And, if we pursue this course in our interpretations of the great seer, I think we shall find his doctrine of the incarnation to be very different from what Mr. Sears supposes it to be, judging from the paragraph just quoted.

1. First, note the language that Swedenborg employs when speaking upon this subject. "The Lord from eternity assumed the human." "The human which he took from the mother by nativity." "The Lord had, from the first, a human from the mother, which he put off by successive steps."

"Hence he was both God and man, having a divine essence and a human nature." "The Lord put off the human from the mother, which, in itself, was like the human of another man." "The human that he superinduced in the world was like the human of a man in the world," i.e. like the human of any man. "He could not enter into this degree (i.e. the ultimate) but by a nature similar to the human nature."

Now, these are not casual expressions. They occur hundreds of times in Swedenborg's writings. It is his uniform mode of speaking, when treating of the incarnation. And what does he mean by "human nature," and "the human" which was "like the human of another man," and which, he says, the Lord derived from the mother? Not the mere material body, surely, — which is what I understand Mr Sears to mean by "the outside appearance and shell." He who, throughout his writings, leads us to look upon this body as only the husk or shell, and no part of the real man, is the last writer that we should expect would call this body by itself "the human," or "human nature." If, then, he means by such expressions more than flesh and bones; if, as I think, he clearly means our whole complex humanity, — then the criticism, that, according to his theory of the incarnation, the Lord "did not assume our whole nature," is hardly just.

But we are not left to mere inference on this point. Swedenborg has himself given us his meaning of "the human." Speaking of the unition of the Lord's assumed human with the divine, he says: "The essential human consists of the rational principle, which is the same as the internal man, and of the natural principle which is the same as the external man, and also of the body which serves the natural principle as a means or outermost organ of living in the world." (A.C. 3737.) We learn from this, that "the human," as Swedenborg uses the term, means not only the body, but the external and internal mind also, or our whole human nature. Therefore, when he speaks of the Lord's assuming the human, I understand him to mean that he took upon himself

our whole nature, — all that, at least, which falls within the realm of consciousness, — mental and moral as well as physical.

There is in every man what Swedenborg calls an "inmost," a sacred province, which lies above our consciousness. It is here that the human properly commences. In the Lord, this inmost was the very divine itself. What he assumed was, according to Swedenborg, all of our humanity that lies below this inmost, including the rational as well as the carnal part of our nature. Thus he says: "The human with every man commences in the inmost of his rational. So also with the Lord's human; what was above that principle (the rational) was Jehovah himself; and herein the Lord differed from every other man. Inasmuch as the human principle commences in the inmost of the rational principle, and the Lord made all the human principle appertaining to him divine, he consequently first made the rational principle itself divine from its inmost." (A.C. 2194. See also 2106.)

2. Then it is to be remarked, that Swedenborg sometimes uses the term "soul," not in its ordinary acceptation, nor in the sense in which *he* generally employs it, but as a term to designate that realm of our being which lies above our consciousness, — the *inmost* of the mind. And this fact may possibly throw some light upon passages to which I have referred, and which it is not easy to reconcile with the author's general teaching. Thus, in his work on Influx (No. 8), he says: "The human soul, being a superior spiritual substance, receives influx immediately from God; but the human mind, being an inferior spiritual substance, receives influx from God mediately by the spiritual world; and the body, composed of the substances of nature which are called matter, receives influx from God mediately by the natural world." He gives us the same definition of soul in the "True Christian Religion" (No. 8), calling it "the inmost or supreme part of a man;" and again in his "Conjugial Love" (No. 482). And, in this latter, he says, that it is this inmost which especially distinguishes man from beasts, and into which love and wisdom, in perfect marriage union, flow immediately from the Lord.

Now this "inmost or supreme part of a man" — that part which is above the realm of consciousness, which is the first receptacle of life from the Lord, which has never been polluted by sin, but still receives love and wisdom in marriage union from the Most High; that part which is the very inmost or *esse* of a man — is the part which I suppose Swedenborg means by the *soul*, when he says that "a man's soul is from the father;" but it is not this which people generally mean by the term *soul*, — not what *he* generally means by it. All without or below this, including the mind as well as the material vestments of our being, is, I suppose, what he means to embrace under the term "body," which he says is derived from the mother; for it all is the clothing, and thus the body, of this inmost. In men generally, — all who have natural fathers, — this "inmost" or soul is merely a form receptive of life; but in the Lord Jesus it was divine, — it was Life itself. And herein he differed from all other men. He had our *whole* human nature; for Swedenborg declares that "Jehovah or the Father willed to put on *all* the human." (A.C. 9315). But the "inmost," which he calls the *esse* or "soul," and which, in us, is merely a receptacle of the divine, in him was Divinity itself. Such is the plain teaching of the following among other passages that might be cited.

"That the divine was in him (the Lord Jesus) may be evident to every one within the Church from this consideration, that he was conceived of Jehovah; on which account he so frequently calls him his Father. The very *esse* of a man, and hence the inmost principle of his life, is from the father: the clothing or exterior things are from the mother. Therefore the Lord's *esse*, and hence the inmost principle of his life, was divine, because it was Jehovah himself; and the clothings or exterior things constituted the human, which he took from the mother by nativity. This human was such as could be tempted; for it was polluted with hereditary evil from the mother. But, as the inmost principle was divine, it was able by its own proper power to expel the evil which was hereditary from the mother; and this was done successively by temptations, and, finally, by the last which was that

of the cross; on which occasion he fully glorified his human, that is, made it divine" (A.C. 5041).

This seems plain enough. We are here taught, that it is the inmost principle or *esse* of a man's life that is from the father; and that the things outside of this inmost, which he calls *the clothings*, are from the mother; and that these "clothings, or exterior things, constituted the human which the Lord took from the mother by nativity." But "this human was such as could be *tempted*," — was "polluted with hereditary evil from the mother." Moral evil, or proclivities to evil, without which Christ could not have been subject to temptation, can be predicated only of the human soul. Therefore he must have had such a soul, using that word in in its popular sense.

Sometimes Swedenborg calls this *inmost* or *esse*, which is above the realm of consciousness, the "internal man," and distinguishes it from the rational and external man, both of which are within this realm. The following is a passage in point, and confirmatory of what has already been said: "There appertains to every man an internal man, a rational or middle man, and an external man, as was stated above. The internal man is that which forms his *inmost* principle, by virtue of which he is a man, and by which he is distinguished from brute animals, which have no such inmost principle; and it is, as it were, the gate or entrance to man of the Lord, that is, of the Lord's celestial and spiritual influences. What is done and transacted here cannot be comprehended by man, because it is above his rational principle, from which he thinks. Beneath this *inmost* or internal man is placed the rational principle, which appears as man's own. Into this, through that internal man, the celestial things of love and faith flow from the Lord, and through this rational principle into the scientifics appertaining to the external man" (A.C. 1940).

We thus see, that, according to Swedenborg's principles of ontology, our human nature or being is an exceedingly complex structure. There are degrees of life in every man; realms of being, so to speak, which lie fold within fold.

These ascend in regular gradation, from the lowest, which is the material or sensual, up through the natural, rational, spiritual, and celestial, to that highest or "inmost," which is above the region of conscious thought, which connects man with his Maker in a way that no other creature is connected, which is the Lord's gate of entrance to all below, and his own peculiar habitation with man. And the divine incarnation, according to Swedenborg, was the putting-on by Jehovah of all the degrees of life or realms of being pertaining to our humanity, except the *inmost*, which is above our human consciousness. That was the very divine, — was Jehovah himself at the time of the nativity. It was not, as with us, a mere form receptive of life, but Life itself. And this divine, which was in the Lord Jesus from conception, and was his inmost, was gradually brought down into all the lower degrees of the assumed human; so that that human was at last perfectly united to the divine, and became a divine human. This, according to Swedenborg, is what is to be understood by the *glorification* of the human. And, while the work of glorification was going on, our Lord was alternately in very different states; now in a state of humiliation, now in one of exaltation; now in the assumed human, — in a state below himself as we are below that "inmost," and now in himself; now speaking and weeping and praying and suffering as a man, and now proclaiming his independent and underived existence, his omnipotence, his omnipresence, his supreme and absolute divinity. All this is clearly set forth in many parts of the great seer's writings, especially in No. 1999 of the "Arcana," — a paragraph that contains more of lofty wisdom on this subject than I have ever found elsewhere crowded into the same space, but too long for quotation here. Those, however, who have access to the work, should not fail to read the whole of this number.

3. Swedenborg often says, that the Lord was born like another man, that is, with all the tendencies and attributes of our common humanity; that, as to his assumed human, he had an internal and an external like other men. To quote again his language: "The Lord also, *as to his human*, had

an internal and an external, because it pleased him to be born like another man. . . . This internal man is what is called the celestial spiritual from the rational, or, what is the same, the Lord's internal, which was human, the celestial of the spiritual from the rational. . . . The Lord, indeed, was born like another man: but it is well known, that he who is born a man derives his [constituent principles] from both his father and his mother; and that his inmost is from the father, whereas the exteriors, or those which clothe that inmost, are from the mother; and what he derives from both the father and the mother is tainted with hereditary evil. It was otherwise with the Lord: what he derived from the mother had in itself a hereditary principle such as any other man has; but that which was from the Father, who was Jehovah, was divine. Hence the Lord's internal [inmost] was not like the internal of another man; for his inmost was Jehovah" (A.C. 4963). The sole point of difference, then, between the nature of our Lord when in the flesh, and other men, was in the nature of his inmost. With him, this was divine and infinite; with other men, it is but a finite receptacle of the divine.

In speaking of hereditary evil, Swedenborg further says: "There is a difference between hereditary evil derived from the father, and that which is derived from the mother. Hereditary evil from the father is of a more interior nature, and remains to eternity; for it can never be eradicated. The Lord, however, had no such evil; since he was born of Jehovah as his Father, and thus, as to his internals, was himself divine, or Jehovah. But hereditary evil from the mother appertains to the external man: this was attached to the Lord. Thus the Lord was born as another man, and had infirmities as another man" (A.C. 1573); and the same in many other passages. Surely the theory of the incarnation involved in this is different from that which makes the Lord's natural humanity "an outward mask rather than an incarnation." At least, so it seems to me.

4. Thus the doctrine of the incarnation is seen to be intimately connected with that of the glorification. And

Swedenborg's doctrine of the glorification of the assumed human involves the entire doctrine of man's regeneration. Over and over again he tells us, that our regeneration is an image of the Lord's glorification; that, as he made his assumed human divine, so now he regenerates his humble followers; that the things which we are called to do and suffer in the course of our regeneration are analogous to the things that he did and suffered in glorifying the human; the only difference being, "that the Lord made himself divine by and from his own proper power, whereas man cannot do any thing from his own proper power, but from the Lord." (See A.C. 3043, 3138, 3490, 3212, 3296, 4353, 4402.) In one of the paragraphs here referred to, it is said: —

"The state of the Lord's glorification may in some manner be conceived from the state of man's regeneration; for the regeneration of man is an image of the glorification of the Lord. When man is regenerated, he then becomes altogether another man, and is made new; therefore also, when he is regenerated, he is said to be born again, and created anew: in this case, although his face is like what it was before, and also his speech, yet his *mind* is not like his former mind; for his mind, when he is regenerated, is open toward heaven, and there dwells therein love to the Lord and charity toward the neighbor, together with faith. It is *the mind* which makes another and a new man. Change of state cannot be perceived in the body of man, but in his spirit, the body being only the covering of his spirit: and when it is put off, then his spirit appears, and this in altogether another form when he is regenerated; for it has then the form of love and charity in beauty inexpressible, instead of its pristine form, which was that of hatred and cruelty, with a deformity also inexpressible. . . . From this image it may in some measure be conceived what the glorification of the Lord is" (A.C. 3212.)

Now, is it not plain from this and a hundred similar passages which might be quoted, that it was our *whole* nature, and not merely "the outside appearance and shell," which the Lord

assumed and glorified? How could our regeneration, which is a purely mental or spiritual renewal, be such a complete image of the Lord's glorification, that, through the experience of the former, we can understand the nature of the latter, unless the mental and moral as well as the material part of our nature had been included in "the human" that was put on? Furthermore, Swedenborg tells us, that the interior forms belonging to our spiritual organism were actually taken on by the Lord, and derived from the mother. Thus he says: "All the interiors of an angel, as also of a man, are nothing but forms recipient of life; and, because they are forms recipient of life, they are forms recipient of loves, for loves make the life of man. Since, therefore, the influent love and the recipient form are in agreement together, it follows that an angel or a man is of such a quality as his love is; and this not only in his original principles, which are in the brain, but also in the whole body, for the body is nothing but an organ derived from its principles. From these things it may be manifest, that man is made altogether new when he is regenerated; for then all and single things with him are arranged to receive celestial loves. Nevertheless, with man the prior forms are not destroyed, but are removed; but with the Lord the prior forms, which *were from the maternal principle*, were altogether destroyed and extirpated, and divine forms received in their place: for the divine love does not agree with any but a divine form; all other forms it absolutely casts out" (A.C. 6872). This, again, seems to me inconsistent with any other theory of the incarnation than that which supposes it to have been the assumption of our whole nature.

It is possible that I may have misunderstood Mr. Sears; or that he may not have intended, in the paragraph to which I take exceptions, to teach what his language seems to convey. But I am constrained to differ from him in the opinion he has expressed, that "Swedenborg is more partial and one-sided in his Christology than anywhere else." On the contrary, I think he has developed the subject of the incarnation with a completeness not to be found in any of the old

theologies from the days of Paul to the present time. With the exception of a few expressions referred to in the commencement of this article, and which afford some foundation for the charge of inconsistency, I find the bulk of his teachings upon this subject to be uniformly clear, rational, and consistent, and in perfect harmony with all his other teachings. The doctrine of the Lord (and the incarnation is an essential part of this doctrine) is central and all-pervasive in his theology. It is intimately connected with all his other doctrines. It runs through them all, and gives shape, color, consistency, and coherence to them all. Any serious error here, or any partial or mistaken view of this subject, could not fail to vitiate his whole system.

I had intended in this paper to remark also upon Swedenborg's alleged "crudities and fantasies." But I have space only to add here my sincere conviction, that, while there may be some such things in his writings, they are *not*, in comparison with the genuine truths to be found there, as "the heaps of sand" which embed grains of gold, but rather as the grains of sand in heaps of gold. B. F. B.

MEDIA, PA., June 27, 1865.

PRAYER.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will avail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!
What parchèd ground refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all — the distant and the near —
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, — that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer;
And joy and strength and courage are with thee?

TRENCH.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE EXECUTIONS AT WASHINGTON.

We believe there is a general acquiescence in the sentence and its execution passed by the Military Commission upon the assassins of President Lincoln. And yet it does not appear that either of these four victims of violated justice were very depraved persons, except so far as they had been blinded and maddened by the secession frenzy. Payne was of a frank and kindly nature; Harold was more of a simpleton than a demon; Mrs. Surratt was conscientiously religious, and her previous character irreproachable; Atzerott was the worst of the four, though in him cowardice was the distinguishing trait. But the crime was the blackest in history; and the public safety required that the awful demands of justice should be satisfied.

It now remains to be seen, whether these persons, who were the mere dupes and tools of others, are to be distinguished above the scoundrels who stood behind them and set them on. That the villany itself was conceived and planned at Richmond, and carried out by secret-service money, and that Jefferson Davis and his cabinet were the central figures whence it drew its diabolic inspirations, is a fact involved already in the finding of the Commission, and which their verdict has virtually affirmed. It was this fact, unquestionably, which, in the estimation of Booth and his companions, gave a sort of legality to their actions, and blinded their moral sense. They regarded themselves as the agents of a Government which they ought to serve; and so they were not private assassins, but were working with the Confederate army, and were a part of its force. If these simple-minded persons, of more uncorrupt and honest natures, must be hanged, and their memories blasted, while the friends who stood behind them, and plied them with their infernal arts, and possessed them with their own devilish spirit, to their ruin, are to be let off easily and mildly, there could not be a more shocking outrage upon any clear, unperverted sense of moral justice. Call it any thing but "magnanimity." Call it

the most despicable of cowardly meanness. To take the dupes because they are comparatively humble and friendless, and spare the principals because their name and influence have been great, and their crimes accordingly more black and gigantic, would be a policy which ought to make any honorable man ashamed of the Government that could adopt it. To hang a *woman* because she was weak and easily misled, and find some softer punishment for the *man* whose policy set her on, and put all the demon into her, for that end, which she was ever possessed of, may be a good rule of action for Lord Brougham and the Tory press; but it is one, the very thought of which, if we have any dregs of manhood in us, we ought to denounce as a disgrace to the American name. One of two things is plain: the executions at Washington were cruel and cowardly, and ought not to have been, or justice must keep on in her majestic course till the principals suffer the condign punishment which has been meted to their dupes and instruments. "Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment: thou shalt not honor the person of the poor, nor respect the person of the mighty."

The English Tory press, true to its instincts, is denouncing our Government in advance, in anticipation of the punishment of Jefferson Davis. The assassination of the President is more tragic, and shocks the imagination. It is not morally any worse than the murder by starvation of sixty thousand prisoners, and the stabs at the life of the Republic, in which English Toryism is the guilty accomplice.

Its late maudlin sympathy for us in our great sorrow, and its glorification of the perjured villain who was the author of it, are fair specimens of its consistency and humanity, and will not, we presume, have the weight of a feather with our own Government when holding the scales of Justice. S.

INDELIBLE IMPRESSIONS.

THEY who have visited the dark rooms of photographers know very well what I mean. The portraits of our friends, or landscape views, may be hidden and invisible to the eye, but ready to make their appearance as soon as proper means are resorted to, such as heat, or vapor of mercury, or sulphate of iron, or py-

rogallic acid. Shadows are not such transitory things as men commonly suppose. In the case of photography, we happen to know the proper means for development. The fact of chief interest to us is the imperishability of the primitive impression.

A spectre is concealed on a silver or glassy surface, until by our necromancy we make it come forth to the visible world. Upon the walls of our private apartments, where we think that the eye of intrusion is altogether shut out, and our retirement can never be profaned, there exist the vestiges of all our acts, silent but speaking silhouettes of whatever we have done. Can we say that among those phantoms there are not some on which we should be reluctant to have the cunning chemist try his art, and leave them, as the photographers say, fixed; some from which we should dread to hear the demand of the phantom of Endor, "Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up"?

If men were sure that their most secret doings were at such a risk, would not the world be better than it is? A sunbeam or a shadow cannot fall upon a surface, no matter of what material that surface is composed, without leaving upon it an indelible impression, and an impression which may, by subsequent application of proper chemical agents, be made visible. In many cases we have ascertained what the appropriate agent is; our failure in others is due to the imperfection of our knowledge, and not to any impossibility in the operation. Time seems to have so little influence on these effects, that I can conceive it possible, if a new vault should hereafter be opened in the midst of an Egyptian pyramid, for us to conjure up the swarthy forms of the Pharasonic officials who were its last visitors, though forty centuries may have elapsed since their departure. But let us see how these facts bear, in a most important manner, in the case of man.

If after the eyelids have been closed for some time, as when we first awake in the morning, we suddenly and steadfastly gaze at a brightly illuminated object, and then quickly close the lids again, a phantom image is perceived in the infinite darkness before us.

We may satisfy ourselves that this is not a fiction of the imagination, but a reality; for many details that we had not time to examine in the momentary glance may be contemplated in our leisure in the phantom. We may thus make out the pattern of such an object as a lace curtain hanging in the window, or the branches of a tree beyond. By degrees the image becomes less

and less distinct: in a minute or two, it has disappeared. It seems to have a tendency to float away in the vacancy before us. If you attempt to follow it by moving the eyeball, it suddenly vanishes.

Now, the condition that regulates the vanishing phantom images on the retina is, that, when they have declined in vigor to less than one sixty-fourth of the intensity they had while in presence of the object that formed them, they cease to disturb the sight. This principle is illustrated when a candle-flame is held opposite to the sun, or any light having more than sixty-four times its own brilliancy. It then ceases to be visible. The most exact of all known methods for measuring light — that by the extinction of shadows — is an application of the same principle.

But the great fact that concerns us is this: Such a duration of impressions on the retina of the eye demonstrates that the effect of external influences on nerve vesicles is not necessarily transitory. It may continue for a long time. In this there is a correspondence to the duration, the emergence, the extinction of impressions on photographic preparations. Thus I have seen landscapes and architectural views, taken in Mexico, "developed" — as artists say — months subsequently; the images coming out, after the long voyage, in all their proper forms and in all their contrast of light and shade. The photograph had forgotten nothing. It had equally preserved the contour of the everlasting mountains, and the passing smoke of a bandit fire.

Are there, then, contained in the brain more permanently, as in the retina more transiently, the vestiges of impressions that have been gathered by the sensory organs? Do these constitute the basis of memory, — the mind contemplating such pictures of past things and events as have been committed to her custody? In her silent galleries are there hung micrographs of the living and the dead, of scenes that we have visited, of incidents in which we have borne a part? Are these abiding impressions mere signal-marks, like the letters of a book, which impart ideas to the mind; or are they actual picture-images, inconceivably smaller than those made for us by artists, in which, by the aid of a microscope, we can see, in a space not bigger than a pinhole, a whole family group at a glance?

The phantom-images of the retina, as I have remarked, are not perceptible in the light of day. Those that exist in the sensorium,

in like manner, do not attract our attention so long as the sensory organs are in vigorous operation, and occupied with bringing new impressions in. But when these organs become weary and dull, or when we experience hours of great anxiety, or are in twilight reveries, or asleep, the latent apparitions have their vividness increased by the contrast, and obtrude themselves on the mind. For the same reason they occupy us in the delirium of fevers, and doubtless also in the solemn moments of death. During a third part of our lives, we are withdrawn from external influences, — hearing and sight, and the other senses are inactive; but the never-sleeping mind, that pensive, that veiled enchantress, in her mysterious retirement, looks over the ambrotypes she has collected, — ambrotypes, for they are unfading impressions, — and, combining them together as they chance to occur, weaves from them a web of dreams. Nature has thus introduced into our very organization a means of imparting to us suggestions on some of the most profound topics with which we can be concerned. It operates equally on the savage and on the civilized man; furnishing to both, conceptions of a world in which all is unsubstantial. It marvellously extracts from the vestiges of the impressions of the past overwhelming proofs of the reality of the future; and, gathering its power from what might seem a most unlikely source, it insensibly leads us — no matter who or where we may be — to a profound belief in the immortal and imperishable, from phantoms that have scarcely made their appearance before they are ready to vanish away. — *Dr. John W. Draper, Annual of Scientific Discovery.*

"SWEDENBORG ON THE INCARNATION."

We give place to our friend Barrett's article on this subject, because the subject is an important one, and because we have no motive to misrepresent Swedenborg, but every motive to present him truly.

If we charged him with inconsistency, Brother Barrett's article is our full and complete vindication. We never conceived him to be one-half so confused and inconsistent as our friend makes him out to be. Christ, according to his statement, assumes our whole nature; and yet that part of it which distinguishes us from beasts,

he did not assume. He assumed the human derived from the mother, which is only the material body; and yet he was subject to temptation, and "born like another man." The soul, which is from the father, is "above the realm of consciousness," and "has never been polluted by sin;" and yet it is so infested with hereditary evil, that the evil "remains to eternity," and "can never be eradicated."

Swedenborg's theory is not to be mistaken, and it is by no means so inconsistent as this. He posits the human under a twofold division.

1. The *maternal human*, that derived from the mother, including not merely our flesh and bones, but instincts, passions, and an external rationality. This is tainted with hereditary evil, but the evil more readily sloughs off. It exposes us to temptation; but the temptations are less subtle and deadly, being in the external man.

This maternal humanity is the embodiment of one more interior. Swedenborg calls it "the clothing" or "exterior" or "body" of the human derived from the father. The former, the maternal human, is the wrappage or body of the latter,—the paternal. He does not mean the mere *material* body, and we never said or implied that he did. He means the whole maternal humanity.

2. The *paternal human* included in the maternal as its covering. Swedenborg calls this "the soul," the "internal man," the "very man," and that which "distinguishes man from beasts." He never teaches that this is "above the realm of consciousness." He analyzes the paternal germ (*semen a patre*), and he finds in angelic light that it has three compartments or cells (*compages*). These are the exterior, the interior, and the inmost. The two last are open to the Lord, and receive the divine influx; and this *influx* is above consciousness. The first or exterior cell antagonizes the two others, and is *opened towards hell, and in the form of hell*, in consequence of the hereditary evil. (See "Divine Love and Wisdom," No. 432; also small work of same title, pp. 75–80.) It perverts the divine influx, in consequence. It shapes character, devolves upon offspring the dispositions, mind, soul, and the very face and form of the father to the thousandth generation. Its evil is so subtle and adhesive that "it cannot be eradicated to eternity" (Arcana, 1573). *Per contra*, and not very consistently, it can be "extirpated by regeneration" (Arcana, 4317).

Christ had no human father, and so assumed only "the human derived from the mother," which is the mere clothing or shell of the "inmost" or "very man." This Swedenborg reiterates to the thousandth time. In place of the paternal human, which he did not assume, was the divine essence itself from the eternal Father.

This is Swedenborg's psychology, though not very consistent with his doctrine of redemption. The defect is not merely theoretical, but practical. Christ does not appear in Swedenborgianism on the side of his natural humanity "in full-orbed completeness," Brother Barrett himself being judge. Where is the human side of Christ brought out with the tenderness, and the humane and blessed sympathies, fitted to melt the heart into love and charity, as it is in what are called the old theologies? Brother Barrett himself complains, that Swedenborgianism, in all its principal manifestations, has been hard, unsympathizing, isolated from humane and philanthropic relations, wanting in regenerative power. Is this *all* owing to the mere form of church government, or is it owing in part to the fact, that the Christ on his human side is ghostly, docetic, lacking the warm lifeblood of our full humanity? If Swedenborg taught any other than a docetic or *quasi* human in Christ, bring it forth, in Heaven's name! do not leave it alone to Furness and Renan. So bring us to the Saviour, that we can lean on his breast, and feel the throbbings of his human love. We accord most heartily to Swedenborg his great service to the modern age; and we have taken every opportunity to show it. But that he "transcends any and all Christian writers" on this subject, we do not believe, or that he is so full and consistent as some of the Christian fathers, especially Hilary and the Gregories. If our readers have "Dorner on the Person of Christ," let them read it; and, while they will not value Swedenborg less, they will probably conclude, that all the wisdom of the world was not born and did not die with him. S.

EXTRACT.

The inmost of the life of every man, which is called "soul," is from the father; but what the inmost puts on, which is called body, is from the mother. That the inmost of life, which is from the father, is continually flowing in and operating upon the external, which is from the mother, and endeavoring to make this like to itself, even in the womb, may be manifest from sons, in that they

are born to the natural inclination of the father, and, in some cases, grandsons and great grandsons to the natural inclination of the grandfather and great grandfather. The ground and reason of this is, that the soul, which is from the father, continually wills to make the external, which is from the mother, like to itself. — *Swedenborg's Arcana*, 6716.

REV. DR. CHANNING AND MISS AIKEN.

[We extract from an article in the "North British Review" on "Three Women of Letters," the following beautiful testimony to the influence of Dr. Channing. — E.]

"I WAS never duly sensible," writes Miss Aiken, "till your writings made me so, of the transcendent beauty and sublimity of Christian morals; nor did I submit my heart and temper to their chastening and meliorating influences. . . . Under the notion of a generous zeal for freedom, truth, and virtue, I cherished a set of prejudices and antipathies, which placed beyond the pale of my charities, not the few, but the many, — the mass of my compatriots. I shudder now to think how good a hater I was in the days of my youth. Time and reflection, a wider range of acquaintance, and a calmer state of the public mind, mitigated by degrees my bigotry; but I really knew not what it was to open my heart to the human race, until I had drunk deeply into the spirit of your writings.

"Neither was my intercourse with my Creator such as to satisfy fully the wants of my soul. I had doubts and scruples, as I have before intimated, respecting prayer, which weighed heavily on my spirit. In times of the most racking anxiety, the bitterest grief, I offered, I dared to offer, nothing but the folded arms of resignation, — submission rather. So often had I heard, and from the lips of some whom I greatly respected, the axiom, as it was represented, that no evil could exist in the creation of a perfectly benevolent Being, if he were also omnipotent, that my reliance on Providence was dreadfully shaken by a vague notion of a system of things by which Deity itself was limited. How you have dispossessed me of this wretched idea I do not well know; but it is gone. I feel, I feel that he can and will bless me, even by means of what seem at present evil and suffering."

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

Rev. F. D. Maurice has been accused in a London paper of supporting a "satanic candidate," because he is in favor of the election of John Stuart Mill to be a member of Parliament. Mr. Mill's declaration, that, if God should doom him to hell for believing in the identity of divine and human morality, "to hell he would go," gives him this title of "satanic candidate" in the columns of some of those English newspapers which our foreign critics hold up as models to be copied by our vulgar and fierce press. Mr. Maurice sends a note to the "London Spectator" of June 17th, from which we quote as follows: "I can say of that passage, what I should hardly dare say of any other in Mr. Mill's writings, that I accept it wholly, absolutely, unreservedly. If I did not, I would go next Sunday into my pulpit, and tell my congregation that I had deceived them; that God had not revealed himself in his Son; that it is not true that one who took our nature is the perfect image of the Father. I must deny the incarnation if I deny the relation between divine morality and human morality; if I do not accept in the length and breadth of it Mr. Mill's assertion, that it is better to suffer any torments, here or hereafter, than to believe in an unrighteous God."

The "London Recorder" states a very suggestive fact when it says, that "of the many priests who stood around the high altar of St. Mary's, at Moorfields, on the late occasion of the consecration of Dr. Manning as Roman-Catholic Archbishop of England, there were not less than *one hundred* who had either been in orders of the Church of England, or had been fellows of English colleges."

Rev. Mamerto Gueritz, vicar of Colyton, East Devon, refused to read the Burial Service at the funeral of one of his parishioners, Mr. John Pavey, who had died in the Unitarian faith. The case, on complaint, was brought before the Bishop of Exeter, who, in June, delivered his judgment at the Episcopal Palace in Exeter. The vicar was not justified in refusing to read the Burial Service, as John Pavey had been baptized by a clergyman of the Church of England, and had never been declared excommunicate. The bishop therefore admonished the vicar, and expressed the hope that the offence would never be repeated. If the bishop holds that

the mere water of baptism effaces the psychological effect of all opinions, we think the position of the vicar is the more respectable.

A NEW work on the catacombs of Rome, and the most learned and thorough ever published on that subject, has just appeared from the Pontifical press in Rome. "La Roma Sotteranea Christiana," by G. B. De Rossi, is a splendid quarto volume of more than four hundred pages, with numerous maps and drawings; and describes at length, not only the history and uses of the catacombs, but the numerous subjects connected with Christian archæology.

THERE has lately arisen one of those strifes between traditional exclusiveness and modern improvements which so often arouse English temper. The Great Western Railway proposed to erect an extensive repair-shop in Oxford. The measure would bring five thousand mechanics to that quiet city. Think of the sound of the hammer echoing through its noiseless quadrangles, and greasy workmen crossing its numerous walks! The thing could not be endured; and a tempest of opposition has been aroused. For our part, we think the thought and pressure of modern times, introduced, not only into Oxford, but into the University itself, would be better than the retention of the spirit of the old feudal days. Not among the five thousand mechanics would ever be heard the "vociferous cheers" lately given by the gownsmen of the University for Jefferson Davis.

A WRITER from Rome in the "Independence Belge" says, that it is a remarkable fact, that, in that city so bigoted and jealous, there exists a lodge of Freemasons. It holds its regular communications, and, at a late meeting, voted to send an expression of its profound sorrow for the death of President Lincoln to the American Government at Washington, not used, as this writer adds, to tokens of sympathy from the citizens of Rome, and knowing so well the hatred of the Romish priests for Freemasonry.

A FÊTE for the Unity of Italy was established in 1860, and for three years has been celebrated on the first Sunday in June. It was observed this year more generally and more enthusiastically than ever. A noticeable feature was the greater extent in which the clergy participated in it. The fact was regarded as a sign of the clear foresight of some coming compromise between the Pope and the King of Italy, by which the power of the former would be limited to spiritual affairs.

A NATIONAL CHURCH; SHALL IT BE EPISCOPAL OR CONGREGATIONAL?

PRESIDENT STURTEVANT insists that it must be Congregational, and that we must make a stand for Congregationalism, and not make light any more of Church order. We are not sure that he would decline the help of liberal Christians. He says, "Men will cease at length to make labored apologies for the ceaseless conflict of the sect system, and begin to look around them for some platform on which the whole Church of God on earth can stand together, and make war on one another no more. And when they do begin in earnest to inquire after such a platform, they will find it in the independency of local churches, built on the everlasting foundations of the truth as it is in Jesus; each disciple, as an equal brother receiving every other, and putting no yoke on his neck which the Master hath not imposed." What more can any Christian ask than that?

We append also some very generous words from the Rev. W. R. Huntington of Worcester, Mass., — words spoken in behalf of the Episcopal Church, and yet more in behalf of the Church Universal: — E.

The three conditions of American catholicity were then defined to be, 1st, A simple creed; 2d, A varied worship; 3d, A generous polity.

I. A Church without a creed is an absurdity. It is also an absurdity to suppose that the whole American people can be united on any elaborate system of divinity, whether that system be allied to Trent or to Geneva. The Church of America must plant herself on the grand facts of the incarnation, and fight her battle there. The primitive creeds must be her citadel. If it is urged that this is giving up too much, it may be replied, that it is giving up no more than the Church was willing to give up during the first three centuries of her life.

II. A varied worship.

The preacher would yield to none in love and admiration of the Book of Common Prayer, and yet he could not help seeing the egregious fallacy of making liturgical worship a condition precedent of ecclesiastical unity. We cannot afford to keep men out

of the fold of Christ on æsthetic grounds; and the form of worship, where the creed is right, is purely an æsthetic question.

III. A generous polity. One feature of such a polity would be the recognition of every baptized person as a member of the national Church, in virtue of his baptism. Another would be a willingness to favor and sanction a great variety of methods in doing our Lord's work. The suggestion was thrown out, that something analogous to the religious orders of the mediæval Church might bring into harmonious co-operation the various religious bodies in this country. If it was not schismatical to have Dominicans and Franciscans, neither need it be schismatical to have Wesleyans and Calvinists, if only they will come under one common government. But just here is the rock of difficulty. What shall that one common government be? The preacher knew of nothing that could promise so well as that system which is both old and new, conservative and progressive, catholic and reformed, the system of republican Episcopacy.

A weighty responsibility rests upon the Protestant Episcopal Church in this matter. It is true that in her present posture, and with her present abilities, she would only make herself ridiculous by arrogating the title of the Church of America; yet it is equally true that she offers the only basis upon which a really national Church can be built up. Men cannot start a Church. It is idle to prate about the Church of the future, unless we can find for it some point of historical connection with the Church of the past. Just this "missing link" we offer. Our Church traces her lineage all the way back to the first century, while, at the same time, she is, in her constitution, perfectly conformed to the structure of the civil government under which we live.

In conclusion, the preacher dwelt upon the temper and spirit in which catholicity should be sought. After all, the person of the Saviour is the real centre of Christian union. Only by rallying around him, as the soldiers of a broken army rally around their chief, can we be one again. We want also a cordial and kindly feeling among ourselves, a willingness to understand one another's difficulties and predilections, a disposition to make all reasonable concessions, and a desire to find points of agreement rather than points of difference. Let us beware of arguing for victory. Let us be very careful how we sneer. It is peace we want. May the God of peace send us a new Pentecost, that these things may come to pass!

FAITH WITHOUT WORKS.

ARE we told that Jesus Christ died to save impenitent, unreturning sinners, — sinners who not only come to him for peace, just as they are, but intend to remain with him just as they are, forgetting that there is no peace to the wicked? To see the highest result of a teaching which "preaches Christ" as an antidote to the conscience, and sets forth faith in Christ without enforcing its grand scriptural correlative, "repentance towards God," we need only be familiar with the interior of a jail, and trace its workings upon a class, upon whose originally feeble moral instincts a long series of spiritual manipulations will sometimes produce an outgrowth too hideous to be mere hypocrisy. Doyle, lately executed at Chester, for a frightful attempt to murder a woman he lived with (being a married man), walked to the platform with these words (his last): "Jesus Christ was led like a lamb to the slaughter; *I, like him, offer no resistance:* I know that my sins are forgiven me." He had eaten and drunk heartily to the last, conversed of his past life, sung hymns, listened to prayers and reading, and expressed regret, but certainly no depth of repentance, for his crime.

What a sad comment upon much of the popular religion! E.

"THE NATION"

UTTERS herself strong, clear, wise, hopeful, week by week, through the new organ, which is high-toned and humane in its politics, earnest and catholic in its criticism of literature and art. We sincerely hope that the experiment of an able weekly journal will be successful. The ground which such a journal would fill has been occupied heretofore chiefly by newspapers, the contents of which are gathered from dailies. Such compilations are more valuable than interesting, better to be put on file than to be held in one's hands. This comes a fresh visitor. When we open this, we are not reminded of a repast made up of warmed over dishes. The only question is, Have we the needful corps of writers?

E.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

RELIGION may properly be divided into two classes.

I. Those religions which have appeared to grow up spontaneously among men, having all the errors and deformities which a fleshly imagination would produce.

II. The religion of Jesus Christ.

First, From the three great ideas mentioned above, no science has ever driven even the religious of this class. It has indeed corrected many *forms of expression*, and has sometimes driven *individuals* who failed to distinguish between the form and the idea which the form overlies, into a rejection of the truth itself.

Second, Respecting the religion of Jesus Christ, Mr. Spencer's remark has no shadow of foundation. Since the beginning of its promulgation by Jehovah, and especially since the completion of that promulgation by our Saviour and his apostles, not one whit of its practical law or its philosophy has been abated; nay, more: to-day, in these American States, there may be found a more widespread, thoroughly believed, firmly held, and intelligent conviction of God's personality, and personal supervision of the affairs of men, of his fatherhood, and of that fatherhood exercised in bringing "order out of confusion," in so conducting the most terrible of conflicts, that it shall manifestly redound, not only to the glory of himself, but to the very best good of man, so manifestly to so great a good, that all the loss of life, and all the suffering, is felt to be not worthy to be compared to the good achieved, and that, too, *most strongly by the sufferers*, than was ever before manifested by any nation under heaven.

The truth is, that, in spite of all its efforts to the contrary, criticism has ever been utterly impotent to eliminate from human thinking the elements we have presented. Its utmost triumph has been to force a change in the form of expression; and in the Bible it meets with forms of expression which it ever has been, is now, and ever shall be, as helpless to change as a paralytic would be to overturn the Himalaya. — *J. H. Jones.*

Several Articles of interest and Literary Notices, omitted in this number, will appear in the next.

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. SEPTEMBER, 1865. No. 3.

MODERN NATURALISM AS A MEANS OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

An Address delivered before the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School,

BY EDMUND H. SEARS.

BRETHREN OF THE ALUMNI, — A letter from your secretary * brought to me your invitation to address you at this time, written by a hand which, alas! we are to grasp no more. A heart which was the fountain of so much goodness can never grow still, and a countenance which flashed with such heavenly sunshine cannot be dimmed. But it cheers no longer the path here of those who loved him; and who that ever saw him did not love him? These changes in our number make us seek after a firmer grasp upon the truths which we preach for the guidance and consolation of others: they remind us, too, of changes more imperceptible and gradual in our denominational life.

A quarter of a century has just elapsed since the organization of the "Association of the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School." You remember the new questions which were then opened and agitated, to become, in their turn, old questions, devoid of any lasting and vital interest. The debate about miracles I presume we have nearly done with: for any discussion of the evidences of Christianity becomes the less important, just in the degree that its real contents are

* Rev. Samuel Abbot Smith.

disclosed to us; for what do we care about the proof, after we have been brought face to face with the radiant and open reality? Nevertheless, I think the lessons of a quarter of a century may have brought us to the vivid apprehension of one very vital distinction, — that, namely, between the agitations and currents of the time, and that other current which we are never conscious of, because it is so deep, so broad, and so strong, and therefore so still. Our motions on the earth, and our travellings up and down through its dust and noise, are made with much pain and labor, while we are never conscious of that other motion by which the earth carries us so serenely through the celestial spaces.

The end which individuals, sects, and even whole peoples and commonwealths, place before them, and strive after, is not often at one with the great end of the Divine Providence. What we call, very ludicrously sometimes, "the spirit of the age," is very apt to be some gust of the times, which has puffed us up into specific levity, or is driving us about at its will. It is never to be confounded with the spirit of God, whose tidal movements, through all times, the age is very slow to understand.

Indeed, what we call the thought of the age, that is, its distinctive thought, may be only a reflex current, bearing the foam and the drift of the hour, to subside again to-morrow into the mystic, eternal sea. What religions and philosophies have thus been afloat! each claiming and really believing that all the hopes of human progress were bound up and freighted with them, whereas the stream of providence left them the next day in the shallows, high and dry upon the sand. The spirit of the Middle Age was Roman; the spirit of the sixteenth century was Protestant,—both provisional religions, needful for their times; sure to grow obsolete, as the unfathomed ocean of divine life keeps on and on never breaking *as such* into the individual consciousness, but only to be studied by its epochs and eras. An age or epoch, taken as one of the segments of human history, may be permitted to exhibit its thought, and make it dominant, and color every thing with its spirit, for the very reason that the Divine Providence wishes to show

it forth, open out all its weakness, falsehood, and vanity, for the coming centuries to look at.

Now, we can never know by the spirit of the age, what is the majestic course of God's providence, simply because the spirit of the age is in us, and dominates us to some extent. But if we can get a position somewhat above it, on one of those divine headlands which command it, above the noise of its surf and foam, mark the historic course of the Divine Providence by the centuries and the half centuries and even the quarter century which spans our organized existence, we can judge somewhat of the course of that deeper and mystic sea. And we shall judge a great deal better in this way as to our own duties, how we can best serve the age as ministers of Christ or as a Christian denomination; better than by embarking upon its currents, and trying to woo its gales. Be not conformed to this world, is our message to others, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind. It applies to sects as well as persons. We conform by trying to get into the world's drift. We are transformed only as our end and that of the eternal Providence are toned and harmonized together.

The spirit of the age we are in no danger of mistaking. It is *naturalism*, thorough-going and pervasive. I do not mean naturalism however, in the odious sense sometimes given to it, as necessarily opposed to revealed religion. Let me use the word as covering a great deal more; as *nature-ism*, or that love and study of nature, which have given a prodigious impulse to natural science, a new development to art as the more perfect copy of nature, and a new tone to literature, as transfused by its spirit and life. It involves the study of man so far as we see him, on the natural side, even to the quality and the tendencies of the natural mind. Now, when did this nature-age commence? and what is its contribution to human progress and Christian knowledge? and is it the final period, the consummation of history; or is it merely a preparation and prophecy of something to be? And if so, what?

The point of transition from the old theology which was exclusively supernaturnal, to the new theology which is so largely

if not exclusively natural, does not by any means synchronize with what we call the Reformation. The Reformation did not change at all the stand-point from which truth was to be apprehended. It was still, as before, from the supernatural and the superhuman exclusively. Theology concerned itself with what would promote God's personal honor and glory, or vindicate the supposed justice of his government. It discussed mainly the nature of God, and the mode of his being; and even the Pelagian controversy, which concerned itself with human nature, proceeded under this overshadowing and all-absorbing Theism. Its axioms were, God is great as man is little; one is exalted as the other is abject; God is glorified as man is depressed; so much taken from the one is so much given to the other.

Theological doctrines thus wrought, were dogmas imposed by sheer authority, and it mattered not much whether the authority were a book or an hierarchy. They had no human blood in them, and no fragrance of nature breathed from her fields and woods. Heaven and hell were places which God had prepared for our reception: and salvation was a transfer to the former place, the Church said, through the merits of dead saints, who had virtue enough of their own to save them, and some to spare; Luther said, through the infinite merits of Christ, made over to their credit-side of the account; and the chief difference was that Luther had a more exhaustless treasury of indulgences, and could outbid the pope. The dawn of a nature-religion or of a humane theology, dates a century after, when the whole realm of truth began to be surveyed from the natural and the human side. Descartes transferred the field of inquiry, and evidence for the being of God, from Church tradition to the human consciousness; and in this way he inaugurated a total revolution in all our theological methods. No matter for the vicious circle in which he travelled. The new method of theologizing — seeking for God in the soul, not as the mystics did, in emotions and raptures, but in its highest and most serene ideas, separated from all earthly and voluntary mixture, re-asserted the worth and the rights

of human nature. The old theology could no longer lie upon it, lifeless and foreign to it. It must be thrown off altogether, or else be absorbed into it, and humanized in its life-blood. You know the result in what has been called the renaissance of the eighteenth century, — that, remanding the search for evidence from church traditions to the human consciousness, has quickened the human faculties to a subtilty and power of action, unheard of before, and caused that cry which now comes out of the depths of the heart, for a religion not to lie upon it as a dogma, but to go down humanely into it, and explain man to himself.

Contemporaneous with Descartes was a name that represents the inductive philosophy which revolutionized the whole method of scientific investigation. Hence the new education of the senses, which give the facts of science, and of the sensuous reason which discerns their relations, and classifies them, bringing even the anomalies and prodigies under universal law, which is none other than the supreme order in which God administers his universe.

Such, in brief, is the date of the naturalism which marks the transition from the old religions to the new. We are specially concerned now to measure the amount of its contribution to theological science and religious progress. We are prone to speak of the liberalizing influence of Unitarianism upon Orthodoxy. The truth is, however, there is another influence more subtile and penetrating, which has been liberalizing us both, crumbling the walls from around us, and unhousing us, making great gaps in our theologic buildings, and turning us sometimes clean out of doors. There is not a doctrine of the old Orthodoxy, which has not been changed by modern naturalism; say, rather, there is hardly a pillar of it left standing with sufficient firmness to keep the roof from tumbling in. I doubt, even, if there is a distinguishing doctrine of Unitarianism, as it was held and preached when the controversy opened fifty years ago, which has not been undergoing a silent but sure transformation, traceable partly, though not wholly, to the same potent influence.

To begin with the church cosmogony, from which its whole

system starts for a foundation. The old theology recognized two limits, called space and time, within which all its towers were built up, and all its drama was enacted. One of these limits lay about six thousand years backward, the other some millions of miles outward, to the remotest of our planetary orbits as then known. Herein took place the miracle of creation in six days, and on this scale the entire plan of the divine administration was supposed to proceed, — the federal headship of Adam, his fall and we in him, imputed sin and imputed righteousness, the resurrection, the judgment, and the last things, and so on to the top stone of the theological arch. Now, without assuming the nebular hypothesis just as naturalism had asserted it, it is very interesting in this connection to note the recent wonderful and exceedingly significant experiments in the analysis of the nebular light, giving us tidings from afar of God working now as hitherto.* These experiments authenticate the grand conception of creation, proceeding not by jets of arbitrary power, but always under laws, as uniform and withal as beautiful as those which govern the growth of a palm-tree or a spear of clover. Indeed naturalism has proved beyond question, that creation is none other than the primitive ethers crystallizing into firmaments; or, if you will, the magnificent flora of the skies, flowering forth not once for all, but through myriads of ages, out of the immanent life of the universe. The bud that came out yesterday into leaf amid the foliage of boundless woods, or the topaz ranging its particles by secret affinities till they become luciform, comes under the same law of creation, as the firmament which for a million of years has been crystallizing out of nebular chaos and turning into suns, with their daughter planets about them. Mr. Pritchard tried very hard to trace all the outlying races to a single pair, and then theology could bring them under the federal headship of Adam. Agassiz, on the other side, may be right or he may be wrong, but you must push the federal headship a good many thousand years back of Adam, or else the men who died, and went to fossil,

* See the Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1865, in the article on Celestial Chemistry, pp. 251–267.

before his time, fail of their lineage, and indeed the outlying races tumble out of the plan of salvation together. Naturalism gives us man not manufactured in a day, but created out of nature by steps as gradual as those which led up from the outer courts of the temple to its inmost shrine. The mineral kingdom was the first rough sketch and foreshowing of the human; the vegetable and the animal were still nearer and more picturesque approaches, till at last the majestic human coronal appeared: as if Nature had said, "Man is too great a being to bolt into existence; but the universe, through its myriad cycles, shall first prophecy of his coming, and prepare the way for his advent." The old theology shows him made, potter-fashion, out of the clay of Paradise, and projected one day into being upon its surface. Naturalism brings him forth as the fruit out of the juices of the tree, secreted for that special end for long centuries and cycles; every stage of growth the continuation of a former one, from lower to higher, root and stalk and branch and leaf and consummate flower. The old eschatology burns up the world with great crackling and noise, and hence Edwards and the old divines drew the imagery of their most effective sermons of the judgment day. But naturalism discovers in matter neither the ultimate atoms of Epicurus nor the monads of Leibnitz, but forces rather which only give the ultimations of the Infinite Life. God did not make his works once; but he creates them every present moment from the breath of his mouth, so that their destruction would not be God acting, but God holding his breath; it would not be a ruin, but a vanishing; not a great conflagration, but a sudden death-darkness; the ongoings of nature's music one moment, the hush of an awful silence the next. Hugh Miller, therefore, makes the six days of creation the first six geological eras; Dr. Hitchcock makes its destruction the seventh, and adjourns it indefinitely. One removes the landmark of time at the first end, away, away into the infinite past; the other at the last end, into the infinite future. So the beginning and the end of things come under natural

law, Orthodoxy itself being judge. They do not break it, but fulfil it, and are the effort of nature towards the most perfect organic life. The resurrection of the flesh becomes an absurdity and an impossibility, and altogether monstrous, unless you adjourn it from the churchyards to the forests that have grown over them, and drawn the sleepers into the life-currents that beat through all the veins of nature; into the leaves that flutter above the graves, into the ethers which they replenish, or the amber clouds that float at evening off into the distant heavens, and lie on the horizon as the bodies of them that slept, already risen and glorified. The local hell gets no fixture in natural space; for more surely than Lord Rosse's telescope resolved the nebulæ, the keen and educated sense of naturalism resolves the dark spots of nature, and finds nowhere a contrivance to produce pain. Pain is accidental to all her mechanisms, not inherent. The all-beneficent law runs even into the blotches and cancers on nature's face, and dissipates them, and leaves her blooming and fair. The local heaven vanishes too. The method of the spectrum analysis, which examines a star-beam by a new celestial chemistry, can tell you what sort of a world it came from, what are its elements, and what are its conditions of life, mineral, vegetable, animal and human; and it reports the star-men — if any there be — just like ourselves. They are not spirits, as Dante describes them, but flesh-and-blood people, who build their own fires, plant their own corn, grind their own grists, cook their own dinners and eat them, and must look to another existence higher than star-life, before they sublime into spiritual beings, and become glorified.

Finally, the God of the old naturalism vanishes before the relentless chase of the new. His place is neither on the heights of Olympus nor beyond the thunder-clouds. Naturalism has been there and looked and tasted and handled and smelt and analyzed and classified, and did not find him; and the retreating God, as Dr. Hedge so admirably describes, no longer exists on the plane of natural life, but is resolved into natural law. Naturalism, too, reduces the old question about miracles to total insignificance. There can be no such thing as the breach of law; for law is the supreme order, and we

cannot suppose this to be broken in a single link without giving to our faith a shudder and a chill from atheism. The portents and the prodigies through which either gods or demons were supposed to break in upon us, resolve themselves one by one into the general harmony, till the presumption is that portent and prodigy have no existence except to our lying senses and our infant intelligence.

It becomes very easy to measure the contributions of naturalism to theological science and Christian knowledge. Its army claims to be the van of human progress; and so it is. They are the sappers and miners who clear the way. They remove old buildings, and heaps of ancient *débris* and rubbish. Our polemic preaching and exegesis may do something in beating down old errors; but compared with what naturalism does, it is as the fire-flies of a night, that beat against the walls, compared with the chemistry which crumbles them down and turns them into food for the clematis, the moss, and the ivy. The local God, the local heaven, the local hell, the old doctrine of creation by jets of power, of the divine government by special Providence and by miracle, the federal headship of Adam, with all its dependencies of imputed sin and imputed merit and vicarious atonement, the old eschatology with its dramatic scene of the resurrection and the judgment day, — all these disappear or are chased by the Day Spring into theological schools that close the shutters against it, or into old churches where they shut the blinds and read the Psalms and the Litanies by gas-light, at high noon.

But a most important question now arises, — Is naturalism as competent to build as to pull down? What has she to show in the place of these grand old structures which had housed the generations for so many centuries, and protected the childhood of our Christian faith? The answer must be short. She has nothing to show. In pulling down, all the chemistry of nature works with her. But when she builds, it works against her, and all her attempts at construction have been failure, ignominious and complete. We will show this as briefly as possible.

The three prime doctrines of all religion are *the doctrine of God, the doctrine of immortality,* and *the doctrine of human regeneration,* involving the relation of God to man. These being darkened or lost, there is no religion left fit to guide the race or to purify it. Now let us see how naturalism construes these three prime truths of all religion, and what she makes of them.

1. She has driven the retiring Deity out of all the localities of nature. Has she brought him into nature again, or into life, through any other door? No: she has not and cannot; for she knows of no other door.

Kant, who followed all her methods with unrelenting logic, and is her faithful high priest to the utmost, makes all the inferences of natural religion to be perfectly null and void. Paley's whole method becomes worthless, and all his books are waste paper. You cannot argue from nature to God, because nature is given to us only under the forms of space and time; and space and time are simply forms of our own consciousness, and have no existence out of consciousness. You cannot reason to any thing beyond space and time, or conceive of any thing, because space and time are a part of you, and you color every thing by your own subjectivity, and are producing the *a priori* forms of your own consciousness. We can only know phenomena, or things as they appear to us; and whether these appearances answer to things as they are in themselves, or how, we can never know, and the investigation is perfectly futile, and a chase after shadows.

Having thus shut us in to sense, and locked the doors, what becomes of that supersensual world which devout men and women had been thinking of for six thousand years? Why, it vanishes like a waking dream!

Startled at his own conclusions, Kant hastens to remand us to our moral nature. Look there, he says, and you will find God. You will find him in the moral law, — the categorical Thou shalt, which there lies eternally upon the conscience. He falls back upon Descartes' method, and lets God into the world through the human consciousness.

But the question returns, Suppose the moral consciousness is phenomenal too, what then? What if the moral nature,

like physical nature, is only representative, how do I know that the representation answers to the reality, or whether, indeed, there is any reality behind it? My speculative reason went from outward nature to something beyond it, from the exquisite traces of design to a Designer, and the beauty that broods around me upon landscape and hill, I thought must be the transparent shadow of an everlasting beauty, too dazzling for my naked eye. No, you say, that is reasoning from phenomena, from things that appear to things that are; and the whole conclusion is vicious and illegitimate, for I am only reproducing the forms and tints of my own subjectivity. Very well: if my moral nature is also phenomenal and representative, how do I know but my moral reason, as my speculative, may befool me and play me false, and that after all it corresponds to nothing which has its own qualities or the colorings of its own conceptions. I do not know; and a God of *moral attributes* I cannot authenticate at all from my moral nature, which gives every thing the forms and colors of my own subjectivity also. God retreats from me as fast and as far as before, and even vanishes clean out of sight. I may scale the farthest heights of the speculative or the moral reason, and look over into the vast Beyond, and nothing appears in the gaping void but the infinite darkness, into which the owls of atheism might hoot for ever without the smallest chance of a returning echo.

Frightened at this result, the naturalistic philosophy hastens to shift its ground, — Oh! the moral nature is not phenomenal but noumenal: it is not *representative* of God but *presentative*. Very well: then the moral conscience is itself God, for that is what it presents; and the essential Divine is transferred to the human consciousness and inclosed within the conditions of humanity, and God sinks and is lost in man. Man himself becomes God. The highest Theism is the most enormous Egoism; it is man lifting himself into the infinite, as Baur says;* or again, the soul swelling to the "circle

* In dem wissen um seine Endlichkeit, stellt sich das Subject über sine Endlichkeit es geht in demselben in sich selbt zuruck, um die schranken seiner, Endlichkeit zu durchbrechen, und sich uber sie zum absoluten zu erheben. — *Dreieinigkeit*, vol. iii. p. 752.

of the universe," — as Emerson says,* — probably the greatest swell that human nature ever accomplished; the limit, certainly, where swelling can no further go. And here we are impaled alternately on these two relentless horns. Say the moral nature only gives us phenomena, and we run dead into the abyss of atheism; say it gives us noumena, and we are clutched forthwith by an all-devouring Pantheism: and between these two we vibrate all the way from Descartes down to Comte, until Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Mansel condescend to take us up, and toss us back into the protection of the old theology, there to mutter our creeds and pater-nosters without asking what they mean, or whether they mean any thing, — which probably they do not. And here we are turned out of house and home, and Truth herself runs, and grasps the horns of the old altars, for fear of being crucified between two thieves a second time.

I take Kant and his successors as simply representative of a whole phase of thought, and because they drive things to their conclusions honestly, and give us logic where others give sentiment and declamation, or filch the truths of Revelation, and send them up as sky-rockets which they profess to have manufactured from their own bitumen and saltpetre.

2. So, again, Naturalism is utterly impotent to formulate any doctrine of immortality.

It is perfectly clear that the idea of deathless existence cannot be proved from nature. Nature knows of no such existence. Nature is always dying, and she never re-appears in the identical forms which she has lost. Immortal existence being given, we can illustrate the doctrine from nature; we can embody and enrobe it, and for this she lends us her sweetest analogies, and her choicest beauty and bloom. But unless the doctrine is given from above and beyond nature, the analogies stop short at the grave, and the symbol becomes empty. The figure in which we imbodied and enrobed it is

* "The soul knows no persons. It invites every man to expand to the full circle of the universe, and will have no preferences but those of spontaneous love." "That which shows God out of me makes me a wart and a wen." — *Emerson's Cambridge Address*, pp. 13, 14.

only a figure; and so the robe is a shroud, and the body is a corpse. Nor can we prove it from consciousness. We are conscious of the present only, the now and here; to say we are conscious of what *will* be, is simple solecism of speech. Theodore Parker avows his consciousness of immortality. If he had avowed a memory of what took place before he had existence, and that he was present at the birth of his grandfather, he would not have uttered more palpable nonsense. I am conscious of wants, of unutterable longings towards an infinite future, and I hope they will have an endless impletion out of the affluence of God. And from these wants and longings and hopes, I come to a presumption and a tremulous perhaps; and that is all. But, granted the presumption, I get not the faintest whisper from nature or consciousness of the process and method of the immortal life. Naturalism is utterly impotent to construct a pneumatology; for she has not a shred to build it with, except what she borrows from flesh and sense, and these are worthless for that end, as we leave them behind us at the grave. Beyond that boundary, not only the reason cannot enter, but imagination even drops her wing, and falls dead, like the fabled birds, over the Sea of Sodom. She may spin theories of the immortal life out of her own subjective state; they will be just as likely to answer to the reality, as the house which the spider weaves out of her own bowels answers to the great world around of sky and forest and landscape. Hence naturalism hastens into one of two results: her immortality is not a conscious and personal one, but unconscious and impersonal, and on the plane of nature, — man melting back into the bosom of the All, to turn up somewhere else under a new phasis of natural life. What a priesthood of comfort must hers be by the side of a new-made grave! There, as the mother lays her first-born within the devouring vortices of nature, her tear is dried by the assurance that somewhere or some time it may turn out again as a pansy or a glow-worm. If Hamlet had only lived late enough to find comfort from Hegel and Shelling, he need not have feared what dreams might rise hereafter, for the sleep of death has no dreams to disturb any man's pillow.

The other and last resource of naturalism is necromancy. Three millions are said at this moment to embark with the ghost-seers their main hopes of an hereafter, of which neither the old Church nor the new science could give them any tolerable authentication.

> "They call on dreams and visions to disclose
> That which is veiled from waking thought; conjure
> Eternity as men constrain a ghost
> To appear and answer; to the grave they speak
> Imploringly; look up and ask the heavens
> If angels traverse their cerulean floors;
> If fixed or wandering star can tidings yield
> Of the departed spirit."

And they call in vain; for the only spirit-world which necromancy has ever disclosed, is the nature-world, extended, but depleted of substance,—the pale mirage of nature inverted, and pictured on the clouds.

3. Just as impotent is naturalism to construct any doctrine of regeneration so as to go down with it as the candle of the Lord, into the deeps of human sinfulness, to explain man to himself and to cleanse him. Naturalism knows of nothing but development. She shows us no other way to perfection than that which conducts plants and animals to theirs; and thinks that men are to be grown like oysters and sunflowers. Put man under good climatic conditions, and Mr. Buckle and Professor Draper will unfold him under natural law as uniform as that which produces peaches and pears. But the great problem of every religion which has ever worked profoundly has been the spiritual evil in man, revealed in his deepest consciousness, and giving him eternal unrest, and sighs and prayers for deliverance. Not the light of nature solves this to us, but a light from above nature, shining down into the chaos of our own evils and passions, showing us the foes of our own household, making them to stand forth open and confessed and black in the light, and giving us a chance to grapple and slay them. Hence the Christian regeneration is not development, but a conflict and a victory, and a song of deliverance. The strong men of the world, who have done its highest work, have not

been the sunflower developments, but the men who have come triumphantly out of this conflict, and have spoken words out of that deeper experience which went to man's deepest experience again, — the Pauls, the Augustines, the Luthers, the Swedenborgs, and the Wesleys. This terrible fact of inborn evil, naturalism can make nothing of; so she blinks it, or resolves it into physical causes. The experience of these grand old saints, the strongest and healthiest men the world knows of, whose words have cloven their way to our deepest needs, and who have come so serenely out of the fight with the Dragon under their feet, naturalism has no philosophy to explain. Oh, this consciousness of sin is a disturbance of the physical functions! and in place of conversion, repentance, and regeneration, she prescribes a change of diet or a change of air. She either makes it a morbid action of the spiritual nature, or remands the whole question from the spiritual nature to the digestive organs. The light of nature shines only upon the natural man, — the merest surface and cuticle of our real humanity; never into his profounder consciousness, there to resolve him, and set the angel and the demon in him face to face in divine light, and on a clear, open field.

Farther than this, and as a last result, evil is changed by naturalism into good, it being the rough rind of very healthful and delicious fruit. Sinners are saints, rather green and undeveloped, but fast coming into ripeness and perfection, if you only keep them under good external conditions, like melons in the sun. In the inevitable tendency of naturalism to swamp the divine in the human, and to merge God in the dumb forces of the universe, evil, as such, whether moral or natural, not only disappears, but becomes the form and phasis of the Divinity itself. It is only *Deus extensus*, as Spinoza says, or God becoming phenomenal. Or it is the Infinite coming to self-consciousness, as Hegel says, or God become human. The old Orthodoxy conceived of the Deity only from the supernatural and the superhuman; and so she divested him of every humane and lovely attribute. The new naturalism looks only from the natural and the human,

and so makes him altogether like herself. The last word of the old supernaturalism was the demonization of God. The last word of the new naturalism is the deification of the Devil.

We come now to the ulterior question, whether the spirit of the age is the grand sweep of the divine current into its culminating period, or whether, like the spirit of every foregoing age, it is partial and preparatory, and on one side the *reductio ad absurdum* of the falsities and follies of the age, and a prophecy of things to be; and, if so, what?

What else can it be but a future close at hand, in which both the supernatural and the natural, both the divine and the human, both the spirit-world and the material, shall come to their full rights, and illustrate each other with a harmonization of both, such as the Church had never seen. All that naturalism pulled down was a clog and a hinderance, a false and artificial nature, such as priests and monks had formulated; not fit to be the symbol and the clothing of Christianity in her absolute perfection and glory. Nature, as the new science discloses her, is only adequate to give revelation her language and ritual; and Christianity breaks from the old symbolism, as she broke from the wrappages of Judaism, into a new forthgoing for salvation and blessing.

It would be presumption in me, to attempt to cast the horoscope of that future; only we may watch the signs of the new Orthodoxy, for they announce its advent already as clearly as the purple clouds of the dawn announce the approach of day. We need not trouble ourselves to change the character of the old theology, or refute its errors: it is changing fast as need be, by a power which comes to it through an internal way. It holds fast to its supernaturalism while we are letting ours slip; and it holds fast the great truths involved, and even puts them in diviner forms: and it does this with a plastic power which I do not believe we have yet brought to bear to the same extent upon our Unitarian dogmas. Dr. Bushnell's noble argument gives both terms their full emphasis, neither involving the nature-world in the spiritual, nor the spirit-world in the natural, but

bringing each to its rights, in order that each may adjust and complement the other.

And how remarkable is the fact that naturalism, whenever she has attempted to antagonize revelation, has only assaulted the mere letter, touching only the rough rind, not so much as seeing the divine contents, or piercing to the ambrosial fruit. I presume we may take the late "Leben Jesu" of Strauss as its last and most skilful exploit in the way of negative criticism. Having sharpened its weapons to their finest point and keenness, and tried them thirty years whenever there was the least appearance of a seam or a flaw, Strauss gives us these six hundred pages to prove that both the gospels and the Christ are unhistorical. Mr. Norton's great argument seems to me to have anticipated nearly all his objections, and to have brushed them aside with a strength and scholarly ease which leave the historical argument perfectly impregnable. But all this aside as mere opinion, it is very evident, that somebody wrote the Gospels, and that somehow the Christ got imbodied in the literature of this world. This debate about proper names becomes utterly insignificant; and Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John may indicate unknown amanuenses or dragomen, for aught we care, when once we have a front view of the great truths they disclose, and that life, divinely human, where dwells the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Proper names, says Swedenborg, are not known in heaven, but qualities only.

There was a man who started from Jerusalem towards Damascus, on a mission of persecution and murder, proud, cruel, and vindictive: he came from Damascus with a heart yearning towards all mankind, with the humility of a child, and with affections as tender as a woman's love. He went towards Damascus with an intellect narrowed down to a rapier's point, and harder than its steel: he came from Damascus with an intellect broadened and fused with divine fire, and with a logic so invincible, and with its links so warm with the Holy Ghost, that it moulded the thought of the world for eighteen centuries. What changed him?

Epileptic fits, says Mr. Strauss.* He was liable to swoons, and seeing spectres, which he called his thorn in the flesh.

There was a time when the darkness of spiritual death covered the face of the world as with a pall; when men and women worshipped their own lusts in the groves of Astarte; and when the God who ruled the heavens and the earth, and whose image filled the niches of the temples, was an adulterer and a tyrant. Down through this darkness, like a new sun risen, not on midnoon but midnight, descends a form of divine and human perfections, transcending not merely the thought of that age but the ideals of all the ages; and along with it came a new influx of power, a procession of the Holy Spirit, which swept through the heart of the race in Pentecostal gales, taking man, prone in the dust, and setting him upon his feet, searching the styes of sensuality, and cleansing them, inaugurating a new order of virtues, creating a new world out of the old moral chaos, and, for the sinners and the harlots, giving to history the apostles' glorious company, the noble army of martyrs, and the saintly women in spotless robes. Who stands at the head of this procession of creative power, and this new order of heavenly years? A fictitious character, say these critics, which the age created out of its own seething passions and imaginations. The age first created the Christ, and then the Christ created it, — the process which naturalism prescribes for lifting ourselves into the infinite by main strength, and by taking hold of ourselves.

That system we call Christianity, in the centre of which is Christ in his divine humanity, giving us the moral perfections of God in their unclouded blaze, with a whole series of truth ordered and harmonized around this one; pertaining to the nature of man, his redemption, his regeneration, his immortality, his retribution, the procession of the Holy Spirit to implete his nature, and cleanse it, — that system which spans the age, and all the ages, like a firmament of lights to guide them out of darkness, comes of the forged books of a dark period, and the brain of a sick man who lost his wits

* Leben Jesu, p. 302.

in epileptic swoons! The world will believe this, when they believe some crazy mechanic from Bedlam, who should come along and assure us, that, with his trowel and mortar, he built the splendid arches of the milky way.

But I must not pursue these reflections; for they lead us into a field of Christian evidence delightful enough, but which requires not an address but a treatise. I merely indicate the fact, that, while naturalism is potent to pull down false religions, she is utterly impotent to reach that supernaturalism out of which comes an absolute Christianity. Its whole argument proceeds on the assumption, that there is only one world, — a nature-world; and that all the work of God and man is only within its narrow beats and circulations. Granted a spirit-world of causes, and a nature-world of phenomena, and Strauss's criticism becomes worthless and even contemptible.

Not only this. There is not a doctrine of Christianity which the new science, instead of damaging, does not serve to shape and formulate with fresh beauty and universality. What new significance is given to the facts of the gospel histories, when you construe them, not as exceptional and miraculous, but as ranging under law, and conserving the supreme order as much as a sunrise, or a shower of rain! Granted a supernatural world above the natural, and always acting within it, to create it, and keep it young, and the facts of the New-Testament narratives simply indicate higher laws than we had dreamed of, coming full circle, and only searing our eyeballs because we had failed to see how radiant and profound and comprehending they are. The supernatural world, out of which came the angelophanies and the glorified Christ, in a light so great, that it dimmed the Syrian noon, and struck Saul of Tarsus stone blind for three days, and the Tübingen critics stone blind for a whole lifetime, is the only source to which we can track the stream of Christian history with any decent show of rationality; and so the immortal life is given to us, not as something we feel after in our groping consciousness, but given by eternal blazon and disclosure. The resurrection of Christ the third day,

brings into open light a LAW OF RESURRECTION, under which all the generations have escaped the worm and the claiming grave, and the saints of all time have burst the cerements of the flesh, —

> "And passed through Glory's morning gate
> To walk in Paradise."

The heaven and hell which naturalism has chased off the plane of material things become more dread realities as the apocalypse of man, and the scenery of his spiritual life, and of an eternal world lying open to the eye of faith in splendor and gloom such as the old Orthodoxy has never described nor dreamed of.

But I must not pursue these illustrations, which might be extended through the whole circle of Christian doctrine. I turn to you, fathers and brothers of the ministry of Christ, with one beseeching word. You propose a new and more efficient denominational action. You mean to organize a Broad Church to do its work in these sorrowful times, — to sow the deserts with the seed of truth, and make them blossom anew. Remember, I pray you, that a Broad Church does not mean breadth in material space, and that Christian catholicity and comprehension do not mean the swooping-in of all classes and characters, four-footed beasts and creeping things. It is *spiritual* breadth, not spacial; it is catholicity of ideas, not of surfaces; it is enlargement of affection, not of ecclesiastical geography; it is wholeness of doctrine, not agglomeration of mobs and multitudes. A naturalized religion is the most narrow, the most partial, the most one-sided, the most shallow, and therefore the most exclusive and uncatholic, of all religions. It halves the universe horizontally, taking only the lower base as its own, shutting itself in there, and seeing nothing else. It knows only the nature-side of things: it knows the Divinity even only by first swamping him in nature and in man. That other half, which transcends nature and sense and consciousness, ascending above and beyond them all, "by those bright steps which heavenward raise their practicable way," she does not know

and, by her methods, she never can know. She halves the building, and takes the lowest room, leaving out the ascending stories, whose outlook commands the land of Beulah and the Delectable Mountains. Call it the low church, one story high, spiritually sectional, or cut in two, truncated. Do not call it broad or high or catholic, where half is put for the whole, and the lower half too.

Now bear in mind, that among the people thrown to-day upon the care of Christendom are four millions of Africans, emerging, thank God! into the prerogatives of manhood and womanhood, and, as we pray God, into the rights of citizenship, needing to be educated, guided, elevated, refined, and Christianized. They are Oriental in their whole make and temperament, and they live in the supernatural, and breathe it as fishes breathe water, and would die out of it as soon. What sort of a figure should we make, going to them with a Christianity cut in two, with the supernatural half thrown away! Then, again, are the millions of mean whites, North and South, and rich and poor, who do not know the meaning of an oath or of moral distinctions, or of a spiritual nature in man, which outvalues and outshines his worldly trappings. The church of this age, which God will own, has a missionary work to do among them. These men have had natural development enough, God knows, — only they developed towards Satan and his angels by that process, till they fixed an eternal blot on the civilization of the age, and well nigh put it out in a sea of blood. It matters not how many of the men of the age we swoop into our lines, unless we have a theology profound and strong enough to resolve them to their lowest consciousness, till the brute and the demon in them are seen renounced, crucified, and cast out, in order that the angel may have room to unfold. It signifies not to get multitudes into our camp, unless we can wash them, and clothe them, and equip them, and give them weapons to use, and powder and ball to put into their rifles that will hit somewhere. One of the good things, and the very best things, said at the national conference was, that we have something else to do besides liberalizing Orthodoxy; even to go among

the slaves of self, of lust, and of worldliness, with a gospel which shall convict, convert, and cleanse them, and present them to the Head of the Church, clothed in white, and in their right mind. But we cannot do this by preaching sentiment, or preaching rhetoric, or preaching our intuitions, backed only by our puny individualism. To do this, we must have organized truth as well as organized numbers, — a Christianity neither halved, nor nebulous, nor antagonizing itself, but sheltered and urged by the majestic authority of the Christ, and the best experience of eighteen hundred years; and of a Church so broad and so high, that it includes all the truth of the past, and all the germs of the future, — which has outlived all the changes of society and all the wrecks of empire, while still "we hear within, her solemn voice and her unending song!"

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

INTRODUCTORY.

LIEBSTER JESU, WIR SIND HIER.

TOBIAS CLAUSNITZER, 1671.

Dear Redeemer, we are here
On thy word and thee attending.
Grant me thoughts intent and clear,
To thy heavenly precepts bending;
And, from all uncleanness sifted,
Let our hearts to thee be lifted.

All we think, and all we know,
Is with doubt and cloud surrounded,
If thy Spirit do not show
Light revealed and mercy sounded.
Thoughts that to all good would win us
Thou thyself must prompt within us.

Ray of Wisdom glorified,
Light from God's own light appearing,
Make us prompt on every side;
Open heart and mouth and hearing,
Praying, singing, and confessing, —
Let them all draw down a blessing.

HYMN FOR THE BLIND.

O God! To thine all-seeing ken
The night and day are one;
The blackness of earth's deepest den,
And flaming of the sun.

Both lend to eyes of mortal race
Their sweet and mingled aid;
And blest in its alternate place
The shining and the shade.

For us a cloud is on the sight,
And nature's face is hid;
Alike untouched by figured light
The eyeball and the lid.

So it hath pleased thee, God! Be each
Sore plaint and passion still;
And holy thoughts kneel down, and teach
Submission to that will.

From all our diminutions, Lord,
Let trust and love increase;
And all our hinderances reward
With patience and with peace.

Oh, clear the mind! Be more and more
The invisible revealed;
And spirits brighten at the door,
When all without is sealed! N. L. F.

June 8, 1865.

THE SINNER'S PEACE, THROUGH CHRIST, BY FAITH.

PAUL says, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Justified by faith! Peace with God through Christ! What are we to understand by this? What facts, if any, of our moral or spiritual life correspond to this? Did these expressions of Paul get emptied of their meaning, when the circumstances of the dispute between the Jews and the Gentiles became obsolete as a point of difference? or are there still substantial realities underneath these expressions? This last question may be answered either affirmatively or negatively, according to the personal experience of the party answering. It is but stating the case as it truly stands, to say that some do and some do not find that these expressions of the apostle stand for something real in their experience. I regard the early dispute between the "circumcision and the uncircumcision" as but the occasion for Paul's doctrine of justification being stated.

That dispute did not give rise to the doctrine, although it may have given occasion for its being stated just as it was. The need of justification has its root much deeper in human nature than any mere local or external circumstances can place it. There was a fact in Paul's own spiritual history or experience, which corresponded to and gave rise to his expression, — "being justified by faith." We may be able more or less accurately to describe this fact, if not able fully to analyze it. We can describe it only in so far as our own experience corresponds and harmonizes with that of Paul. Nor is it such a difficult thing as some persons think. For in the essentials which go to make up human nature, and a genuine Christian experience, in what did Paul differ from any one of us to-day? In not one particular.

That which destroys the harmonious relation which originally exists between God the Father, and all of his children, was the same in Paul's case as in ours.

It was the same giving way to that dark spirit of evil, which, from below our consciousness, and independent of our will, rises up in all our minds, — the same bending before the tempter which gave to Paul the consciousness of guilt, and alienation from God, and produced the feeling of the need of being justified. Temptation, in principle, is the same in every age. Sin is the same. I can see a great spiritual truth in that oft-scouted exclamation of the newly awakened soul, to which is brought home the exceeding sinfulness of sin as seen in the tragedy of Calvary, — "'Twas I that did it!" There is really more truth in this than is generally admitted. Our sin, whatever *form* it may take, is, in principle, the same with the sin of those who nailed Jesus to the cross. Our *guilt* may be a matter of more or less; but the spirit is the same, — the God-defying spirit.

In Paul's case, as in ours, it was a revelation of himself as he was, and of the high and holy ideal which he was by God intended to be, which gave to him his deep sense of unworthiness. He sees, with unutterable delight, the beauty and the glory of his soul's possible attainment; but, in the penetrating light of this vision, he cannot help being appalled at the sight of his sin-stained and unworthy self. He may be told that God is good, merciful, kind, ready to forgive; but he knows also that God is just, and he himself is sin-stained, if not still sinful. How can Paul, or any one in the same moral condition, be made to feel that God can be just, and yet accept such a soul?

The law demands perfection. In Christ is seen that perfection realized. He was tempted, yet was without any stain of sin. Such an one only is it possible that God in justice can justify. Such, at least, is the judgment of the quickened conscience. The sinner sees, clearer than ever before, the utter disparity between himself and the Holy One of God. He can feel no moral ground in himself, or of himself, upon which he can seek acceptance without doing violence to his own sense of justice. And here let me say, that I do not regard the difficulty as on the side of God. It is altogether in man himself. God may be standing ready

with open arms to receive the penitent; but the penitent must be forgiven, and accepted, if at all, on ground which will do no violence to his own ideal of God's character of justice. The sinner does not feel that the sense of alienation is removed by mere virtue of his having ceased to sin, and desired to be forgiven. His sense of justice upbraids him with his unworthiness and guilt; and he asks, Why should I be accepted of God? I who have had opportunity of virtue, and have neglected it! I who have had light, and have sinned against it! God loves me, it may be; but he is just, and I have sinned, and deserve not to enjoy his love. And the soul might beat about, seeking peace and finding none, for many a day, if God himself did not come to the rescue. The soul turns to its ideal of life, finds that actualized even more perfectly in Christ. Here is a life such as God requires: at once it approves itself to the soul's sense of justice; but nowhere else can such beauty and holiness be seen, and yet it is what God seeks of all. And to meet this very difficulty in the way of the sinner's peace has God thus, in Christ, come; not, however, to remove any obstacle on the divine side, but a real one on the human side. And the soul, turning its eager eye of faith on the actualized perfection of God, as seen in the life of Christ, — culminating as it does in the tragedy of Calvary, when for the sin of the world, that it might lose its domination over the lives and hearts of men, the spotless one of God freely gives himself up to death. Here, indeed, is something which fills up the soul's ideal of what God requires. This he can approve, and be just. And the soul longs to be that thing of truth and beauty. Oh that I were like him! And the soul that admires him, — the Holy One, — forsakes sin, and desires to be like him, and by faith holds him before the eye of the spirit, has, by a law of God, born within it, a spirit kindred to the one which is the secret of all the perfection which is seen in Christ; and which, because it is perfection, and promises to give a ground of acceptance with God, attracts the soul as nothing else can; and peace at last is won.

Now, a partaker of the spirit which gives value to the life

of Christ, makes it, indeed, what it is: the obstacle to a consciousness of acceptance with God is, in part at least, removed. The soul can now see, that, in virtue of the spirit which is now in it, capable as that spirit is seen to be of producing a life like that manifested by Christ, — the soul can feel that God can accept it; not, indeed, in virtue of what it has done, but because of the spirit which it is of, and has identified itself with. That spirit, the soul sees and feels, is of God: it makes him who has it one with God. Alienation from the Father — the chief part of punishment — no longer exists: the other consequences of sin, the soul knows it cannot escape, and has no desire to escape; but these are now felt, in the new relation to be, not punishment, as before, but the merciful agents of purification. The soul feels justified, not by the merits of Christ placed over to its account as a balance for its own unworthiness, but by the spirit made its own by faith, and the grace of God.

God, in his great mercy, has set forth an object to our faith, which if we accept in the true spirit of penitence and trust, a kindred spirit is generated in us, and is the ground of our acceptance, of our justification. We are justified, not by deeds of the law, but by the spirit, by which alone is the fulfilment of the law. That spirit we make ours: so far as its possession by us depends on us, we make it ours by faith: by faith, then, we are justified. Thus have we peace with God. Not that God needed or required all this to remove any obstacle to our peace which existed in him, but that we might be enabled ourselves to feel at peace with him.

The need of the tragedy of Calvary originated with man. Nor does it affect the force of this to say that God knew beforehand that the need would exist. It does not, in fact, exist till man has alienated himself from God by transgression. The need existing, the Father sends his Beloved One to call home the wanderers, that he may bless them with a realization of his great love, and that they may experience that peace which a revelation of themselves shows them they so much need. Through Christ that peace is ours.

G.

THE ANGEL TO THE BELOVED.

An angel knocketh at the door, —
The same sweet face I've seen before;
All busily I sit and sew;
All fondly group the home ones few;
Scarcely the faintest breezes move;
We feel the breath of holy love.

The angel glideth to our side;
To her pure presence open wide
The inmost souls of all within:
She sits again where she hath been.
Do we not know and feel her near, —
The beautiful, the wept, the dear?

Sweet love dispels our sadness now;
No shadow dims that radiant brow.
From sunny lands in yonder home
To stricken hearts she here hath come.
We listen to the thrilling tone, —
The silence answers, "'Tis her own."

"Bear up in patient, cheerful faith,"
The gentle spirit, joyous, saith.
"Those ye call dead love not the tears
With which the mourning cloud their years,
But, hovering o'er the grassy sod,
Point upward to the living God.

"Labor and trust, and plant the flowers
Of peace and hope o'er life's swift hours,
Making a link both strong and true
Between my new-born life and you;
My own immortal, happy state,
Where o'er my love I watch and wait.

"Bend humbly at the holy shrine;
Drink in a stronger life divine, —
A consecration high and pure;
Love that through ages shall endure;

And make my memory evermore
A life and light within your door."

Lo! oft she sits beside us now,
And wipes the anguish from our brow,
And opens sunlight and sweet peace;
Lets beauty in as tear-drops cease;
And fills our cup with hope and joy,
Which earthly ill can ne'er destroy. ***

LETTER ABOUT SWEDENBORG.

[A friend who embraces Swedenborg's philosophy, but repugns the Swedenborgian sect, sends us the following, in correction of what he deems our erroneous impressions, stated or implied in our article on the Church of the New Age. We give it as the view of one whose intuitions are remarkably broad, deep, and clear, and whose spirit is one of most Christian catholicity. — s.]

And this brings me again to the defence of my beloved counsellor and philosopher, Swedenborg, against what I deem the erroneous impressions you have received of his sexual condition. And here, too, allow me to state what seems to me to be the specific character and the unique worth of Swedenborg's philosophy to mankind. In his works, the fundamental truths of, first, The Divine Man; second, The Grand Man (*Maximus Homo*); third, The Societary Man; fourth, The Individual Man; and, fifth, The Perpetual Influx *from* the first *to* the last through the intermediates, by which all live, move, and have their being, — have taken, in the mind and works of Swedenborg, for the first time in history, pronounced, positive, *scientific form.*

There is no truth small or great in his pages, save perhaps that of discrete degrees, which cannot be found more or less perfectly announced in the works of other philosophers, of the "fathers," the saints, the seers, of earlier times. But in their hands and in their minds, these truths were at war with that young Hercules, — science. They sacrificed, most religiously, the latter to save the former. Swedenborg, with his

broad scientific culture and open spiritual vision, saw simultaneously in both worlds, and harmonized their existence. Receiving his illumination, the Word is fulfilled, — There shall not be war any more: nation shall not lift up sword against nation; and there is nothing to hurt or destroy. It now remains for men, in their individual and collective experience, in their spiritual and natural experience, to realize the harmony of this order. The key-note, the pass-word, of this new age is universal harmony, — harmony unbroken, between the senses, the reason, the spirit, revelation, and the Lord. Our salvation is the realization in our experience of this truth. Our choicest illumination is a deep consciousness and intuition of its reality. Our redemption is delivery from the discord and unhappiness and evil arising from states antagonistic to this harmony; is, therefore, a state of soul and body induced by the full reception of the divine Influx alike in our inmost and outmost being, harmonizing all with all by that sweet utterance, "Peace, be still!" Our peace *is* this harmony reigning within our conscious experience. Harmony is heaven. Discord is hell. Of this new movement in human life, — in history, say, — Swedenborg was the John the Baptist. He trod the scientific wilderness, feeding upon its locusts and wild honey, and, clad with its coarse raiment, proclaiming the coming of the Lord even into this new state of the human mind. But there standeth one in the midst of the disciples of this age, whose shoe-latchet Swedenborg is not worthy to unloose. Swedenborg must decrease. He must increase. You will see by this where I locate Swedenborg. He has no ecclesiastical consequence to me whatever. But, as a philosophic theologian standing firm upon a scientific basis, he is a master to whom the world does not know the extent of its debt. Descending now from this higher land, where we see Swedenborg in character, all grandly costumed for the noble part the Supreme Manager had given him to perform, we come to his private life. Here I am disposed to defend Swedenborg; not because he was or pretended to be a saint, but because he partook of our common human nature, and was a sinner. The sinners, you know, are the

true saints. (*Vide* James.) And Swedenborg did not here hesitate to record himself in the worst possible light. He wrote down, as items of philosophic interest to him, if not to others, the minutest movements alike of his spiritual nature in the hour of *extase*, and of his sensual existence in hours of its greatest excitement. His dreams, his imaginations, his impulses, his thoughts, as things curious, yet common, which sprang from the soil of his nature, he faithfully catalogued; somewhat as a true botanist records with equal interest the noxious weed and the blooming fruit-tree. The modern or ancient saint has a fancy, that the regenerate man is released from all symptoms of human frailty, and would not accept instruction from a man "of like passions with" themselves, if they knew he was such. But, that this is a fallacious style of thought, we may readily conclude, from the fact, that a selfhood is the background upon which God creates his highest angels. Nor do I believe that any man can heartily accept the new order of things which is now working its way to predominance, unless he has had the consciousness of that selfhood thoroughly wrought out in his experience. Standing upon the platform of the "religious conscience," we might condemn Swedenborg's frailty (granting it all for the present purpose); and, indeed, from that same stand-point we might, could, and would condemn ourselves and the entire race to the everlasting abyss. But the man of the new age is a man of philosophic cast; and philosophy unfolds a new department of thought, catalogues the evils of human nature anew, and regards them with a view to their conquest or utilization by other than religious methods. In fact, the religious culture of the past is not equal to the task of regenerating us. No exclusively religious culture is. It is partial, obstinate, self-righteous, and inimical to any thing spontaneous or tender in our lives. It is most potent where an actual sight of interior truth, as applicable to the inner or outer life of the hour, is most wanting. Give me philosophic insight into my life, and how much more tenderly and calmly, and with how much more of human dignity, does that insight mediate between me and God, than ever did my bare religious

instinct. When my inner sight fails, I fall back naturally upon that instinct, but not till then. Now, I mean to say, that Swedenborg, regarded, not from the stand-point of Augustine, or of the emasculated Origen, but from that of the live thinkers and workers of the present time, will receive nothing but cordial good fellowship and a most fraternal regard. Brotherton, who was at that time in a very religious mood, and much in vogue with the "spirits," could not be expected to appreciate him. Wilkinson, who had the larger, freer, and happier mind, could see differently. Swedenborg is the first man I know of who was transparent with spiritual life, and yet free from the egotism of saintship; and I cannot but think that you will yet come to regard him with less severity, because you will come to consider him apart from the ancient standard of saintship, as a man who had passed that phase of life, and entered upon a higher, — one in which the religious conscience was subordinated to a superior spiritual and rational condition. I therefore indorse, without hesitation, Swedenborg's "Scortatory Love," as a true and celestial philosophy working out, or trying to work out, the most good in low states and with humble material. I also defend his sexual experience on philosophical grounds, whether his dreaming or his waking imaginations, as natural, and occupying their proper place in him, and as by no means damnatory. I also pray that it may not be the means of making him the butt for the small shafts of enthusiastic religionists, to whom his enlarged philosophy and fine spiritual development might otherwise be of incalculable service. Regarding his own sense of his uncleanness, too, I have a word that I would like to say. We circulate, in our various states, through the *Maximus Homo;* finding ourselves now under the biting influences of the gastric juice, and again undergoing the fetid castigations of the digestive organs, before we are prepared to ascend to higher places and nobler uses in the organism. The sense of one's condition in some of these transitions can hardly be such as to exalt self-esteem. Yet such is the order of our lives. As for myself, I am just now about as thoroughly stagnant as I can be. I am looking for the dawn of a bright,

new day upon this night-condition. I do not regulate the rising and the setting of the spiritual suns any more than the natural. R. N. F.

LOWLY SERVICE.

THE work appointed thee
Do with thy might,
Small though that work may seem
In man's dim sight.

Strive thou, nor vainly ask
A loftier place;
Adorn thy humble lot
With Christian grace.

Win thou thy patient way
To nobler powers:
From seeds the forest grows,
The year from hours.

God seeth not as we;
The sparrow's fall
Is noted by the eye
That guideth all

The mighty worlds, that keep
With silent force
While countless ages roll
Their solemn course.

By little deeds of love
Thy soul may climb,
As glide the fleeting years,
To heights sublime.

Thy taper's tiny ray,
If used aright,
May shine through endless years,
An orb of light.

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER IX. — TRANSITION.

It was nearly four weeks before I saw Arthur again. Some business connected with the settlement of an estate, confided to me, had caused my absence, and we got into the fierce cold and snows of winter before my return home.

Meantime, as I learned, there had been a medical consultation at his house. The best professional advice of the county veiled the result of examination by reporting, that there was no immediate danger, and that, possibly, a warmer climate might be serviceable. Of course, there was a fixed grasp of disease.

The suggestion of a voyage met with no favor from Arthur, who received in like manner another proposal, from some friends in the city, that he should pass the winter with them, where a more uniform temperature might be secured. He preferred his home, the sight of those who had been his daily associates, the companionship of his books, and the invisible presence of the venerated and loved who made that home sacred.

For my part, I felt that both right feeling and good sense had led to this decision. The front square chamber of his house, with its sunny exposure and cheerful views, offered the greatest attraction; and it had been fitted up with reference to his wants. There for several days he had been installed.

I did not see so much change in his appearance as I expected. His face had more pallor, and his eyes were more sunken; but he met me with his usual smile, and cordial shake of the hand. He entered at once into conversation, asking particularly, with a little twinkling of fun as I thought, how I succeeded in parrying the designs of a man who, as he knew, had given me trouble.

Neighbor. — Oh! he proved a thorn in my side to the very last. It is almost inconceivable, with how many obstacles, and with how

much spite, he has opposed a settlement of this case. And, what is worst of all, his selfish schemes are always clothed with the garb of religion.

Arthur. — Ah, well, neighbor! it is something to remember that hypocrisy is not a common vice of our times.

Neighbor. — What is your explanation of the fact? that all the coin of the land is so base that counterfeiting does not pay?

Arthur. — Quite on the other hand; it is because the genuine is too well known by all. We have learned to assay the metal, and trust less the image and superscription. It is only in times which ascribe an exaggerated importance to professions and forms, that we offer a premium for hypocrisy.

Neighbor. — Well, I am sometimes surprised that the unworthy lives of its friends have not driven religion away from the world.

Arthur. — And, therefore, the stronger must be your inference that it has a divine power in itself; as we learn from that pretty Italian story of which you may have heard.

Neighbor. — I wish you would tell the story, as I do not know what you refer to.

Arthur. — Its chief interest arises from its being one of the tales with which the Italian novelists, two hundred years before the Reformation, lashed the vices of the Papal court. It says, that in a circle of merchants in Paris, in the fourteenth century, was an excellent and estimable Jew, who had often been urged by his friends to become a Christian, as it pained them to think that the soul of so wise and good a man should, through defect of faith, go to perdition. Abraham had been so much importuned on this subject, that finally he resolved to go to Rome, to study the religion at its fountain-head: a decision which his companions with all earnestness opposed, as they knew that what he would see there, so far from promising to make a Jew become a Christian, was far more likely to force a Christian to become a Jew.

But Abraham was not to be turned aside from his purpose. So he mounted his horse, made his long journey, kept his eyes and ears wide open, and, after many months, was welcomed back by his friends in Paris, who assembled to hear his decision.

He told them, that, in the capital of Christendom, he found no holiness, no devotion, no virtue, — but luxury, avarice, lust, instead; and that it appeared to him, that, if the pope, cardinals, bishops, priests, had been intent on driving religion out of the

world, they could not take any course more effectual than that now pursued. "And yet," said he, "this religion from age to age is advancing, and with every generation is becoming more clear and commanding; nor can I now fail to see the reason of this, — there must needs be an Almighty Spirit as its foundation and support:" and upon this he was immediately baptized with all demonstrations of joy.

Such is the story, written, as you perceive, in a particular interest, and possibly having slender foundation in fact. Yet Abraham's inference was not much out of the way, after all.

Neighbor. — I thank you for the story, which is new to me. I think the inference is one which few, under such circumstances, would be wise enough to draw. But, Mr. Arthur, I have been thinking, when I see you here, interested in your studies, and surrounded by your books, how many resources you must have for the confinement which, as I understand, is prescribed for you.

Arthur. — Oh! my confinement is not absolute. I contrive to get a ride every pleasant day. Yet, neighbor, what you observe is very true. A plenty of books, and a taste for using them, are things to be thankful for. How wonderful that the great minds of the world may come to my chamber, and whisper their best thoughts into my ear! Their dominion for ages seems to turn into a hollow pageant the pomp of wealth and of power, seen only for a day.

Neighbor. — That reflection, a friend tells me, came very strongly to him in Westminster Abbey, in going from the Chapel, where the Kings and Queens of England are nothing but dust, to the Poet's Corner, with those who still "rule us from their sceptred urns."

Arthur. — Ah, yes! and the exalted conception this gives us of the soul of man seems some foreshadowing of its immortality.

Neighbor. — But it is haunted by a scruple. The mass of human beings give us no high conception of their nature. It is only a few mountain-peaks of humanity, that lead up your thoughts to immortality; what shall we say of the uncounted multitude on the broad plains, in the low vallies and dark caverns, of life?

Arthur. — Let us say, that all minds are of one family; and that the growth of a helpless infant, in a few years, to become a Plato or a Milton, may be more wonderful than the growth of all pure souls, after a little training in the other world, to a point far higher than that where Milton or Plato stood.

Neighbor. — So I believe, Mr. Arthur; but I think we might be more sure of it, if we knew what death is.

Arthur. — Though that be true, neighbor, and true also that only by passing through the change shall we know what it is, still how many things offer us obvious and, if we will but ponder them, far-reaching suggestions. So that we need not be like children trembling in the dark, but may have the calmness of a sure trust.

Neighbor. — I think so, too; and I regard it as one token of an advanced Christian culture, that much of the old superstitious fright has given place to a more composed and tranquil submission.

Arthur. — How I should love to live in the times when a higher Christian consciousness shall appropriate and use the softened modes of expression struck out in the first exultation of the Christian faith, — that death is "abolished," "swallowed up in victory;" is "not tasted" by the believer, who is "delivered from its bondage;" that "Lazarus sleepeth," and the departed have "fallen asleep in Jesus!" And then, you know, a generation or two later, in the days of persecution, when believers lived in the Catacombs underneath the city of Rome, they recorded on those marble tablets, — thousands of which have been preserved to our day, — that a "father had gone in peace;" a mother had been "borne away by the angels;" a child had been "taken in the arms of the Good Shepherd."

Times of great trial summon up those more courageous virtues that mate and master the fear of death, which seems to become excessive and morbid amid the soft indulgences of life. Doubtless that fear is not too strong for the purpose for which it was bestowed, as is manifest not only from repeated instances of suicide, but from the readiness to rush to war, and to engage in perilous business occupations; from the ease with which any strong passion sets it aside, and the general recklessness as to health: still, when we have but little else to think of, this fear unhappily assumes appalling proportions, as to a child does the taking of medicine, or the extraction of a tooth.

Neighbor. — If we look to nature, we see that the things which are common to all are benignant, — life, sleep, the sun, the air, water; so that it was a short, but not unwise, inference of one who said, "Death cannot be an evil, because it is universal."

Arthur. — Yes; and, if we look again to nature, we see that all her processes are gentle. In her general plans, there is nothing

abrupt and violent. By what kind approaches does night succeed day! By what imperceptible gradations does one season of the year follow another! See, how gently youth grows up to manhood, and manhood attains to old age! Is death an exception to this plan?

Let us remember, that, by our violation of the physical laws of our being, death often comes more abruptly and painfully than nature intended. And let us remember another thing, — that we see death only on one side. If to survivors, left with the shell of the flown bird in their hands, the transition seems startling, let us ask, how does it seem to the freed? What if a consciousness of their change, lost in this world in slumber, dawns on them, in the world to come, as does the morning light with us when one awakes out of sleep? "Our little life is rounded with a sleep," perhaps as gently and kindly as any of those other processes of nature here referred to.

Neighbor. — If we call death the passage from one condition of existence to another, may we not say we have already died two or three times? We died once when Infancy expired, and we went upwards into the life of Youth. We died again in Youth, when its tastes and pleasures deceased; and shall die again, when the ambitions and passions of Manhood shall be buried, and we shall pass on to the future state of Old Age.

And through these successive periods, though preserving our consciousness of identity, we have not only experienced marked physical changes, but have actually inhabited different bodies. I suppose it would be deemed extravagant to say, that, in a vast number of cases, the final departure from this body is attended with no more pain than the passage of one of our earthly bodies to another.

Arthur. — It would be contrary to the common impression; but I believe your remark is literally true. You and I have seen one die as gently and unconsciously as that; and has not almost every family some parallel remembrance? Even where there is a departure less easy, in the immense majority of cases it is only a sense of sinking and exhaustion that is felt, — something not harder to bear, probably, than many a day's illness that has awakened no anxiety.

We are often told, you know, that signs interpreted as indications of suffering — such as the rolling of the eyes, and the contraction

of the muscles — are merely mechanical motions, unaccompanied by consciousness. Of course, death does come, at times, amid great physical agony; but, if you ask aged physicians, they will tell you that they can remember but few such cases in the whole of their experience.

Shakspeare, who noticed every thing, has alluded to the absence of suffering in death, in lines which have often been misunderstood: —

> "The sense of death is most in apprehension:
> And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
> In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

That is, neither suffer much, for the reason given in the first line.

Neighbor. — But, Mr. Arthur, this seems to be a subject which you have studied; and, if I may judge from your earnest manner, it has interested you. It is what we all sometimes think of in our serious hours; but seldom, I suspect, is it a topic of conversation.

Arthur. — In case it be not unwelcome to you, I hope you will not be unwilling to talk more and plainly with me. You are quite right as to my interest in this subject. For weeks it has had a strange fascination. It seems to clear and soothe my mind to have this quiet talk with you. I have read what I can find in books, but have not met the satisfaction I expected. Medical attendants mark the phenomena of dying, up to a certain point; and then all investigation is suddenly arrested, and they know no more than a child. I thank them for what they have taught me as to the almost uniform exemption from suffering. It seems to show that the All Good follows us to the very last; and it proves that dying is no exception to the gentle processes of nature.

Neighbor. — And that is a great deal. After all, the accompaniments of a dying-bed stamp the chief horror upon a dying hour.

Arthur. — You remember the ancient saying quoted by Lord Bacon, "The array of the death-bed hath more terror than death itself;" — *pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa.* But this horror, as you call it, is felt only by the surviving. The dying does not share it. How commonly it is said that he was the most composed person in the room. Nay, more than this, usually the dying shed not a tear, have a look of tranquil peace, and often say, "Do not weep for me; I am happy."

It is the company of friends around that feel the horror; and even with them, it comes not from the thought that a soul is about to have a new birth into a higher and diviner life, for that would give calmness and strength; nor from the rending of earthly ties, for these ties are not suddenly snapt asunder. The dear mother and father are father and mother still; and the sweet child is not lost, but is taken perhaps closer into the heart.

Of course, I do not imply that in the grief of surviving friends there is not much that is beautiful to our humanity.

> "On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
> Some pious drops the closing eye requires."

Nor am I anxious to show, that in that grief there is a great deal that is sympathetic, conventional, and from impaired self-control, induced by watchfulness and anxiety. What I mean to say is, that all this is not such a necessary accompaniment of death as to force us to take from it our idea of what dying is. For example: could we fashion anew bad customs and unwise opinions, and learn to regulate our instinctive feelings more by reason and Christian faith, I can conceive that the scene at a dying-bed should always give tranquil, courageous, and even cheerful impressions of death.

Neighbor. — Are you not talking too much for your strength, Mr. Arthur?

Arthur. — Not in the least. It will do me good. There are several points we must not omit to view. In treatises on the phenomena of death, I have been struck with the fact, so generally noticed by them, that the dying, probably, retain their consciousness much longer than bystanders suspect. As the flood of life withdraws from the extremities first, it follows that, for a while, the hand, the tongue, the eye lose their power before the mind wholly ceases to use the body, which thus becomes a sort of mask, within which consciousness is retained without power of expression.

It seems there is a peculiarity about the ear. Sounds are heard after the eye becomes glazed, and the hand and tongue motionless. Instances of unexpected recovery are recorded, where patients distinctly heard friends around the bed speak of them as "nearly gone," as having "but a moment longer to live," and had no power over a muscle of their body. How interesting to trace the departing as far on his mysterious voyage as we can possibly discern him!

And in what condition do we find him there? I speak of the case of those who have no self-reproaches; and the answer is, happy — happy beyond the power of words to express; happy as if some beatific vision passed before them, infinitely winning, so that they have no wish to turn back to earth, their last adieu to which, they give in that sweet smile so often seen on the faces of the dead.

I know how some may explain all this, — that it is but a projection of life-beliefs into the sickly fancies of a dying hour. For my part, I think the uniformity of these results points to a cause somewhat higher than such a philosophy is apt to reach; and it is inexpressibly assuring to look upon them as tokens how near that Love comes to us which has made us, and given us the blessing of life, and is now to unveil before us those higher felicities of which we have so many prophecies in our nature.

Neighbor. — This taking away, at last, all fear of death has always seemed to me one of the marked expressions of the divine goodness. We see the important office which that instinctive dread fulfils while we are in health. It is a sleepless sentinel, guarding the boon of life against the thousand foes that might end it untimely. But to have that fear equally strong when there is no use for it, because our hour has come, would be an unnecessary bitterness at the bottom of the cup of life. How kindly is it taken away! It is as if a miracle was wrought in favor of each dying person; that is, a natural law seems to be suspended, or rather overruled by some higher law, at the very moment when the reason for its operation no longer exists, and to prolong it would inflict useless suffering.

Arthur. — It is, as you say, a miracle; but it belongs to that large class of miracles which, by being common, excite no wonder. The uniformity of this taking away the fear of death is very striking. Let me give you a sentence from a book I have read with great satisfaction. "Physiological Inquiries" is written in the spirit of a reflective, Christianly culture, by one* who kindly gives us the benefit of his observations, after a long and most eminent professional career.

"As to the actual fear of death," says the writer, "it seems to me that the Author of our existence, for the most part, gives it to

* Sir Benjamin C. Brodie, of London, Surgeon to the Queen, deceased in 1862.

us when it is intended we should live, and takes it away from us when it is intended we should die. I have myself never known but *two instances* in which, in the act of dying, there were manifest indications of the fear of death. The individuals to whom I allude were unexpectedly destroyed by hemorrhage. The depressing effects which the gradual loss of blood produced on their corporeal system seemed to influence their minds, and they died earnestly imploring that relief which art was unable to afford. Seneca might have chosen an easier death than that from opening the arteries."

I have seen similar testimonies from aged physicians, both as to the extreme rareness of a fear of death in the last moments of life, and that the exception has occurred in cases of bleeding to death. But how remarkable are Sir Benjamin's words! Two instances only in thousands of death-beds! What a proof, not only of a merciful intention, but of an actual interposition, according to an uniform and established plan!

Nor must I pass by one other thing which this same writer has suggested. It is, that the last few moments of life are not the time to observe the power of religious principle and feeling. "There is no doubt," he says, "that a pure and simple religious faith, and a firm reliance on the Being who has placed us here, contribute more than any thing besides to disarm death of its terrors, deprive the grave of its victory, and smooth the passage of the humble and sincere believer to the termination of his worldly career. Nevertheless, according to my own observation, and what I have heard from others, the influence of religious feeling is, for the most part, not so much perceptible at the moment when death is actually impending, as it is in an earlier period, when the individual who was previously in health, or believed himself to be so, first discovers that it is probable he will die."

That is the time to mark the action of our will. After that, our will itself seems to be in the hands of Him who made us.

And here you may like to hear what this same writer says on a point we were just now thinking of, — the retention of consciousness after the loss of ability of expression. He says, "I have been curious to watch the state of dying persons, and I am satisfied that, when an ordinary observer would not for an instant doubt that the individual is in a state of complete stupor, the mind is often active, even at the very moment of death."

After Arthur had read the above extracts, he rose to replace the book on the shelf, and I seized the opportunity to make signs of departure. To tell the truth, I was afraid he would talk to utter exhaustion. What made me feel still more solicitude, was the earnestness of his manner. The subject had taken possession of him; and I saw at once, by the deep tones of his voice, and a fiery glance of his eye, how profoundly he was interested. I could not help catching some of his enthusiasm, even if the subject of our talk had been uninviting to me, which it was not. Indeed, who can be indifferent to it?

Muffling myself warmly, and with a promise to see Arthur again in a few days, I was soon trudging through the snow, following the half-trodden path across the fields to my house.

IDEALIZING OUR FRIENDS.

I SEEM to have dodged all my days with one or two persons, and lived upon expectation, — as if the bud would surely blossom; and so I am content to live. What means the fact which is so common, so universal, that some soul that has lost all hope for itself, can inspire in another listening soul an infinite confidence in it, even while it is expressing its despair?

I am very happy in my present environment, though actually mean enough myself, and so, of course, all around me; yet, I am sure, we for the most part are transfigured to one another, and are that to the other which we aspire to be ourselves. The longest course of mean and trival intercourse may not prevent my practising this divine courtesy to my companion. Notwithstanding all I hear about brooms and scouring and taxes and housekeeping, I am constrained to live a strangely mixed life, — as if even Valhalla might have its kitchen. We are all of us Apollos serving some Admetus. — *Thoreau's Letters.*

THE CHILD-SOUL.

A LOVELY boy, whose tender life
Five summers had not seen,
Who little knew how much to us
Earth's sad revealings mean, —

On his light prattle most intent,
With playthings round him spread,
Sitting upon the chamber floor,
Thus musingly he said, —

"I'll plant a root of Paradise
Within my garden-ground;"
Not thinking, in his artless soul,
He spoke of truth profound.

These words, so sweet and beautiful,
Fell on a loving ear,
Which just had listened to the tones
Of blessing whispered here, —

Low from a dying father's lips,
On this, his only son,
Before his own pure spirit passed
To join his parted one.

O childhood! what a depth is thine!
Unconscious, though inspired;
Rich prophecies and living thoughts,
With heavenly radiance fired!

Yea, "plant thy root of Paradise"
Within thine early home;
And let it bud and blossom sweet
For all who hither come.

And deeply in thine ardent soul
Implant the good and true,
That the unfoldings of thy life
May blossom ever new.

In thy fair garden, noble boy,
Let nothing come to blight;
Nor weed nor mildew overspread
A plant so pure and bright.

Oh! ne'er forget, in life's career,
The word so truly given;
But ever in thy bosom keep
A plant all filled with heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN VIEW OF ENJOYMENT.

A SERMON BY REV. JAMES C. PARSONS.

"For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving." — 1 TIM. iv. 4.

THERE can be no doubt of the general principle which Paul intended to convey by this language, and I shall therefore make the text the foundation of a sermon upon

THE CHRISTIAN VIEW OF ENJOYMENT.

Religion has always had more or less difficulty in vindicating its views of life, and saving itself from the dangerous extreme to which its followers have been liable to carry it.

This is especially true in regard to pleasure. Pleasure is, of course, by its very definition, the natural object of desire. It would be a contradiction in terms, to suppose that a man would voluntarily choose pain rather than pleasure, sorrow rather than happiness, when there was no third element to be taken into account. The natural instincts are prompted by no other motive. As far as the animal life is concerned, which is the first life of us all, the gratification of the senses is the impulse to all action, — to all sowing and reaping. When no higher life has come into view, no thought of duty, of immortality, — pleasure has its full sweep. "If the dead rise not, let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die."

But just so soon as the higher life, or religion, begins to assert itself, then there is immediately felt to be a drawback

upon pleasure. Duty, in its very nature, is self-denial. There can be no longer unrestrained indulgence. A choice, which, in itself, is some degree of pain, must be made between what is allowable, and what is not allowable. After the choice, must oftentimes come struggle to overcome that still lingering desire for the kind or degree of enjoyment which the conscience condemns. So a new element is introduced into life. A shadow, not necessarily of sadness, but at least of seriousness, has fallen upon it. He who undertakes to deny this, and to represent a religious life as free with the same kind of freedom which was felt in the natural or animal life, takes upon himself a dangerous responsibility. A religious life must be a hard life, in some sense, — cannot be one of pleasure, in the literal, common acceptation of that term. He who accepts it, and has been lifted upon its higher plane, must accept all the consequences of his choice. With the honor, so also must come the weight of his higher range of capacities. He must be content to have pleasure no longer, till the end of existence; and, if he be a true disciple, he *will* be content; for he will seem to see a nobler and immortal satisfaction awaiting him.

It is one thing, however, to say that we will not have pleasure as the end of existence, but quite another thing to say that no pleasure shall be the end of existence. Yet that is the extreme to which the religious conviction has always been liable. Enjoyment is supposed to be incompatible with a devout life. It is either too profane for one who is in communion with sacred realities, or too idle for him who now knows no law but duty. Gratification is condemned; or if there be any yielding to it, which, in the providence of God, can never be entirely avoided even by the most abstemious, it has been looked upon as sin. Feeling that self must be denied in some ways, or degrees, of indulging its propensities, we are next prompted to deny the very propensities themselves, — to curtail our God-given natures. From the Eastern religions, this habit of thought exerted its influence upon the early development of Christianity. We find allusions, in the Epistles, to the opinions of those who thought the gospel

demanded the giving-up of all the delights of life. Some, in later days, even went so far as to inflict actual self-torture, and withdrew themselves from the society of mankind. Such were St. Anthony, famous for his struggle, in his retirement, with the Evil One in person; and St. Simeon, surnamed Stylites, from having passed many years on the summit of a lofty pillar. This view of life was supposed to have been intended by Christ himself, as when he says, "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee."

But, without claiming any such unwarrantable authority, religious and moral persons have frequently been disposed to countenance a hostility between holiness and pleasure. We remember how the poor boy, whom Dickens so well describes, after taking his mother and little sister to the theatre on a certain evening, and experiencing the only unalloyed enjoyment he had ever felt, wakes up, the next morning, with a remorse of conscience, as if it were a sin to have yielded so much to innocent indulgence. And how commonly it is felt, that, unless a man can justify himself for giving up a portion of his time to mere enjoyment, by stating some positive end he had to accomplish in so doing, such as renovating his wearied frame for new labors; unless he can show that he used pleasure as a solemn duty, and for a useful purpose, — he is faithless to his responsibilities, and wilfully wasting the time of his probation.

Now, I have no hesitation, in the light of Christianity, in saying that such views are founded upon a false conception of the ends of existence, and of the education of the soul. And when I say, "in the light of Christianity," I mean, in this connection, in the light of the soul's immortality, and its endless career of progress. When we come to ask ourselves, What is the object for which this life is given; what is the end to be attained, to which all the employment of our faculties must conspire, — whence comes the authority to answer that *work* is the end of existence, and that all is wasted, which does not conduce to that?

Let us see what powers man has, — what he can do? He can do three things: he can *know* and *act* and *enjoy*. Come

to classify his powers, and I think you will find neither more nor less than these three. His power of knowing, is the *intellect;* of acting, is the *will;* of enjoying, is the *sensibilities.* The first finds its object in the truth, which will never be exhausted; the second, in duty, which will always exist; the third, in beauty and love, which shall not fail for ever. Attempt now to state either of these as the end of his being, as the result for which the other powers were given him, and you are attempting to speak of the beginning or end of a circle.

Shall it be knowledge, and all the toils and pleasures of life be to help him to the truth? Shall it be action, so that all the acquirements of his intellect, and all his recreations, shall but give him the means for nobler deeds? Or shall it be enjoyment, and shall we believe that attainment in the truth, and faithfulness to duty are required, that we may pass at last into a condition of positive happiness? Such questions bring no satisfaction, because each one will be answered in the affirmative by different individuals, as they have been thousands of times. How various are the opinions as to the occupations of heaven! With many it is to be a realization of the purest pleasure; and they can well afford to lose the paltry enjoyments of time, if they may attain to the unending happiness of eternity. Others long for, and expect to reach, not rest, however blissful, but unclogged and glorious action. Others still, revel in visions of soaring through the universe on immortal wings, exploring the wonders of nature and of Grace.

Are we not forced, then, to the conclusion, that such is the wholeness of man's nature, no one of his powers can be specified as exclusively the end of his being, nor yet simply as a means for something else.

> "Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
> Is our destined end or way."

They are all the end, and all the means. Education, growth, fuller and fuller life, is the process, of which there is no end. Life, including the exercise of all the faculties, is the object

of existence; and that object is to be realized every moment, as truly, if not as extensively, as at any time in the future. Whatsoever department of our nature we may be lawfully exercising at a given time is as good for its own sake, without referring to any ulterior purpose, as if we had reached the ultimate of our existence, and yet it proves to be the means only for the exercise of another faculty, and the attainment of a higher life; and, whenever we come to settle upon it as a finality, a voice is heard, saying, "Arise, and depart; for this is not your rest."

It is entirely a false assumption, therefore, which sets aside enjoyment as trivial, or as a waste of time which should be employed for higher purposes. Who shall say which is the higher purpose? Who shall say that time is wasted upon that which is as much an object of eternity as any other? Who shall say that he is not fulfilling the design of his being, who is occupied in the pure gratification, for its own sake, of that capacity of enjoyment which God has given him, and to supply which He has arranged all the economy of his creation? I will not say that the long delight of summer hours, when I lie and gaze my fill of the blue sky and white clouds breaking into beauty over leagues of shimmering sea, is convertible to no use, when I know how all my nature is enriched by the nourishment of loveliness through unseen channels, — but I will not ask for what use. I will claim that I am fulfilling my destiny, in an employment no more idle than work, or more profane than worship.

Let me rather accuse that man of waste of time, and neglect of opportunities, who has known no end but work; and, while he has but one life to live in this glorious creation prepared for him from the foundation of the world, where the heavens march over him day and night with pomp and splendor, and the rhythmic music of the seasons flows on around him from year to year, has irreverently turned his eyes from his Maker's panorama, and set God an example of reproof, by hurrying on the work of the universe! The education of his soul, — what has become of that? For this is the demand that will be made at the last, ay, is made every day, — not how

much work have you done, nor how much knowledge acquired, or how much happiness received, but how much are you educated, how much developed are all the faculties which were given you? We were put here to have life, and Christ came that we might have it more abundantly.

Will the poor man say that he has no time or means for enjoyment? "No time!" Why, every day is a little life rounded with a sleep: it is an epitome of eternity, and in its little rim it is possible to include all that we can ever hope to be or to do. In every day, if we would live rightly, there should be some work, some knowledge, and some enjoyment. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," said Jesus; and, to however greater a degree it may some day be realized, it will never embrace any other elements than exist within any twenty-four hours of this present time. "No means!" do you say?—when you have five clear senses, and breathing lungs, and a loving heart; when it is for you the way-side flower blooms, and the sun sets in glory, and the stars go home with you at night; when friendship and love are yours, and the latest-born of all God's beautiful creatures plays around your fireside!

How few of us, whether children of toil or of leisure, know what it means to *enjoy!* There is reckless dissipation enough, where the deluded devotees of pleasure drain its goblet to the dregs of disgust; there is a dreary task-work of recreation where a prescribed round of amusements is followed with faithful perseverance to get good therefrom; there is a gross gratification of the senses in bodily comforts: but how few, even of those who claim to love beautiful things, and do cast a casual glance at them, can tell what it means to relinquish themselves to the enjoyment of a lovely tint, odor, taste, or sound, and drink in a pure delight from the bottomless wells of being! How few there are, that, with clear senses and pure taste, quietly extract the sweets from every day's surroundings!

There are, indeed, creatures of God's hand not intended for the nourishment of man, and instincts not natural, but acquired and depraved; but neither retribution nor remorse

came ever to him who should drink from the lawful joy of the universe, with thankfulness to the Giver! From the evidence, then, of the nature which is given us, and the world which was created for us, and the immortality which is before us, we see that it is a mistaken view of piety or of duty which places enjoyment among even the trivial concerns of life.

We do not find, to be sure, that it is the end of existence, mortal or immortal, as some have falsely believed. For, when religion has received the allegiance of the soul, it knows no end in life, but following the guidance of the Almighty's hand from day to day; and, if that Hand leads the soul onward through the path of suffering, it finds its highest satisfaction there. The noblest life that was ever lived was a life of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; yet, because it was thus subordinated to the eternal right and truth, do I believe that it was also in harmony with eternal beauty, and reaped such enjoyment from the world as was never before known of man. I believe that in the breast of Jesus there dwelt not only the higher joys of the spirit, but the keenest delight of the senses, and nerves sensitive to delicious thrills; and to him no thrill was so delicious as to profane the thought of thankfulness to God. No seasonable enjoyment was reckoned a hinderance in his life's mission. The odor of costly ointments about his head was esteemed no waste.

So, although we are not to strive or to pray that all things may conspire to our enjoyment, but that we may know God's truth, and do his will, yet let the enjoyment keep pace with the rest; for complete life, which is the fulfilment of our being, consists in the constant, contemporaneous, and increasing use of work, of knowledge, and of enjoyment. Whatever be the circumstances of the time, a cheerful delight in its pleasures is our privilege and our duty. That grief which deprives us of any healthful nourishment of life is sinful, and there is no affliction which shall forbid the upright to participate in the joys which are ever near. Let us believe, and so live, that we may have integrity without austerity, and piety without gloom.

FORETASTES.

THROUGH the gate of long delay,
Turning for me, day by day,
Oh, how slowly! lo, I come,
Father! to my promised home,
Into the city, through the gate
Where I patient sit and wait.

Oh, what wafts of happy air
Reach me from those mansions fair!
Nearing which, I seem to see
Angel forms float down to me,
Out of the city by whose gate
Patient still I sit and wait.

Looking back, my soul discerns
Nothing gone for which it yearns.
All the sweetness of the Past
Yet for me shall be recast;
All its tears be swallowed up
In the gladness of the cup
Angels shall hold out to me, —
Cup of Immortality.
I shall drink a draught more sweet
Than this brook beneath my feet
Measures to the fevered sip
Of the traveller's parchèd lip.
Angels' bread my food shall be;
And, for fruit, the healing-tree
Shall let down its leaves to me!

All I missed below shall there
Clasp and crown me: I shall share,
With the noble and the good,
Wealth of sweetest brotherhood;
Lean the Master's breast upon
With the well-belovèd John;
Sit with Mary at his feet;
Rise with Martha to compete
(Competition, oh, how sweet!),

And in acts of zeal outvie
Even *her* loving ministry;
Run with Peter to fulfil
Some swift errand of His will;
Strike — albeit untouched by ire —
Old Isaiah's harp of fire;
Walk with martyrs, — such as trod
Seas of flame to reign with God;
Talk with prophets and with seers;
Wander through the mazy spheres
With the wise of every clime,
Ripened from the womb of Time.
Oh, the glory and the bliss!
Marvel was, and marvel is,
How our souls can bear to be
From such goodly company
Shut up to this narrow state,
Still content to wait and wait,
Sitting by the sullen gate
Slowly turning, day by day,
On its hinges of delay.

Yet the good Lord knoweth best,
Giving his belovèd rest
In his own best time and way;
And, withal, the long delay
Sweetening with his present love,
Sweet as that enjoyed above;
Differing in its degree,
Yet akin in quality.
Oh, my waiting soul, be glad!
Soon the victory shall be had;
Angel hands, the other side,
Soon shall ope the portal wide;
Angel forms, unseen of thee,
Soon shall bear thee company
Into the city, through the gate:
Yet a little longer wait!

C. A. M.

RANDOM READINGS.

CYPRESS LEAVES.

Under this title, I once described for the "Miscellany" the scene at a burial-service near New York, where the accomplished lady who summoned me to attend the funeral of her only sister, her only friend, indeed, upon earth, had herself passed away silently into the spirit-land with the dearest thing she had under heaven. As her cheeks were yet warm and rosy, the company of mourners retired, after a brief prayer, to assemble again the next afternoon, and bear the re-united orphans to their mutual rest. They were the sole survivors of a French nun and an English army officer.

Every pastor has had similar experiences. Three there are which impressed themselves peculiarly upon me. One did so simply by its solitariness. A young English mechanic, of some intelligence and religious culture, had buried his child on the voyage to America; and, immediately upon his arrival, his wife followed the babe, leaving him utterly alone in a lonely land. He and I were the only mourners. There was no peculiar peril about the disease to keep people away, and no lack of neighbors in the compact streets of Brooklyn; but so it was: his bitterness was made utterly bitter by a show of heartlessness which I could not understand then, and cannot now. I am no advocate for crowds of idle gazers at a funeral-service: I am sure it does not help the flow of a minister's sympathy: I know that a prayer of feeling may not be profitable to mere lookers-on; and, where despairing views of the hereafter taint the exercises, I feel it a duty not to cloud over my faith by needless attendance. But this English stranger peculiarly required sympathy: his load was greater than he could bear alone: his house was indeed desolate. Literally could he say, "No man careth for my soul!"

Last autumn, at City Point, I was called from the Sanitary service to what might be called a romantic duty. A faithful, devoted nurse asked me if I was willing to attend the funeral of a black infant. I assured her that I had come there to meet every such occasion, as far as my failing strength allowed. She prom-

ised to call for me as soon as the evening shades released us each from our duties to the living. And so, before nine o'clock, this kind-hearted woman escorted me down a deep glen towards the Appomattox, where hundreds of half-clad negroes sat on the bare earth, beneath the roar of the heavy artillery; and the solitary torch she uplifted, gave me sufficient light to read a few Scriptures; and then a prayer was uttered, which flowed from my heart's depths, and was received by them in the profoundest silence, — and then, having come together as shadows, we melted soon into the shadows again. I felt that the little one was kindly delivered from many bitter trials through which his race are working their way slowly to the table-land of Christian freemen. But then it was these young parents' all, and more dear to them now that families were to be torn asunder no more; now that their son might be taught; now that his existence might be made a blessing to his relatives, and an impulse to a developing race.

The last service of the kind that I have known, was a few weeks ago, over the noble remains of one of John Brown's original band. His name was David Cunningham. A handsomer man of color, a better proportioned frame, or more regular features, I have seldom seen. Every thing about his house was neat as possible. Every word of his neighbors' testimony was exceedingly gratifying. They said, without being asked, that David was even better than his word; was prompt even to anticipate their wishes where a kind deed could be done; that his only fault was, he would give himself no rest; that the immediate cause of his brain fever was the overwork prompted by an unusual number of returned soldiers requiring to be fed at the Encampment in Rochester. I felt honored in being called upon to render him the tribute of a white man's regard. I could not help speaking of the reverence I bore such fidelity to a humble trust. I did not fear to anticipate the joy with which he who had been greatly faithful over one talent would be welcomed to his reward. I cared not to inquire what church he had attended, for I saw him passing into the Church not made with hands. I was not anxious to know how much creed-religion had been distilled into his brain, so long as the gospel of practical righteousness had written itself out in his daily life. When they asked me to ride with his friends to the distant grave, that there too a few words of peace and promise might be said, I felt that this too was not a cross, but a

privilege; and seldom have I returned from any professional duty feeling so grateful for the opportunity to do a good which most ministers declined, and which none could have entered upon with heartier relish. F. W. H.

NO MORE HOLIDAYS NEEDED.

It is a great misfortune to the Greeks, and to the Athenians in particular, that they have so many saints in their calendar, and so many festivals in their honor, to interrupt the usual business of life. They lose about a quarter or a third of the time in putting on their best clothes, gadding about the streets, gossiping in the coffee-houses, getting tipsy on execrable wine, and singing noisy songs in the streets, in honor of the blessed saints and martyrs who swarm in their ecclesiastical history. The sensible men here are gradually diminishing the number of their idle days; and the sober part of the tradesmen and men of business find their advantage in attending to their affairs, while the rest are dissipating time and drachms, to the impoverishment of their purses and the damage of their health, in the bacchanalian orgies of Orthodoxy, — Orthodoxy here denoting the Greek Church, the Oriental Orthodox Church, — the national Church of Greece, of the Greeks in Turkey, and of the Holy Russian Empire. In the short time that I have been in Athens, I have found the university closed three or four times; and, on inquiring the cause, have been told is was the feast of St. Demetrius, St. Spiridon, or some other apocryphal vagabond who had the luck to get his name inserted in the calendar. I suppose our students would like it, if I could introduce some of these Orthodox observances at Cambridge on my return.

To speak seriously, I cannot share in the regrets of those persons who lament the absence of festivals and amusements in our country. What I have seen of their effects in Europe, east and west, has given me a strong distaste for them, and the worst possible opinion of their influence upon the moral, mental, and physical well-being of the people. In the first place, the loss of so much time to productive industry, in the midst of poverty, is a serious consideration against them. In the next place, the waste

of money, in small sums to be sure, but swelling, in the aggregate, to immense amounts, helps to keep the people poor, and to make them poorer. And, finally, the frivolity, dissipation, and low habits everywhere encouraged by these festivals, crown the climax of grave objections to their observance, which, I think, must strike every reflecting person who travels, with his eyes open, through these countries. You will never again hear me lamenting the want of amusements in America, or finding fault with the serious countenances of our American people. The weekly rest of Sunday, Christmas, Thanksgiving; the anniversary of our Independence; and one or two other holidays for the interchange of friendly salutations and the re-union of scattered families, — are infinitely better than all the festivals in the calendars of the Catholic and Oriental Churches. — *Familiar letters from Europe, by Felton.*

HEAVEN BETTER THAN THE ALMSHOUSE.

CHANGE is change. No new life occupies the old bodies, — they decay. *It* is born, and grows, and flourishes. Men very pathetically inform the old, accept and wear it. Why put up with the almshouse when you may go to heaven? It is embalming, — no more. Let alone your ointments and your linen swathes, and go into an infant's body. You see in the catacombs of Egypt the result of that experiment, — that is the end of it. — *Thoreau's Letters.*

HEALTHY WORK.

To speak or do any thing that shall concern mankind, one must speak and act as if well, or from that grain of health which he has left. This "Present" book indeed is blue, but the hue of its thoughts is yellow. I say these things with the less hesitation, because I have the jaundice myself; but I also know what it is to be well. But do not think that one can escape from mankind, who is one of them, and is so constantly dealing with them. — *Thoreau's Letters.*

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REPEATED accidents, while climbing the steep heights of the Alps, have raised much discussion in English papers. The Alpine Club, of course, fosters the taste for summer excursions of this sort; but the loss of many valuable lives has for a time checked the mountaineering. Still, it is said, the climbing mania will run its course, and come to an end only when it is thoroughly vulgarized.

THE rage for betting at horse-racing, so common among English *men*, has recently extended to English *women*. The London "Book Seller" has an article on the manufacture of "ladies' betting-books," which, it says, "is in a very brisk condition." It expresses the hope, that "some philosopher would investigate the rise and progress of *horseyness* among young ladies in the nineteenth century."

THE "London Review," in an excellent article on "Sea-bathing," says, that immortal honors might be won among the sharks no less than among ice-blocks and avalanches. It gives the following advice to all who have the bringing-up of children: "Parents who love their offspring should teach them, whether boys or girls, in early childhood, to stem the river, and buffet the briny wave. Let eggs and bright coins glitter for them at the bottom of the lake, and reward their diving feats. While they think only of the baubles and the sport, they will be gaining incalculable treasures of health and courage, of suppleness and strength of limbs. When the storm bursts at sea, they will be calm while others tremble. Let none who cannot swim, suppose that their education is completed. The ladies of Paris are wise in their generation; and, though far less given to voyages and travels than we are, they turn to good account the *écoles de natation* on the Seine."

THE young heir to the throne of Russia has just attained his majority, in his case reached at the age of sixteen. It is the custom in Russia, that the heir should then take the oath of fidelity to the country. This is an event celebrated with great pomp. Letters from St. Petersburgh to French journals, describe the fêtes of that city. Illuminations and triumphal arches attested the enthusiasm of a loyal people.

A HAVRE journal records the death of Joseph Mencion, Chev-

alier of the Legion of Honor, and the bearer of numerous medals of distinction. What gave him these marks of honor? He was an intrepid mariner of that port, who had frequently, at the risk of his life, saved the drowning from death. The number of signal services of this kind amounts to no less than thirty, evincing a courage and self-sacrifice surpassing that of many a renowned hero.

THE Papal Government is in debt to the amount of one hundred and twenty millions of dollars, of which sum two-thirds, it is said, were contracted by the present Pope. He has been enjoying, this summer, a residence at a property lately given to him by the chief of the family Caetani, which, it is said, will yield him an annual revenue of twelve thousand dollars.

THE city library of Dresden has a large number of interesting manuscripts relating to the life of Dante. On the 14th of September, there is to be a meeting in Dresden of the admirers of the great poet, to examine those documents, and do honor to his memory.

A CONGRESS of German authors has been called to meet at Leipzig, on the 19th and 20th of August, to consider the subject of literary property, and promote the interests of German authorship.

FROM the accounts given in Italian papers, we infer that the effects of the cholera in Ancona and Malta have been greatly overstated in English journals. The mortality in both of the cities above named has not been, up to the close of July, at a rate to excite alarm. At Constantinople, the proportion of deaths had been larger.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Turin "L'Opinione," writing in Rome, in July, gives a brief account of the Pope's proceedings in case of capital punishment. His Holiness has extreme reluctance to placing his name to an order of execution, sharing in this the feeling cherished in other quarters. By a fiction, not uncommon in papal matters, he is supposed to sign if he does not object when the order for capital punishment is read to him. The writer adds, that Pius IX., when these papers have been read, has been almost always silent, — *quasi sempre zitto.*

BRIGANDAGE still flourishes in Italy; but it is no longer the brigandage of large and formidable bands, but of petty robbers, in small numbers, who are not unfrequently dispersed by any

show of courage. A gentleman, lately travelling in the diligence, boldly assailed a band of brigands, killing two of them, and frightening away the rest. He was left master of the field, the diligence precipitately retiring in one direction, and the robbers in another, and was fearful that the brigands would return. He succeeded in reaching Rome in safety, giving an example of that manliness and resolution which alone are necessary to extirpate the whole race of lawless robbers.

THE BEST PERSUASIVE.

If you would convince a man that he does wrong, do right. But do not care to convince him. Men will believe what they see. Let them see.

Pursue, keep up with, circle round and round your life, as a dog does his master's chaise. Do what you love. Know your own bone: gnaw at it, bury it; unearth it, and gnaw it still. Do not be too moral. You may cheat yourself out of much life so. Aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something. All fables, indeed, have their morals; but the innocent enjoy the story. Let nothing come between you and the light. Respect men as brothers only. When you travel to the Celestial City, carry no letter of introduction. When you knock, ask to see God, — none of the servants. In what concerns you much, do not think you have companions: know that you are alone in the world. — *Thoreau's Letters.*

GOD REVEALED IN US.

Plato, with serious, yea, sad countenance, the butt of jeer and scoff from the wits and comedians of his day, went about teaching those who hung upon his lips, that in every human soul were ideas which God had implanted, and which were final truth. And Jesus Christ, with a countenance more beautifully serious, more sweetly sad, said to those Jews which believed on him, "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; *and ye shall know the truth*, and the truth shall make you free." It may seem to men who grope about in the dismal cavern of the animal nature,

— the sense and understanding, — wise to refuse the light, and reject the truths of the pure reason and the God-man, and to call the motley conglomeration of facts which they gather, but cannot explain, "philosophy;" but no soul which craves "the higher life" will, can be, satisfied with such attainments. It yearns for, it cries after, yea, with ceaseless iteration it urges its supplication for the highest truth; and it shall attain to it, because God, in giving the tongue to cry, gave also the eye to see. The spiritual person in man, made in the very image of God, can never be satisfied, till, stripped of the weight of the animal nature, it sees with its own eye the pure reason, God as the highest truth. And to bring it, by culture, by every possible manifestation of his wondrous nature, up to this high Mount of Vision, is one object of God in his system of the universe. — *J. H. Jones.*

SOURCE OF OUR KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

Instead of the method now condemned, there is one taught us in the Book, and the only one taught us there, which is open to every human being, for which every human being has the faculty, and respecting which all that is needed is, that the person exercise what he already has. The boy could not learn his arithmetic, except he set himself resolutely to his task; and no man can learn of God, except he also fulfils the conditions, except he consecrate himself wholly to the acquisition of this knowledge, except his soul is poured out in love to God: "for every one that *loveth, is born of God, and knoweth God.*" We come then to the knowledge of God by a direct and immediate act of the soul. The reason, the sensibility, and the will, give forth their combined and highest action in the attainment of this knowledge. As an intellectual achievement, this is the highest possible to the reason. She attains then to the Ultima Thule of all effort; and of this she is fully conscious. Nor is there awakened any feverish complaining that there are no more worlds to conquer.

In the contemplation of the ineffable Goodness, she finds her everlasting occupation, and her eternal rest.

Plainly, then, both reason and revelation teach but a single, and that the *a priori* method, by which to establish for man the fact of the being of God. — *J. H. Jones.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy. By JOHN STUART MILL. In two volumes. Boston: William V. Spencer.

This publisher renders an important service to the reading public in presenting a name which has become endeared to the friends of human progress, especially on this side the water. John Stuart Mill is a writer both popular and profound, imbued with the purest spirit of philosophy and philanthropy. We rejoice in this his last work; for, though not adopting his theory of perception, or his explanation of necessity, we consider his refutation of Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel as most complete. We thank him especially for his noble vindication of our moral judgment in relation to the divine attributes. He shows that justice and goodness in God are the same in quality as justice and goodness in man; and he riddles the pretentious fallacies of Mr. Mansel, who tries to show that the nature of God is unrevealed and unrevealable, and, following Sir W. Hamilton in a high strain of metaphysical nonsense, tries to darken counsel by words without knowledge. Mr. Mill uses English which is always clear as a mountain brook; and his broad common sense flashes sunlight over his page even in the most abstruse discussion. The reader should not be deterred by the abstract nature of his problems: it is good to follow a clear and vigorous thinker, and get away from the easy and shallow reading that floods us so much, for the tonic it gives to our intellectual and moral powers. S.

Speeches of John Bright, M.P., on the American Question. With an Introduction by FRANK MOORE. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1865.

Mr. Bright's face does not justify his name; but the speeches do. They gladdened our hearts during the dark days when our hearts were ready to be *dis*heartened; and it is good to have them in this beautiful and abiding form, — the utterances of a truly

earnest and eloquent man. Pity that there were not more such in England, — more who could put principle before the pounds to be earned by the encouragement of piracy! E.

Letters to Various Persons. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

The reader will find several extracts from this interesting volume amongst our Random Readings. One thing we cannot forgive in Thoreau, — his real or affected indifference to our great struggle. How absurd to be studying a bat's wing or a bit of moss when civil war is waging, and such a civil war! The recluse is wiser now, we doubt not. E.

Froude's England. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 124, Grand Street.

Our little notice of these fascinating volumes in the number for July contains some unfortunate errors; but we are not so sorry as we might be, because this mishap gives us an opportunity to record again our high appreciation both of the matter and the manner of this fresh history. It is no dry chronicle, but rich in thought and alive with feeling. The opening pages in the first volume, upon feudal England, and those in the second volume, upon the Protestant Reformation in our mother-land, are singularly interesting. It is a luxury to hold in the hands such comely and shapely books. E.

Alfred Hagart's Household. By ALEXANDER SMITH. Author of a "Life Drama." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

The story is touching and well told, and all the better because it is not highly stimulating. It will be a pleasant and useful addition to our Sunday-school libraries, and is well entitled to a place amongst "The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." E.

Essays in Criticism. By MATTHEW ARNOLD, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

Arnold belongs to the advanced school of English thought, and yet is no narrow intellectualist. A feeling is a fact to him as well as a logical conclusion, and he has a healthy sense of realities in religion and literature and art. A man of large, rich culture,

spiritual, moral, intellectual, his criticisms are always helpful and suggestive, and eminently high-toned. It is worth our while to know what such a man has to say of "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," of "Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment," of "Spinoza" and "Marcus Aurelius;" and, if he disappoints his liberal friends sometimes by refusing to admit that their denials are good food, we like him all the better for his hunger and thirst after realities. E.

Prospectus and Specimen Pages of the Library of Old English Divines, under the Editorial Supervision of WILLIAM G. T. SHEDD, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Union Theological Seminary, N.Y.

Every scholar knows what a delight it is to be able to take from his shelves a volume of Taylor or Leighton or South, and how much nourishment can often be derived from a single page of one or another of England's classic sermonizers. Of course, much of the substratum of their preaching has been weakened, if not destroyed, by modern science: but a true religious genius never commits itself to any thing transient; its words are ever large, catholic, prophetic, good for the ages to come as well as for the present day, true in spirit and idea even after they have become false in letter and fact. We hope that the publishers will be encouraged to go forward with their enterprise. Our congregations would do well to place a complete set of the books, which we hope will be rapidly forthcoming, in the parish libraries. The sermons of their ministers would witness for the wisdom of the gift.

E.

The Young Lieutenant, by OLIVER OPTIC, fully sustains the writer's high reputation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several articles received have been accepted, and will be published in due time.

☞ Correspondents who send letters to me will please direct them to *Wayland*, not Weston.

E. H. SEARS.

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXIV. OCTOBER, 1865. No. 4.

THE BIBLE, AND HOW WE SHOULD USE IT.

How does the Bible strike a devout and thoughtful reader? What is it found to be by the experience of one who uses it for his edification? What place does it fill among the means of spiritual growth and nourishment? What can we affirm of the Bible in these relations? In other words, what are the facts to be accounted for by a theory of its origin and the manner of its production?

It must be admitted, that the Bible is a very extraordinary book. It has exercised a wonderful power over the spirits of men, such as no other literature has ever approached. Whatever we may think on the question whether it is inspired or not, we must admit that it is very inspiring; and perhaps in that fact may be the profoundest and most satisfactory proof of its inspiration. It manifestly proceeds from the deepest springs in the human soul; and it reaches to what is deepest and highest in man. It appeals directly to spiritual intuition. It everywhere asserts or assumes spiritual truths. Man's spiritual nature, his connection with God, God's universal providence and government, the supreme and everlasting obligations of righteousness, — these are the fundamental ideas of the Bible. They pervade all its parts, — history, poetry, prophecy, didactics. Therefore the Bible breathes a purifying, elevating, strengthening influence. Compared with it, other literatures are superficial. Go from the perusal

of a Greek philosopher to converse with a Hebrew psalmist or prophet, and you find yourself in an entirely different and far higher region of thought and feeling. You see that the Hebrew has a clear, permanent, perhaps even passionate perception of great truths that the Greek rarely approaches, and with the dimmest and vaguest apprehension. Take as an illustration the 119th Psalm. It has been criticised as an inferior specimen of Hebrew poetry, — as a wearisome repetition of a few simple thoughts. That is the judgment which intellect and taste are perhaps obliged to pass upon it. But, in another point of view, the constant iteration of those petitions, "Teach me thy statutes," "Make me to go in the path of thy commandments," "Incline my heart unto thy testimonies," are pathetic and eloquent. They express the earnest longing of the heart for exalted excellence, and a clear recognition of God as the source from which influences may and will proceed to help it to the attainment of its desire. Imagine this psalm to have been found in a collection of ancient heathen writings. It would have appeared strangely out of place. It would be unaccordant with the tone of Greek literature. These deep, spiritual yearnings do not belong to the ethnic character. But in the Old Testament they are perfectly natural and harmonious. Only the Hebrew mind and heart dwelt habitually in that region of thought and feeling. Therefore the reading of this book is edifying. It nourishes and strengthens the spirit. It quickens and helps the religious life. This is a fact of experience. I do not say that it is true of every word and sentence. This edifying matter is mingled with material of a different character. The book is to be read with discrimination and judgment. We are to read it with readiness to receive edification as it shall come to us from the letter, but not with a feeling of obligation to make every part of it equally profitable. Whether or not a writing shall kindle and inspire our souls is a matter of experience, not subject to our wills. We cannot by any efforts of ours make the Book of Joshua and the Gospel of John equally edifying In its general tone and spirit, the Bible speaks directly to the

soul; and everywhere there occurs in it particular passages that so speak with wonderful power. The appreciative reader is often surprised into edification by passages from which he least expected it. The Bible is a storehouse of such passages, suited to all conditions of life, states of character, stages of spiritual progress, moods of mind. That which has no peculiar significance to one man may be exactly adapted to the wants of another; and a passage that I pass by with indifference to-day may be the very word of life for me to-morrow. For this reason the Bible should always be spoken of with respect and reverence. We should carefully avoid disparaging and depreciating it, by a supercilious treatment of any portion of it for which we may not happen to have a present use. It may be said, that the power with which the Bible addresses the soul and awakens spiritual consciousness is in part due to the sacred associations that have been for ages gathering about it. This is undoubtedly true. But this is a part of its rightful influence. It is the cumulative effect of a power that legitimately belongs to it. What other book could have so maintained its place, and exercised a growing influence over the souls of men, and have been valued in proportion to their spiritual culture? I preach from the Bible, not merely because it is the book that has been handed down to me as the book to be preached from, but because it is the only book from which I could preach. I know no other book so full of spiritual truth, uttered from the profoundest depths of experience, and illustrated by history and biography, written with such clear recognition of the presence of God in all history and human life. There are many good books that we may find experimentally to be more edifying than certain portions of the Bible; but they are good and edifying because they are written in the spirit and tone of the Bible. They all revolve about the Bible as their centre and sun.

> "Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
> Repairing, in their golden urns draw light."

The Bible is the parent of a peculiar school of literature; and I think it may be said with truth, that there is not a

single book outside that school to which the Christian man would think of resorting for edification.

In these remarks, I have not been setting forth a theory of the Bible, or attempting to determine *à priori* what it might be expected to be, or what it ought to be, in order to its answering any purpose for which it may be supposed to exist. I have stated what I understand to be facts, established by general experience. If these facts have been correctly stated, if they are facts, they cannot be affected by any investigation of the origin, contents, and history of the book. Neither is there any thing in these facts to deter us from a free criticism and interpretation of the book, or from examining and treating it by the same rules by which all other books are examined and treated.

Let us look next at the production, contents, and form of this book. It does not purport, like the sacred writings of some nations, to have been dictated by a voice from heaven, and written down by human amanuenses. It does not at all resemble a modern "Body of Divinity," — a complete and systematic exhibition of religious and moral doctrine, couched in exact terms, and susceptible of and demanding strict interpretation. It is composed of works of different authors and ages. It consists of history and biography of an exceedingly lively and dramatic form, of bold lyrical poetry, of impassioned rhetoric, and of didactic writings of the Oriental type. They are all productions of the Eastern mind, and are characterized by the glowing imagery and hyperbolical expression which mark the Eastern style. Each writing is specially adapted to the circumstances and the time and place of its production, and reflects the feelings of its author. They therefore require, for the elucidation of the truth they were intended to convey, liberal canons of interpretation adapted to their peculiarities.

As the word of the new dispensation was manifested in the life of Christ, so the word of the old dispensation was manifested in the national life of the Hebrew people, and especially in the lives and writings of their eminent and representative men. The Hebrews were appointed by God

to be a source of religious inspiration to the race. To this end, the elements that compose human nature were mingled in their great men, in different proportions from those in which they are commonly found. A singular prominence was given to the spiritual element. They had a larger endowment of the capacity of spiritual perception, and the faculty of spiritual action. They could clearly recognize the infinite, the invisible, and the eternal. The eye of their soul was open. They lived as seeing Him who is invisible, and sought a heavenly country, and followed an inward guidance, not knowing whither they went. And when they spoke and wrote as they were moved by this spirit, their word was with such power that it penetrated the souls of other men. In like manner, the Greeks were appointed to be a source of æsthetic inspiration to the race. To them was given a singular perception of beauty, a passionate love of it, and a peculiar faculty of reproducing it in works of art. It is a God-given faculty. No man can bestow it on himself, and no processes of education can insure its existence. It always comes unlooked for, and often appears in the most unlikely places. Accordingly, we speak of the inspiration of genius; and we use the word both in a passive and an active sense. It is inspired into its possessor; and he, through his works, inspires an inferior degree of it into sympathizing and appreciative spirits. Such genius carries with it a certain authority. Men pay a deference to him who possesses it. They instinctively feel him to be their leader. The presumption always is that he is right. But the submission to that authority should be free and intelligent; else the true inspiration, which it is the highest office of genius to impart, is lost.

I conceive the inspiration of genius to be the same in kind as the inspiration of the men of the Old Testament. I have no objection to the title which has sometimes been given them of religious geniuses. I think that it exactly describes them. Eminently endowed men have been the richest gifts of God to the race. They are the chief means of human progress. Their value is proportioned to the importance of that depart-

ment of culture which they are severally qualified to promote. Therefore the highest place among these divine benefactions must be assigned to those who have been the lights and guides of mankind in the attainment of religious truth. How much better could the world have spared the influence of Greece in literature and art, than the ministry of the Hebrews to its spiritual culture. We the more readily acknowledge an influx of the spirit of God in the case of religious genius, because it is an inspiration of that which is highest in man, and which cannot be enlarged and replenished except from a source outside of and beyond itself: and it carries with it a greater authority, because the ideas and sentiments it inspires are those that rightfully govern in the soul; but, in this case as in the other, submission to its authority should not be servile and mechanical. In this also the noblest function of the inspired man is to inspire his brethren.

It was the mission of the Hebrew to teach the world great religious truths. "The conviction of the unity and spirituality of God was peculiar to the Jews among the pioneers of civilization. Greek philosophers had no doubt come to the same conclusion by dint of reason. Noble minds may often have been enabled to raise themselves to the same height of generous emotion. But every one knows the difference between an opinion and a practical conviction; between a scientific deduction, or a momentary insight, and that habit which has become a second nature. Every one also knows the difference between a tenet maintained by a few intellectual men far in advance of their age, and a belief pervading a whole people, penetrating all their daily life, leavening all their occupations, incorporated into their very language. It was the fact, that this belief was not the tenet of the few, but the habit of the nation, which made the Jews the proper instruments for communicating the doctrine to the world. They supported it, not by arguments, which always provoke replies, and rarely, at the best, penetrate deeper than the intellect, but by the unconscious evidence of their lives."

Whilst the Hebrews existed as a nation, they were a living

manifestation of divine truth. Now that they have no longer a place among the nations, they have left a vivid reflex of their national life and character, and of their religious thought and feeling, in their literature. The Old Testament is a complete collection of that literature. It is composed of all that remained of it after the return from the captivity. We have no intimation of a single Hebrew writing extant at that period, and not included in it. No nation has left the world a legacy comparable with this in value.

Respecting a book like the Bible, occupying such a place as I have considered the Bible to occupy among the means of man's spiritual education, — a book that proves itself to be a religious power in the world, — many *à priori* questions may be naturally asked, and many strange questions have been asked; such as these: —

Shall it be composed, like other books, by the natural powers of man; or shall its writer or writers be supernaturally endowed for the purpose?

Shall it set forth truth in a systematic form, addressed to pure reason, requiring exact and literal interpretation; or shall it illustrate truth by history, poetry, and eloquence, — address imagination, passion, feeling, — use popular forms of speech, requiring free interpretation?

Shall it be all written at one time, or at successive periods? If the latter, shall its contents be original, or shall it be compiled from previously existing documents?

Shall its historical portions be contemporaneous with the events related, or shall it have been written at various distances of time from the periods of their occurrence?

Shall its history be absolutely accurate in its minutest particulars; or shall it be subject to the same errors and discrepancies, and exhibit the same amount of average accuracy, as other history?

In its allusions to natural phenomena, shall it adapt itself in each successive part to the conceptions of the age for which that part was immediately intended; or shall it always, in every part, express the absolute truth as it will appear

when man shall have learned all that he can know of nature (so that it will not be perfectly intelligible till then); or from what intermediate point shall it look on nature?

Shall its word on spiritual and moral subjects contain nothing but pure and absolute truth, so that the reader will have no occasion to exercise upon it his own powers of discernment, but will have nothing to do but to accept it; or, mingled with the highest thoughts and feelings of the best men in their most favored moments, shall there be found the errors, imperfections, wrong sentiments, of their age and country, so that it will be constantly necessary for the reader to use his reason and moral judgment in discriminating what is false and evil from what is true and good?

It is perfectly evident that these and such like questions are not to be solved theoretically. They are questions of fact, to be determined by a free and thorough examination of the Bible. The question is not, what sort of a book God might have given us in the Bible, or what sort of one we think he ought to have given us, but what he has actually given us. The Bible is a great and interesting fact, eminently worthy of serious and reverent investigation. It ought to be investigated in the spirit of modern philosophy; not by trying upon it a succession of fanciful theories, but by simply looking into it, and seeing what it really is. For want of due observance of this obviously right method of treatment, the Bible has been repeatedly set in opposition to the progress of science; and when science has proved triumphant, a most unjustifiable violence has been done to the letter of Scripture to make it seem to express the last results of science. When the Copernican system was first promulgated, the mistaken friends of the Bible zealously maintained, that it asserts the direct contrary; and, when that system was demonstrated and universally accepted, they as stoutly insisted that it asserts nothing else. An attempt has been made to show that the firmament in which the sacred writer manifestly supposed the heavenly bodies to be set, only means the apparent concave of infinite space, although he expressly describes it as water tight. A similar torture is inflicted on

the text in order to make it speak the best-established conclusions of geology.

It has been considered necessary to maintain the absolute verity of every minute particular of the Bible history. Instead of freely admitting that it contains errors, inconsistencies, and contradictions, such as necessarily occur in all histories, and do not materially impair their credit and value, and would not interfere with any beneficial purpose the Bible was designed to answer, its defenders have thought it necessary to assume the enormous burden of maintaining, that, from the beginning to the end of it, there is not a single departure from historic truth; and have made the dangerous admission, that, if there were, it would destroy the value of the Scriptures as a revelation. As a corollary from this method of treatment, absurd expedients have been resorted to for removing the difficulties of the history: and a grievous wrong has been done the Bible, by maintaining that it must not be examined by the same rules as other books; that it is wrong to seek out and to mention difficulties and mistakes in its history; in other words, that the Bible should not be studied too closely for fear of finding in it fatal imperfections.

Again, overlooking the fact that the Bible is a series of religious writings, extending over fifteen centuries, designed for men in various stages of moral and spiritual development, each specially adapted to the education of the generation it addressed, and therefore having a modified value and use for all succeeding generations, so that even some things that are relatively right and true to one may be relatively false and wrong to another (as Christ said that there were things in the Mosaic law not absolutely right, but the best the people could bear), the Bible has been treated as if each one of these revelations were an absolute and final exhibition of divine truth. Hence two evils have resulted. The highest views of truth have been too much swayed and modified by the lowest; and the Scriptures have been exposed to such cavils as are founded, for example, on the national and anthropomorphitic views of God predominant in the early

Hebrew writings, — for which views, revelation has unjustly been made finally responsible.

Again, assuming that every portion of the Bible was written by men under plenary inspiration, it follows that every feeling and sentiment they express is absolutely right. Yet many things are found in them, which, if they were found anywhere else, would be pronounced at once to be discordant with the highest sentiment of the cultivated Christian. What can be done in such cases? One of two things: either the conscience must be mystified by trying to persuade itself that such sentiments are somehow or other right; or the intellect must be mystified by adopting some of those typical methods of interpretation, by which it is attempted to express spiritual nourishment from the imprecations of the Psalms and Lamentations, or from the amatory eclogue of Solomon.

Views respecting revelation naturally arrange themselves about one or the other of these two types: 1. That a revelation is nothing but an external authority, of which the special function is to tell men how, upon their peril, they shall feel and think, and what they shall believe and do; that we have no power or right to judge of what comes to us as an accredited revelation from God; that we have only to exercise our faculties in the interpretation of it, and that by the strictest rules; that a revelation is an authority set up above the natural faculties given to man whereby to discern truth and right, and that it supersedes or suspends their jurisdiction. 2. That a revelation promotes the spiritual and moral life of the soul, by strengthening, enlarging, and stimulating the faculties by which truth and right are naturally discerned, and so enabling them to see and accept truth and right of themselves; that the revelation made by the word is not merely in the word itself, but in the soul which it moves and quickens; that the word, applied to the spirit of man, calls forth and reveals to its own perception what is within it. A full consideration of these two types of opinion opens a wide field of discussion. Let it suffice here to say, that, from a mere statement of them, it appears that the last-named is the higher and nobler view; that it ascribes to revelation a loftier

function, and a more vital and intimate influence over the soul; that it is a sort of revelation more worthy of God to bestow, and better adapted to the spiritual nature and wants of man.

It is the assumption of the former of these views, that has necessitated a revelation produced by what is called plenary verbal inspiration, and of which absolute historical and scientific accuracy is an essential attribute.

The sum of the whole matter is, — Read the Bible with all your faculties in activity; read it with a humble, docile spirit, ready and desirous to receive holy influences; then be assured that whatever you meet with, that touches your soul, is a message of God to you to-day. What does not so touch you is not a message to you to-day, but may be a message to you to-morrow: it may be a message to another to-day. Therefore let all Scripture be ever treated with reverence.

C. P.

THE MUSES:

THE OLD FABLE, AND ITS CONSTANT MEANING.

COLERIDGE, in the beautiful passage which he interpolated in his translation of Schiller's Wallenstein, laments that —

> "The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty
> That had her haunts in dale or piny mountain
> Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and watery depths, — all these have vanished:
> They live no longer in the faith of reason."

He adds, however, —

> "But still the heart doth need a language, still
> Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.

And the philologist (not necessarily the dry creature he is so commonly supposed to be), who converses with the mind of humanity as expressed in the very history of language, will go farther than the poet had occasion to, and recognize that

not only in the faith of the affections, but even in the faith of reason, — of which language is the "express image," — the spirit of that truth which the ancient poesy and piety sought to shadow forth still lives, or at least, where it might seem dead, only slumbers, expectant of resurrection. The Muses themselves, it may be, live no longer, save in the faith of fancy; but the essential quality, the living spirit, which, by the evidence of the very invention and perpetuation of the name and its derivatives, the soul of man yearns to have enter as an element into its philosophy and even its religion, — *that* only sleeps in the enchanted chamber of language.

Lord Bacon, in his "Wisdom of the Ancients," undertakes to give a spiritual interpretation (he probably did not claim it to be *the* spiritual interpretation) of some of the names and offices of the classic mythology. Thus he entitles one chapter "Pan, or Nature;" another, "Orpheus, or Philosophy;" another, "Proteus, or Matter." He might have added to his list another chapter, to be called, "The Muses, or the Harmony of the Liberal Arts."

Let, then, the old Muses accept the philologist as the first in order of the ushers through whom we presume to *re-commend* them to this sharp-eyed generation, — the philologist, who finds in the very words, the most homely and homespun, of our every-day speech, disguised soothsayers, — the philologist, who, exploring, with a rapture that seems lunacy to the "outside barbarians," the riches of the "central kingdom" of learning, discovers, in the dust of old libraries and lexicons, in the mouldy cellar of dry and seemingly dead roots of languages (preserved there for ages, like the fruit-bearing seeds unrolled from the mummy-cases), living germs of curious and even practical truth and wisdom. Words have been called "fossil-poetry." This fossil foliage of traditionary language — the fossil garden of philology — has this miraculous quality, that, when the breath of thought passes over it, the charmed vegetation rustles again as of old, and thrills and whispers as in the freshness of its prime.

There are five words in our language, including the name of "Muses," in which something of what title darkly inti-

mated to those who first used it still survives. We call diversion of the mind *amusement;* deep meditation we call *musing;* a collection of objects of curiosity we call a *museum;* and the art and science of harmonious numbers we call by eminence *music.* Now, what common element can there be in words, at first sight so heterogeneous, by which we can trace them back to a common origin? A critic of the class whom the German students call Philistines might dispose of the matter summarily enough by suggesting that music was a mere amusement; that musing was also merely the mind *amusing* itself in an idle manner; that a museum is a place of learned lounging; and that the votaries of the Muses are simply vagabonds. But there is another theory of the case, by which the tables may be entirely turned. There is another point of view, at which a wiser criticism places us, from which we shall see quite another picture. Let us invert the optic glass, which the stupid or wilful, or possibly waggish, interpreter, claiming to hail from the district of common sense, has held up to us, wrong end foremost, and we shall have a totally different perspective. If we will just begin on the serious side of the subject, *this* is the conclusion to which good sense will bring us, — that all these several and apparently, at first sight, unrelated words into which the syllable *muse* enters, contain a more or less remote reference to the Muse of classic fancy, faith, or fable (whichever one chooses to call it); that, instead of disparaging the musings of the mind as a mere amusement, in the lighter sense of the word, a true and thoughtful criticism will rather exalt the idea of amusement, bringing back recreation to its original significance, — the *re-creation* of the spirit, — whereby amusement shall be seen to be properly an earnest, as musing should rightly be a religious, thing, a kindler of devout fire; that music, too often regarded as a mere pastime, is, in truth, a divine mediator between the soul and the senses, between the actual and the ideal, the finite and the infinite; that when a German student calls his study chamber a museum, and himself a "son of the Muses," the language which he uses is not merely the language of fancy, but involves a deep philosophy as well as poetic geni-

ality; and that, finally, the common reference to the *Muse*, in all these various terms of our familiar speech which have been enumerated, points, not only with the shadowy finger of Tradition, but with the clear index-finger of divine Wisdom, to that harmony of all the liberal and refining arts and studies of life, as connected by the pervading bond of the musical, the rhythmical, the poetic element, which the very idea of the Muses, as entertained and developed by ancient poetry and religion, happily suggests.

It would be a narrow piety and a shallow philosophy, which should incapacitate or indispose any one to discern, amidst the fanciful conceptions and creations of the ancient mind, merely on the ground that it was a *pagan* mind, the suggestions, the scattered and struggling gleams at least, even if not the orderly shapings, of a divine beauty, truth, and wisdom.

> "Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
> By passion driven,"

undoubtedly, frail and fallible men have too often been in all ages, even in their highest aspirings; but even Paganism had a light which, if it "led astray," did so because of the quality of the atmosphere it entered, and which assuredly was, in itself, *not* a lurid glare from the nether pit, but "light from heaven." Indeed, who shall dare to say, that, in some respects, even amidst all its errors, the pagan mind did not discern or feel a ray of the eye of God, a broad revelation of the soul's ideal, through intense, though intermittent, communion with the "universal Presence," a vision of the harmony of the higher studies, which modern science and philosophy and piety have too seldom even aspired to attain.

Let us consider for a moment the part which the Muses play in the domain of ancient mythology. It may seem singular, that, of the nine Muses, there was no one distinctively identified with the very art which is named after them, music. One reason seems to be, that they were all geniuses of minstrelsy; for they constituted a choir, and were under the leadership of Apollo, the god of music *and of medicine*. But what is chiefly to our purpose to notice, next to the religious

nature attributed to the functions of the Muses, is, that these Muses, these musical beings, had in charge not merely those accomplishments which have been commonly regarded as intended for ornament and amusement chiefly, — the fine arts and light literature, song and dance, poetry, eloquence, and fiction (though some of these have always been recognized as having a more serious aspect, poetry toward the ideal, and eloquence toward the business, of life), — but they also presided, at least through one of their number, over the grave domain of history, and, through another, over a certain department of the sciences, — those which called man up to hear the music of the spheres; to behold the dance of atoms, and feel, until he could become himself a conscious part of it, the harmony of creation. Clio and Urania may be regarded as respectively celebrating the divine manifestation in the procession of human events, and in the movements of the universe. And when we add to these the two further facts, that the poets often invoke the Muse, in the singular number, as if any one of them could represent the whole, or as if the ardent votary passed up through the distinct personalities to the common musical nature running through them all; and that, on the other hand, the priests of history and of science are found referring and appealing to the whole circle of Muses indiscriminately, each for his own province, as if all moved together on every occasion that was worthy the intercession of one, — when we consider all these things, we are prepared for a glimpse of the meaning of this branch of the ancient mythology as yearning to intimate that musical bond which permeates and unites arts, letters, and sciences, — all the various forms of human learning and intellectual culture. Whether the ancients thought an astronomer could be *undevout* without being mad, or not, it is clear that the classic languages provided that the genuine astronomer and historian, and the genuine scholar in any field, should be, at least, a man poetically inspired. The mere fact that the name of the Muses came to stand for a synonym of learning, — that what we are apt to call the dryest sciences, mathematics, morals, and even theology, came under the head of *Music*, — is a volume in itself.

One of the most beautiful passages of Virgil is that in which, at the close of one of the books of his poem on the art, science, and poetry of farming, after that memorable eulogium on the life of the husbandman, "*too* happy if he knew his own blessings," he makes that sublime transition, and invokes the Muses as the powers that preside over natural philosophy. (Of course, we do not pretend to reproduce the majesty of his Romam numbers, or to give much more than the meaning of his words.) "But as for me," he says, —

"Me may the darling Muses whom I love
And serve, their pious priest, all else above,
Accept and show me heaven, each path and star;
What Sol's eclipses, Luna's labors are;
Whence earthquakes come; what heaves the ancient main
Up from its bed, and lets it sink again;
Why winter suns, wheeled seaward, dip from sight
So soon, and what retards the lazy night.
But if the curdling blood around my heart
Bid me from nature's mysteries stand apart,
Then welcome rural scenes, the field and hill,
The valley threaded by the winding rill;
Hæmus and Taygetus shall be my themes;
Inglorious let me love the woods and streams.
Blest were the man, indeed, who once could know
The cause of every thing above, below;
Inexorable fate and every fear
Could trample under foot; and on whose ear
Should die, faint murmuring, and be heard no more,
Devouring Acheron's remorseless war!
But fortunate is also he who knows
The rustic Gods, that haunt the woods, and those
Who love the margin of pellucid lymphs,
Pan, old Sylvanus, and the Sister Nymphs."

The author of the Georgics, were he living in our day, would hardly be the man to give in to the shallow apprehension, that the penetration of modern mind into the causes of all things, on the one hand, or the mechanical improvements of the age through the application of science to art on the other, are going to dislodge the Muses from their throne or their temple. As to the keenness of man's insight to detect causes, he would have owned by this time what he seems already to have had a presentiment of, — that finite sagacity,

however aided by telescope and microscope, can never do more than magnify the unfathomableness of the mystery that hangs round the innermost essence and cause of all; and that, even if it were possible, conceivable, that the very mechanism of the heavenly spheres of cause and power, infinite as they must be, should be laid bare to the observation of some inner eye, not the less would the sons of God continue to swell the majestic song with which of old they greeted the coming-forth of the Lord into creation, — the hymn which that creation itself, indeed, is for ever silently uttering in the ear of God.

The light of our best philosophy, thrown backward on the position of the pagan poet, shows that what the spirit within him struggled to express, when he apprehended that the blood around his heart, chilling with holy dread, would forbid him to penetrate nature's last secrets, was just the truth; that the ultimate essence of things is intimate, and therefore unsearchable; that what the Muses had for their most august function to reveal to him was, that poesy is the flower and spirit of the ripest philosophy. And this idea, developed by the culture of a later age of Christian wisdom, would have led him still to see, that his office, which he so magnified as priest of the Muses, was not only not obsolete, but more glorious than ever.

And as to the alleged prosaic tendency of the levelling inventions of this age of comforts and contrivances, he would have found new themes for the Muse in the victories of mind over matter, in the presentiments awakened of even newer and finer mediations between the worlds of nature and of spirit, and in the prophetic echoes which his quick ear would have heard, in the tick of the telegraph and the rumble of the rail-car, of the coming of those Saturnian times of equal justice and national simplicity and human brotherhood.

Not less than this, we may infer from the Roman poet's devout and harmonious association of song and science, would have been his feeling of the indestructibleness of the interest represented by the Muses. And now let us turn for a moment, in another field of learning, to another apparently tri-

vial, but really somewhat significant fact. When the Greek historian Herodotus divides his History into nine books and heads, each with the name of one of the Muses, shall we interpret this to mean that he suspected himself to be, after all, only a fabulist; that he felt himself to be writing for the amusement of his readers; that he was only *telling a story*, — like the naughty boy whom his mother, by that phrase, accuses of *fibbing*, — shall we, in short, let that tacit appeal to the authority of the Muses suggest the most remote connection between the Father of History and the *Father of Lies?* Of course, not; but it may *not* be a matter of course that we shall do what we ought to, namely, discern here another hint of the great truth so extensively and often intensely working in the ancient mind, of the universality of the office of the Muses. Herodotus reminds us by the very titles of his books, that, *if* "truth is" often "stranger than fiction," fiction is also often the truest history; that, at any rate, that is higher truth which must be sung than that which can only be said. He reminds us, in a word, that history is also, in the original sense, a *Museum*, a hall of the Muses. And what we may regard as the twofold, but what to him was the simple, reason of his arranging their names at the head of his chapters, was, that he felt the writing of his history to be not only a poetic, but a pious task. He regarded history as epic and romantic, and all history as sacred, — none *profane*.

The facts of ancient mythology on which we have been building, may be commonplace to most of our readers; but we can hardly think, that the use to which we would put them is common. The name Muses, which has grown so familiar to our ears as to have lost almost entirely the savor and sanctity of its primitive significance, once denoted the inherence of the musical element in the divine nature, that all the liberal studies derived therefrom their inspiration, that it was the bond of union among them, and that this golden chain which connected them altogether attached them all to the skies.

If it is old fogyism to have a sort of faith in the Muses, we confess ourselves so far old fogies. They may have fallen

asleep: but we may find, some day, Christian names for them; and, by that time, they may be ready for resurrection.

We are too prompt to assume, that, because we have a better theology than the ancients had, we have a better, or more, religion. It may be that our theology is an advance on theirs, if it has felt the softening and enlarging influence of the gospel humanities; but this *if* is emphatic, and there is something about the spirit of their studies in which the ages called Christian might well take a lesson from pagan antiquity. The peculiar and touchingly beautiful use of the word *pietas*, in the Latin language, comprehending at once all the holiest relations of earth, and the reciprocal relations between earth and heaven; expressing not only the affection of children for their parents and for each other, but that of parents toward their children; not only the reverence of men for gods, but the respect of gods for men; not only the devotion of the patriot to his country, but the care of the country for her children; and the extending of this piety to the Muses themselves, — such things tempt one to ask whether there is so much of the musical in *our* piety as, according to the Christian faith, there ought to be. The ancient pagan may have worshipped an *unknown*, but not an *unfelt* God. To him *all* things were *full of Jove.*

Schiller having been moved by his feeling of the contrast between the graceful, genial side of the ancient mythology, and the unpoetic, unlovely misrepresentation of religion in much of modern creed and character, to pour forth his sorrow over the dead gods of Greece, in that melodious eloquence for which he is so remarkable, Mrs. Browning takes him to task, in one of her most beautiful poems, of which we give a few stanzas, chiefly for the sake of showing how, in one of them, she lends us an expression, implying more than she perhaps intended by it in mitigation of her sentence.

"O ye vain, false gods of Hellas!
Ye are silent evermore!
And I dash down the old chalice
Whence libations ran of yore.
See! the wine crawls in the dust
Worm-like — as your glories must!
Since Pan is dead.

Get to dust, as common mortals,
By a common doom and track!
Let no Schiller from the portals
Of that Hades call you back,
Or instruct us to weep, all,
At your antique funeral.
Pan, Pan is dead."

But this is the passage we particularly refer to, —

"By your beauty, which confesses
Some Chief Beauty conquering you;
By our grand heroic guesses,
Through your falsehood, at the True, —
We will weep not . . . !"

Protesting against the word *falsehood*, if it implies that the ancient mythology was all *intentional* imposture, we ask, ought not the ancient classic poets to be thanked for *putting* us upon those "grand heroic guesses" at the meaning they so beautifully symbolize? Yes: until our wisdom and religion have more of the musical than they yet have, we *ought* to weep for the gods of Greece.

But we were to speak for the Muses in special, and not for the gods in general. And particularly we were to remark upon the meaning and moral of that unity in plurality which marked the ancient conception of the Muses, and which we take to signify that all the various departments of art, science, literature and life, which they were supposed to rule and represent, are intimately united by one poetic and musical bond.

Upon the interior harmony of the sisterhood of what are called the fine arts, which has been so much illustrated, and which the familiar phrases "speaking pictures," "frozen music," and so much other popular language show to be felt by the common heart, we shall not dwell.

In passing from the fine arts to the refining studies generally, to that learning and labor which the ancients summoned up under the term "humanities," we go out over a bridge formed by two, at least, of those very arts, — eloquence and poetry; whereof the one has a side turned to the so-called practical ends of life, and the other toward the equally practical, only interior, spiritual life; and under the bridge, as

we cross, murmurs that eternal river of music. Not only as a performer, but as a learner; not only as an artist, but as an aspirant, — is the inspiration of that music which alone makes poetry eloquent and eloquence poetic vitally needful to man.

If the first teachers of mankind, the earliest lawgivers, historians, moral and natural philosophers, theologians and theoganists, delivered their instructions in verses, they did it not (as we have been told) merely for the sake of impressing them on the memory. Not for the sake of *im*pression, but for the sake of *ex*pression, did they utter poetically what it would have been a misrepresentation of the truth to utter prosaically, *singing* their conception of that truth which is the infinite beauty, and of which the spirit, the life, is the soul of an infinite harmony. Orpheus, who was fabled to have raised the walls of Thebes to the sound of his lyre, was at once, according to the tradition, singer, statesman, and sage; and the tradition foreshadows the oneness of poesy, philosophy, and life.

No one, as we shall venture to say, is in the best sense a classic scholar, unless he brings with him from his study of the ancients a conviction how much more we need to recognize than is commonly done, in our pursuit of truth, the sacred place and function of that element which ancient genius and piety sought to express by the figure and fable of the Muses.

Take the highest study, — religion. What is faith itself, the great principle of religion, without imagination? It may lay hold upon a dead body of words, but it cannot grasp the life of the spiritual. And is not this what the Hebrew Scripture means by *prophesying with the harp*, the musical enunciation of truth which is too deep to state, too vast to define? But what, after all, is religion, true and thorough, but the electric chord, wherewith are darkly bound truth to truth, soul to soul, and all to the infinite centre?

Charity and catholicity will come in the train of the Muses, when men learn to feel, that, in the very nature of things, the *infinite* is incapable of *definition;* that it is vanity and vexation of spirit to think of demonstrating the invisible things of the spirit; that what one can demonstrate, however

it may *suggest* the spiritual reality, his very demonstration has already proved not to *be* the reality in itself.

These thoughts on the ancient fable of the Muses and its inner meaning might have been followed out to a vastly greater length in the direction of curious speculation and practical wisdom; but we leave them here, trusting that they will pleasantly remind more than one reader of his obligation to those old pagans, and to our elders, their interpreters, who set us upon climbing that classic hill, which, though a hard hill, perchance, to youthful feet, has proved to so many not only a mount of Remembrance, but of Prophecy; not only a Parnassus, but a Pisgah. C. T. B.

I DO not say that a man should search and learn nothing in natural arts and sciences. No: such knowledge is useful to him; but a man must not begin with his own reason. Man ought not only to govern his life by the light of outward reason, which is good in itself, but should sink with that light into the deepest humility before God, and set the spirit and will of God foremost in all his searching, so that the light of reason may see and know things through the light of God. And, though reason may be very wise in its own sphere, and help a man to much knowledge, yet must it not arrogate such wisdom and knowledge to itself as if they were in its own possession, but give the glory thereof to God, to whom alone all wisdom and knowledge belongeth.

For this is the true faith in man, viz., to die from himself, — that is, from his own desire, — and, in all his undertakings and designs, to bring his desire into the will of God, and arrogate the doing of nothing to himself, but esteem himself, in all his doings, to be but a servant or minister of God, and to think that all he doth and undertaketh, is for God. For, in such a disposition, the spirit of God leadeth him into true uprightness and faithfulness towards his neighbor. For he thinketh thus with himself, "I do my work, not for myself, but for God, who hath called and appointed me to do it. I am but a servant in his vineyard." He listeneth continually after the voice of his Master, who, within him, commandeth him what he shall do. The Lord speaketh in him, and biddeth him do what he would have to be done by him.

Behmen.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXXII.*

ICH RUF' ZU DICH, HERR JESU CHRIST.

I CRY to thee, O Christ our Lord!
Oh, hear my supplication!
And graciously this day accord
The sight of thy salvation.
The upright faith I keep in mind,
So that always striving,
In thee living,
I may to all be kind;
The gift is of thy giving.

And let me not in my sure trust,
O Lord! be disappointed;
Nor be the scoff of men unjust,
Who heed not thine Anointed.
And, when I die, on thee alone
May I be strongly founded,
And not grounded
On merits of my own;
My sentence then were sounded.

And make me from my inmost heart
To enemies forgiving,
Forgive me on my own poor part,
And grant a holier living.
Thy word shall be my heavenly food
To feed the soul's want fully,
Teaching truly
How I with heart renewed
May praise and worship duly.

---

* Through an inadvertence, the Hymn from the German in our last number was not numbered, as it should have been, "The Thirty-first." — E.

May neither fear nor fond desire
  My soul from thee dissever;
But still a constant mind inspire
  In grief and gladness ever.
From thy free grace the blessing flows,
  Which none can reach by merit,
    Or inherit;
  A true and sweet repose,
When we give back our spirit.

I lie yet struggling in the strife;
  Set help, Lord Christ, before me!
Within thy grace alone is life;
  To strength let that restore me.
Grant in the evil hour to me,
  When flesh and heart are failing,
    Might unquailing;
  And that at last through thee
I may be all-prevailing. N. L. F.

XXXIII.

HERZLIEBSTER JESU, WAS HAST DU VERBROCHEN?

JOHANN HEERMANN, 1630.

O DEAREST Saviour! what law hadst thou broken,
That the death-sentence was against thee spoken?
For what wert thou so tortured and reviled,
  Thou undefiled?

In mockery robed and crowned, as a false actor,
Scourged like a slave and like a malefactor;
They led thee, amid scorn and malediction,
  To crucifixion.

O matchless love! O love beyond conceiving!
That thou shouldst give thyself for our relieving!
What shall I back to thee, Redeemer, render?
  What offering tender?

In thankfulness thy goodness will I treasure;
Love thee supremely, and not worldly pleasure;
Do thy will only; all wrong feelings quelling,
Wrong thoughts repelling.

Thou wilt not disregard thy servant wholly,
But view with gracious eye his service lowly;
Thy spirit strengthen daily thy poor debtor.
To serve thee better. N. L. F.

THE MORALE OF SHAKESPEARE.

The appearance of Richard Grant White's exceedingly interesting and valuable work upon the "The Life and Genius of Shakespeare" moves us to ask, and helps us to answer, the question, "What shall we say of the great poet and dramatist as seen in the light of the Gospel?" Mr. White has evidently given us a very faithful picture of this marvellous man, refusing to adjust the facts, so far as there are any facts, to a preconceived theory. He has steadily resisted the strong temptation to find in Shakespeare what we think should have been in him, but what manifestly was not. He has reminded us again of what ought to have been already sufficiently obvious, that it is wholly aside from the purpose to quote the words of one and another character as expressions of the author's own thought. He lived in lives the most various and the most opposite. He speaks to us not only by many tongues, but out of many hearts. His creations are not himself. He hides himself wonderfully in the exercise of the creative act; it is he and yet not he that speaks. Quote him, and you may show him to have been any thing. If there is any exception to this statement, it is in the words which he puts into the lips of his fools: otherwise he lives and speaks indifferently in saint or sinner, in believer or infidel. Not from detached passages at all then can we gather up any moral estimate of this most gifted of the sons

of men. We must look at his work as a whole, and we must look at the man's life so far as we can gain glimpses of it aside from his written words.

1. Shakespeare's work as a literary artist is religious and moral, as nature, especially man's nature, is religious and moral. Take creation, as we see it, *as a whole*, take the being of man, *as a whole*, regarding not detached parts only but the general effect and impression, and the character of the element which preponderates or plainly ought to preponderate, and they witness clearly and eloquently for truth and goodness, for righteousness and love. These glorious and gracious realities are not all that nature brings into the light of life. Evil stands forth as well as good, darkness as well as light, passion as well as affection, the flesh as well as the spirit, the devil as well as the sons of God. There would seem to be no pains as far as nature is concerned so to emphasize the right and true, that there can be no questionings, much less no captious questionings. We are left at liberty to ask, "What mean these wild beasts, these pestilences, these snakes and poisons, these abortions, these lusts?" We may still ask, "Why does not Nature moralize in a most unmistakable way, so that we may be able to see and say that it is pervaded only by a good and loving God?" We may still ask, "Why are any sent into the world with so low a moral organization?" And yet how the Truth utters herself in nature, and in the children of nature! How utterly impossible is it to close our ears against her sweet, her commanding, her awful eloquence!

> "Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
> The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
> That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
> The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass."

Nature does not make light of, but echoes and re-enforces, the utterances of our own higher natures. It would be a libel upon creation should one, pointing to some of its strange works, say that they preach immorality, or that nature knows neither evil nor good. It would be a libel upon the constitution of man should one say that in doing vileness he follows

his nature as truly as in doing good. On the whole and in the main, God is not without most eloquent witnesses, even in the unconscious creation, and in that human being which is made up of such opposite and conflicting elements, and out of whose depths there flames up at times such a lurid light.

So Shakespeare, "holding the mirror up to nature," displays the glory and beauty of the truth, displays them as nature does, the good speaks for itself, the evil speaks for itself, and the better cause hath the better argument. "To the pure all things are pure," whether in nature or in nature's darling. Making allowance for the peculiarities in the tastes and usages of his times, the dramas of Shakespeare can scarcely be called unclean, even in their most objectionable portions, save as nature is unclean. We find in him nothing so offensive as much which defiles the pages of Dryden, or even of Pope. Dryden, we are sorry to say, seems to take pleasure in the animalism which he depicts: not so Shakespeare. We are not excusing uncomeliness. We are thankful that, as the ages go on, and the world improves, it drops more out of sight, and, it is to be hoped, out of mind: we only say that, in the great dramatist, it is an offence chiefly to those who are prepared to be offended. And then the weight of his spiritual and moral truth, the wonderful help which he brings to all that is highest and most divine in us, the matchless discourses which he preaches to his audiences in words so plain and so moving! How much of a most healthful stimulus the world would have lost, had the plague which visited the larger part of the houses of Stratford visited the home of Shakespeare also, and taken the child away! It was not in the plan of the wise Providence, that there should be such waste as that. Many who have stigmatized him as a profane player have only wearied and vexed the world with their dull dogmatizing and moralizing, and everlasting commonplace, whilst the ages never grow weary of listening to his living and loving wisdom. Modern society is largely indebted to the words of Shakespeare for its moral culture. We do not mean that he carries us to heights which had never been reached before, or that he is in any sense a

moral pioneer or explorer; but he does make what was ours already more truly ours, and digs from common fields the richest treasures.

2. Turning now to the life of Shakespeare, as distinguished from his works, we encounter a strange moral phenomenon. Our experience is very largely one of severe disappointment. How can we say less than this: "He was a great writer, but he was not a truly great man." Making every allowance which the largest and sweetest charity can suggest, recognizing the fact that we know very little about him, admitting that the circumstances of his household were singularly unpropitious, we cannot find upon his life the stamp of real greatness, of the truest wisdom. Perhaps his case is so very peculiar that we ought to deal with it as exceptional. He seems to have been *conscious of nothing*. He set no value, as is well known, upon his great dramas, was careful only of his far less valuable poems. He was quite content, and asked nothing besides, when his plays had been made to yield the utmost pecuniary return. He wrote for this reward, gained it, and asked no more. Perhaps this intellectual unconsciousness may be pleaded in explanation of his moral unconsciousness; but at any rate, however we may explain it, it seems to have been the fact, that we know nothing of him which betrays a high sense of duty, that nothing heroic comes to us in the story of his life, that we have along with the most wonderful writing only the most ordinary living, such as we may hear of any day in the commonest literary hack. Of obedience to conscience, consecration to humanity, communion with God as the chief ends of life, he seems to have had little practical experience. His spirit went into his written words: if they had perished nothing would have been left for us: they were not to him messages which God had given him to convey and utter, — only so much composition for so much money; and, when the money had been earned and laid aside, he cared no more for the precious sentences. As we say, this indifference is so strange, that it amounts almost to an apology for a life so commonplace. We can hardly judge by common mea-

sures a man who could do the greatest things in utter unconsciousness, even without any desire to be admired and praised. Still the fact remains, that the elements which make up the hero and the saint never came into the light of that wonderful life. His youth was not, so far as we can learn, exemplary. His hand if not his heart was foolishly bestowed. He wrought with no high sense of his vocation. He ought to have magnified and redeemed his calling as an actor of plays: he was only ashamed of the vocation, if not of the plays also. He was a good son, for aught we know he was a tolerant husband, though his resource in this respect would seem to have been a protracted absenteeism: he was kindly, thrifty, just, sweet-tempered and companionable, no sensualist, though, not superior to the foolish and convivial excesses of the day, he came to his end in all probability by a fever induced by over-indulgence at the table.

Plainly, the man was one and the words of the man were another. We must class Shakespeare amongst the great geniuses, not amongst the great examples. "Great men are not always wise." There is a certain commerce of the intellect with divine things which yields golden words, but not immortal deeds. The splendor of the intellect must not blind us to the poverty of the moral being. Godlike the poet was in his thoughts and imaginings, but very, very manlike in his doings. We say it not to degrade one who has been almost worshipped to mortal degrees; but for the truth's sake, and also to emphasize by contrast the high estate of religious and moral heroism. We say it because so many, forgetting the heaven-wide difference between living and speaking, between deed and word, are so ready to name Shakespeare even in connexion with the greatest name that is named on earth, in connection with him whose work and whose life were one, what he spake the parable of what he was, his speech the commentary upon his pure living. The least in the kingdom of heaven — the least who is born into a divine consciousness, and who, knowing God, can only love and serve God — is greater than the greatest child of earth. And how should even those who are called gods, and

who in some good sense *are* gods, bow down and worship that sovereign Lord who rules the world, not by such eloquence as mere scholars and learned men prize, but by the power of truth, — truth unto life, unto pure and peaceable living in the sight of God and man. "Not by might, not by wisdom, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." "There is but One Name whereby we may be saved." E.

"TO FILL THE MOMENT WORTHILY IS EVERLASTING LIFE." — DR. F. H. HEDGE.

O TIME! thou fleet, delusive dream,
  Creature of space and rolling orbs,
Thou art, art not; for all thou art
  Another vaster truth absorbs.

Time is of matter. Strike that out,
  And hours and days, and months and years,
Measured by travelling planets, cease:
  The measure gone, time disappears!

But though the universe should fail,
  No dial mark the passing hour,
Still would the soul its periods make,
  Still chronicle, with startling power,

Each passing thought, each flitting shade
  Of feeling, human joy or woe, —
Inscribed in fadeless characters,
  As onward we for ever go.

Lord, what a sum is one day's life!
  How years and ages thus record
Their crowded wisdom in an hour,
  And fortunes tremble on a word!

Now is the moment; now the point
  In the soul's state for ever rife;
While heaven's eternal heights proclaim, —
  Now is the everlasting life! W. M. F.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S LESSON.

"Help one another."

"SINCE our conversation a few Sundays ago, on the subject of 'overcoming difficulties,' I have thought it would be well occasionally thus to put aside the regular lesson for the day, and take up some subject more intimately connected with our every-day experience; and I have thought I would like for our present lesson to try what good we may draw from the words, 'Help one another.' I think we are all of us far too little aware of the obligation we are under to do all that we can to aid those around us, those at least beyond our own family circle and immediate friends. We may not be altogether as narrow in our ideas of duty in this respect as was the little Scotch girl in the story, who, when asked to lead home to its parents, whom she knew, a little wandering child, turned away with indifference, saying, 'It's nane o' my brither;' but we have far too little of that large charity which makes us to see an object in every human being within the sphere of our influence. The relations of kindred and friendship, designed to be the means of enlarging the affections, are too often permitted to narrow them, making many to imagine that they have no obligations beyond these limits. The parable of the Good Samaritan seems to me a standing rebuke of all those who would thus narrow the compass of their responsibilities."

"But it is natural, is it not, Miss Ellis, that we should love our friends, and do for them more than for others?"

"Certainly, Agnes, but not to others' exclusion, provided we have the opportunity of extending to them any manifestation of our good will. And we cannot live as we do, surrounded by others, without having such opportunities often. We may not have the means of giving much, that is, in the way of money, or the things which money represents; yet still, there are many things that we can give, there is much we have the power to do. To give a cup of water at your

door is to help another, a few flowers from your garden to some little child. A kind word that makes another feel pleasanter and happier is doing good, or a little act of kindness that takes but a few moments of your time. It would be impossible for me to mention all the ways in which we may help those around us. They are more almost than we can think. What we need generally is only the feeling that inclines us to assist them."

"I am afraid I haven't this feeling, Miss Ellis, as much as I ought. I acknowledge that I have frequently had opportunities of helping others when I haven't had the inclination. It seems to me often too much trouble.

"And sometimes, Agnes, you have perhaps gone so far as to ask yourself whether you would be likely to have any return for your good offices, and have given or withheld them accordingly."

"Yes, I think I sometimes have."

"It is acting from the largest, most disinterested feeling when we give or do good, as we may express it, 'hoping for nothing again,' but as a stimulus to induce us to put forth our efforts, trusting that we may in time arrive at this larger feeling. I think we may take for our encouragement the words, 'Give, and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom.' We must act at the moment as far as possible without the hope of reward; but we are permitted to believe that there is no action in any degree disinterested without some meed of return. Sometimes, it may be, it is only in feeling, in the satisfaction which follows the act; but often it is in the shape of some substantial benefit. You can doubtless, all of you, remember instances in your own experience of this. I think, Margaret, I once heard you speak of receiving a valuable gift in return for some slight favor."

"Yes, a lady visiting at our house wanted a few inches of embroidery to complete the pattern for an article she was making. She could not buy any like it except in Boston, and she was very anxious to finish the article to send the

next day to a friend as a birth-day gift. I looked at the work, and thought I could imitate it. Drawing the pattern, in two or three hours I finished enough to complete the article, which was sent the next day to her friend. Her gratification at thus being able to finish the work was sufficient remuneration to me, but it did not satisfy her. After her return home, I received from her a beautifully bound edition of Milton's works."

"A long time ago, I read a story that comes to me as a striking example of what we are now considering, that there is no kindness without its reward. A traveller who was crossing the Alps was overtaken by a snow-storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate his bones. Still the traveller for a time struggled on. But at last his limbs were benumbed, a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him, his feet almost refused to move, and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly never have waked again in this world.

"Just at that moment he saw another poor traveller coming along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, in a worse condition than himself; for he too could scarcely move: all his powers were frozen, and he appeared to be just on the point to die.

"When he saw this poor man, the traveller, who was just going to lie down to sleep, made a great effort. He roused himself up; and he crawled, for he was scarcely able to walk, to his dying fellow-sufferer. He took his hands into his own, and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And, all the time, he spoke cheering words in his ear, and tried to comfort him.

"As he did thus, the dying man began to revive, his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all; for his kind benefactor, too, was recovered by the efforts he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness

went off: he no longer wished to sleep: his limbs returned again to their proper force; and the two travellers went on their way together, happy, and congratulating one another on their escape. Soon the snow-storm passed away; the mountain was crossed, and they reached their homes in safety.

"Sometimes an act of kindness long since forgotten by the one who performed it is returned after an interval of years, no opportunity having occurred in that interval to show that it had been remembered. A friend of mine told me the following, which I will relate to you as an instance of this: While visiting at the house of her sister, she received such unusual attentions from a man-servant belonging to the family, that she remarked it to her sister, wondering at the cause. Her sister told her that, seven years before, he had met her in the street, and inquired of her the direction to a house he wished to find; which she not only gave him, but went a little out of her way to put him in the right course. This simple act of kindness was never forgotten. Learning her name, he had always remembered it; and, now that he had the opportunity of doing something in return, he had shown her the civilities she had remarked as so unusual, prompted by the remembrance of an act which she had forgotten as soon as performed, but which he had treasured during seven long years.

"Another instance occurs to me in the life of Alexander H. Stevens, of Georgia, the rebel Vice-President, the man so strangely seduced from the advocacy of the noblest principles to acquiescence in the doctrines and policy of the rebel leaders. When a poor boy, without home or parents, or any one to protect or guide him, he one night reached in his wanderings the house of a wealthy planter, who kindly took him in, fed, lodged, and sent him on his way with a blessing. Years rolled round: Providence led him along; he had reached the legal profession; his hospitable host had died, and his widow was in danger of being reduced from affluence to poverty by means of false claims being made against her estate. Obliged to resort to the law in defence of her rights, she sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him; and that counsel

proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and cared for by her and her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to that of the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted: he gained it; and the widow's estates were permanently secured to her.

"'I have said that the recompense for an act of kindness might sometimes only be realized in the satisfaction which flows from the act itself; but, in addition to this, I think we may feel that no act of this kind is ever without some good result to him who is the object of it. We may never know this; but I think we may be permitted to believe it. We have the following from Douglas Jerrold: —

"The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted boy, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of the Sunday morning. The possessor of the garden came forth from his little cottage: he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at his work in the woods. He had come into his garden to gather a flower to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy; and, breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, — it was streaked with red and white, — gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke one word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now, here at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation is long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.'

"This is by no means a solitary instance of this kind: I believe, indeed, there are few who cannot remember some little kind word or act of another in their childhood which has filled them with happiness, which has followed them in some way for good. There are many, I am confident, who remember such acts only to know that their thoughts and feelings have been permanently influenced by them, that they

have even contributed to the formation of what was best in their characters. I can recall instances, in my own past, of little kindnesses that I think have helped to awaken in me and to keep alive the same feeling toward others which prompted the performance of these acts toward me. No good word or act or manifestation of any kind is ever lost; we may be sure of it: let us then, my dear pupils, not stint our kindnesses, confident that they shall return to us, or blossom and bear fruit in other hearts, each one a seed from which good influences will never cease to flow. And, while we have this faith, let us at the same time strive to make our actions truly and purely disinterested: it is possible, I believe, often, if not always, wholly to lose the thought of self in our interest in others; and our action becomes then truly noble. I remember the reply of a boy, who, having saved another boy from drowning at the imminent risk of his own life, was asked how he came to rush into such danger. 'I could not bear to see him drown, and I forgot all about myself.' Self-forgetfulness! How truly noble is it! How does it win our admiration! How worthy is it, indeed, of our truest reverence!

"I give you, in closing, the following fable from Krummacher:—Two travellers once rested on their journey at an inn, when suddenly a cry arose that there was a fire in the village. One of the travellers immediately sprang up, and ran to offer his assistance. But the other strove to detain him, saying, 'Why should you waste your time? Are there not hands enough to assist? Why concern ourselves about strangers?' His friend, however, listened not to his remonstrances, but hastened to the fire; the other following, and looking on at a distance. A woman rushed out of the burning house, crying, 'My children! My children!' When the stranger heard this, he darted into the house among the burning timbers, while the flames raged fiercely around him. 'He will surely perish,' cried the spectators. But after a short time, behold! he came forth with scorched hair, carrying two young children in his arms, and delivered them to their mother. She embraced the infants, and fell at the

stranger's feet. But he lifted her up, and comforted her. The house soon fell with a terrible crash. As the stranger and his companion returned to the inn, the latter said, 'Who bade thee risk thy life in such a dangerous attempt?' 'He,' answered the first, 'who bids me put the seed into the ground, that it may decay, and bring forth the new fruit.' 'But if thou hadst been buried among the ruins?' His companion smiled, and said, 'Then should I myself have been the seed.'"

SWEETS OF ZION.

O Zion! how pure and exalted a pleasure
Thy beauty of holiness has to impart,
While evermore precious and permanent treasure
Thy sweet, sacred memories store in the heart,
For Christians in union and holy communion
The Dove that descendeth and dwells in the heart!

The altars, where Heaven enkindles devotion
And wings of the Spirit upbear as above,
The penitent tear and the pious emotion,
The blessing of giving, the labor of love, —
In memory's treasure the multiplied pleasure,
And usury sweet from the loaning of love!

O Zion! when we have ascended thy mountain,
And viewed the world's trouble and turmoil beneath,
And plunged in the crystal of Calvary's fountain,
And gales of the Spirit have given us breath,
We look over time with a prospect sublime
Of Paradise passing the Jordan of death!

And, when we descend in the valley we tread in,
And take up the burden of business and care,
Still memory traces our Zion's oasis,
And wafts over weariness heavenly air,
And waters indwelling for ever are welling
From springs of salvation perennial there! R. F. F.

GOD IN CHRIST.

The wants and aspirations of our nature furnish evidence, at once profound and forcible, of the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. The cry of Philip on that dark night in Gethsemane, before the crucifixion, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us," — do not tell us about him, but show us, — is not this the uttered and unexpressed cry of every human soul? Then all revelations of God aside from this of the *incarnation* of the divine in Jesus, do they not manifestly fail to meet and satisfy our deepest want? So we believe, if for no other reason, because they are lacking in respect to that human element and character which peculiarly adapts the revelation of God in Christ to our need. For this reason the response of Jesus, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," embodies a most central and precious truth. He certainly means very much more than that he had merely taught them concerning the Father; uttering, as he plainly does, a clear, unambiguous statement of a fact. As such we would receive it, with no desire to explain away or tone down its obvious import. But it does not therefore follow, that our Lord was a full and perfect revelation of all the infinite attributes of God. "The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth his handiwork;" but very different from this is the revelation of God in Christ. By the one, we may contemplate him as the omnipotent One who inhabiteth eternity, — may gaze upon the unimaginable glory in which he dwelleth, with the sublime mysteries which surround his eternal throne. But, had we no other knowledge of God (or way of access to him), it would be impossible to find satisfactory grounds of trust in him and love to him. For, so far from being thus led to look to him in the spirit of love and trust, we are but oppressed, and the aspirations of our hearts are smothered, by the unerring steadiness, the sublime and faultless precision, of law and order everywhere perfectly reigning. By our conscious weakness, more-

over, is begotten within us an abiding sense of dependence on the beneficence and mercy of that incomprehensible Omnipotence which hath created and sustains us. We are struggling with difficulties; filled with doubts; burdened with cares; corrupted with sins, and smitten with remorse; and without the revelation of God in Christ. What ground of assurance have we that the Infinite Being who made and governs all things has any special regard for us, much less bears us in the arms of his omnipotent love? From what other source, we confidently ask, does the assurance come? As we turn our thoughts to the infinite heavens, the exclamation mounts to our lips, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" It seems as if we were unnoticed, and absolutely lost, in the infinite immensity of things; and therefore our pre-eminent need is to be assured that we are of value in his sight, and may share in the infinite blessedness of his love. It has been truly said, that our great want is that he "should for once touch, as no hand but his can touch, the springs of this all-encompassing order, and say in the sublime pause, 'I love thee: I will bear thee in the arms of my affection, and shelter thee beneath my providence.'" Nevertheless, with some, this is gravely doubted. It is even affirmed that such is not our need; that the supposition itself is a visionary assumption of superstitious minds; that nature and reason, with the witness of the soul, are sufficient to teach us to lean trustingly, in every emergency, on the arms of God. But let those who assert this stand by it if they will. It is not the verdict of experience, or sustained by observation. For, if we interpret the voice of that experience aright, it tells of the dominating rule of evil lusts and passions,—of the triumphs of temptation,—of deep depression and sore conflicts, in the midst of overwhelming doubts,—of disappointments which settle a thick gloom over the pathway of life,—of afflictions which no outward circumstances or consolations which man may offer can alleviate,—of dread voids in human loving hearts, and of dark and fearful desolations in happy earthly homes. To all this, and more than this, it bears universal and unequivocal testimony.

And it is perfectly idle to offer to persons in these inevitable emergencies, considerations of the character suggested, as affording proper motives for reformation with adequate grounds of consolation, encouragement, and hope.

For then has this central truth of the gospel alone power to render the trust we need to exercise in God possible, to give to us our needed consolation, and to move us to the unburthening of ourselves in confessions the most sincere. Then any merely natural reasonings are indeed destitute of power, in the nature of the case, to satisfy our profoundest heart-longings.

We forcibly realize, then, our need of the peculiar blessings which this great truth of Christianity brings to us; and from our extremity comes the fervent heart cry of the disciples, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." And, thanks be to God! to this perpetual petition of humanity there is ever a glorious response in the gospel. Of course (as we have said), God is thus revealed in a sense peculiar. We see "the blessed and only Potentate" in "the man Christ Jesus," — "the image of the invisible God" in human form. And how does this serve to enhance the value of the gospel, and deepen our appreciation of our Lord? How does it quicken us to newness of life in him, and fill our hearts with thrilling joy?

It hath pleased God the Father Almighty thus to assume our nature, that he might redeem us to himself. We see the Father in the Son, "God in Christ." In believing in him we believe in the Father, and in receiving him we receive the Father; and this not because, as one commissioned so to do, he has taught us concerning the Father, but because "*God was in him.*" By the works of God, we may in a degree comprehend his infinite attributes; and it would doubtless be impossible to obtain a better conception of their transcendent scope and sublimity than we are thus aided to form. But God in Christ is needed, nevertheless, to fill and tone our conception of his being and attributes thus formed, — to give to us the knowledge of the Holy Spirit, and of the all-pervading personal divine presence.

We worship hence, as one has said, "not the cold intellectual deity of natural religion, — not the distant majesty of a speculative theism," but one ever-blessed God, the Father- — "in spirit and in truth." We cry Abba, Father, because we have the spirit of adoption and of sonship. And what an exhibition of grace! Between God and us are the unsounded depths of infinity, — the light unapproachable, before which angels veil their faces, as also the "clouds and darkness" which are for ever "round about him."

We cannot approach unto him; but, blessed be his holy name! in answer to the prayer of our benighted, sin-corrupted, trembling nature, he hath revealed himself to us in a way so infinitely sweet and tender, and so perfectly adapted to our great need.

Thanks for a revelation of himself *so* human as to perfectly meet and satisfy the wants of our nature, which else must have their birth and being in our consciousness in vain.

Thanks that we may see how to trust in God by being led with confidence to trust in the Son of God; how to love him by having our affections drawn towards the Son, whom to know is to love with all the heart; and how also to obey him by being taught to yield obedience to him in whom God was "manifest in the flesh."

Therefore have we in him an authority the need of which is strongly implanted in our nature and consciousness. We may assert the contrary of this; but facts will speedily render our assertions valueless.

The want exists: it forms one of the sources of the vast popular power of Romanism, — which is by its assumptions perpetually saying to tempest-tost and half-bewildered humanity, "Repose ye in the bosom of the Church. Here is rest, for here is authority, a finality;" and the appeal is powerful because it is addressed to a profound want in our nature.

On a certain occasion, one of the disciples said, "Lord, to whom shall we go? *thou hast the words of eternal life;*" and this we believe. The want exists, as real and definite as any other. But no want of God's creating exists in vain. Want,

in his works, is ever met with abounding supply. Where, then, is the supply to this want, but in him who is "*the* way, *the* truth, and *the* life?" In what other direction, indeed, may be found its adequate supply? Where else can we go? Shall it be to the ecclesiasticism adverted to? "Other foundations can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ." Shall it be some system of philosophy? Philosophies ever change, and pass away. What is required is an authority divine, before which the profoundest philosophy, the greatest human intelligence, and most perfect culture, may reverently sit as listener and learner, and to which all may come with confidence for unerring guidance. And in him in whom we see the Father, who is "made of God unto us wisdom, sanctification, and redemption," is the absolute authority we need. Therefore, again, we have in our exigencies of responsibility and trial, assurance of God's compassionate love and care. And whose heart does not respond to this most conspicuous teaching and blessed assurance of our Lord? We see him a constant minister to the uneasy and heavy ladened, how he met and bound up broken and bleeding hearts; and we know that this is the Father's disposition of love towards us. We hear *him* say also, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy ladened, and I will give you rest;" and we know that this is God's invitation, not only because our Lord uttered it, but because we see it verified in him, and what we see in him verified is a verity of God. For God is in him.

When also, by the loss of those whose departure has left sad vacancies in our homes, our hearts are steeped in the bitterness of unalleviated grief; when the question is prompted, whether the Being who thus afflicts can be good; when words, however multiplied, are destitute of power to satisfy our anguish-riven affections, — it is then our privilege to see the Father's disposition of love and compassion towards us, because we see the same verified in our Lord. So also is met and answered the prayer in extremities, of our sin-corrupted hearts. When the voice of God in our conscience is putting to silence other voices, and, under an over-

powering conviction of our sinfulness and unworthiness, we feel that we can only speak of the divine mercy, and that we have but this one hope left, we may then go to him who with the whole earnestness of his being sought to save the lost, not casting from him the worst sinner, as an humble penitent, and find in him our reconciliation with God, — may melt down before the moving fact of the divine love and mercy verified to us in him; and, in the words of Christ, "Go, and sin no more," may find God's word of forgiveness, not only to ourselves, but to all penitents of all time.

Thus may our hearts be lifted in swelling songs of gratitude, and love unfeigned, for the redemption brought nigh to us in our Lord Jesus Christ.

In this central truth of the gospel is contained also the explanation of the attractive, moving power of the cross of Christ. Other and good *men* have bled and died upon numberless crosses. But the cross of Christ has visibly a power far transcending that of all others, — a power which attracts and moves the world. And is there any other rational explanation of this, save in the fact, that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself;" and therefore that his cross is the cross of God in Christ speaking to the world of the divine compassion and love, the divine forbearance and long-suffering for its redemption?

We conceive there is not. And we thank God for a Saviour, and such a Saviour as the world needs. F.

THE GAIN FROM SADNESS.

Our sadness is not sad, but our cheap joys. Let us be sad about all we see and are, for so we demand and pray for better. It is the constant prayer and whole Christian religion. I could hope that you would get well soon, and have a healthy body for this world, but I know this cannot be; and the Fates, after all, are the accomplishers of our hopes. Yet I do hope you may find it a worthy struggle, and life seem grand still through the clouds. — *Thoreau's Letters.*

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER X. — TESTIMONIES, PROSE.

NOTHING in my country experience surprised me more than to find the winter so much more attractive than I had expected. Not that we had no discomforts, — what place is without them? Especially in stormy weather, and in muddy walking, we felt a sense of isolation; and the flesh-pots of Egypt, upon which we looked back, meant sidewalks and gaslights.

For my part, I found many compensations. The keen pure air gave a sense of health and vigor such as I never felt before. I believe that when the ground is covered with snow, some changes, as yet undetected, are wrought in the atmosphere. It seems not unlikely that this should be the fact. What a different play-ground the winds have when, one day, they sport over an expanse, perhaps of an hundred miles, of wet and frozen earth, and the next day, for a like distance, frolic over a spotless carpet of glistening crystals! The air must have, one would think, some different properties on these two days. And one property of snow-air, I believe, is to exhilarate the animal spirits.

I used to suspect this when, in the city, I observed how hilarious the town was on a bright morning after a snow-storm. But I did not know how far this might be an excitement from contrast and local customs. From what I have seen in the country, I believe that not only the human system feels the exhilarating effect, but that it is shared by the brute creation. If any one doubts this, he might ask what farmers think when they turn out their stock on a winter morning, or observe how much the horses share the excitement of a sleigh-ride.

Formerly, I supposed that, in winter, the trees are deprived of their beauty. But, even after they have put off their leafy honors, how much is left to challenge our study

and admiration! The singularly provident and graceful proportions of their different parts can be observed to much better advantage when their branches are nude. The ever-varied beauty of their spray, as seen against the clear blue sky, is something which my eye has only lately learned to appreciate.

When I see the trees in winter hold so securely, in the the most biting cold, that mysterious principle of life which no wit of man has yet detected, and quietly bide the time for bloom and growth, what symbols they are, I sometimes say to myself, of a sturdy and patient faithfulness!

The fairy-like and gorgeous scene beheld when, on some bright winter morning, the trees, shrubs, and grass are all bending under the weight of sparkling coverings of ice, has been often described. What would a native of the torrid zone think, were he suddenly introduced into enchantments that surpass all that the imagination had conceived? I have walked through the woods, in the rear of Arthur Ashton's house, when I have thought, that, if such a spectacle as they then presented could be seen but in one spot on the face of the earth, all the world would flock to it, and the old famous sights would be eclipsed.

If, with the common elements of air and water, such marvellous scenes can be improvised, what resources are in His hands, and what other visions of beauty may gladden our eyes in the great hereafter!

A heavy fall of snow makes a sort of jubilee in the country. Early in the morning, the farmer's teams are yoked to break out the highways. One can see them slowly making their path along the chief roads, the oxen wallowing in deep drifts, encouraged by the shouts of men and boys on the sleds.

The winter, to which in these pages I have before referred, offered a general turn-out of this kind. A snow-storm of unusual severity had raged for a day and two nights. The roads, in many places filled as high as the walls with snow, and occasionally with drifts eight and ten feet deep, demanded immediate attention. Men, oxen, and sleds were despatched

at once from Arthur Ashton's, Uncle Ephraim's, and indeed from all the chief homesteads of the town; and, when they met at the forks of the roads, there was an exchange of many a joke, which, if at times lacking in wit, was abundantly compensated by laughter.

At the close of this scene, Uncle Ephraim proposed that he and I should go up, and pass an hour with Arthur.

On entering his room, he told us that he had watched our labors from his window, and it called to mind many like times he had enjoyed in former winters. "As I saw you," said he, "on the sled, struggling through the drifts of snow, which resembled an ocean white with foam, you seemed like a shipwrecked party on a raft, and your half-buried oxen were not unlike huge tritons you had compelled to serve you, though their progress was hardly as rapid as that of water-monsters.

Uncle Ephraim. — We got along as fast as we could, Mr. Arthur; for man and boy did their best while they were within sight of your windows.

Arthur. — The depth of snow appeared to me to be quite worthy of old times.

Uncle Ephraim. — Not much compared with what some stories of old times relate, though I have often suspected that, like a ball of snow, such stories grow by rolling. But, Mr. Arthur, as you sit there, in front of your huge pile of books, with a few wide open near you, you make me think of a husker in the barn, who has a heap of corn and baskets of ears before him.

Arthur. — Let me show you a few golden ears which I have husked out. They may not be of a kind which you and our neighbor here would have selected: I have culled those that make some nourishing bread for me. "How happens it," says a French writer* I was reading, "that some pretend that atheism frees us from every kind of terror about futurity? I cannot perceive that such a conclusion follows. A God, such as my heart delineates, encourages and sustains all my affections. I say to myself, He is good and indulgent, he knows our weaknesses, he loves to produce happiness; and I see the advances of death with

* Necker.

confidence and hope. But every fear would become reasonable, if I lived under the dominion of a Power whose wishes and laws are unknown. I seek for some means to escape from it; but even death cannot afford me a retreat, nor space an asylum. A blind fatality surrounds me, and governs me imperiously. In vain I demand what is to be done with me. It is deaf to my voice. What a fatal blow to my happiness to abandon all my ideas of infinite wisdom, justice, and goodness; to believe that the universe is without a Father and Governor, and that there is no power in nature that I can invoke as a Protector!"

Uncle Ephraim. — A thought like that is no strange thing to me, Mr. Arthur; and I have wondered, too, how it could be supposed that we get rid of all fear of the future if we take away the belief in God. If I was on a long, perilous voyage, with all my interests embarked, I don't see how I should feel any safer if we lost the captain, compass, and chart.

Arthur. — In seeking to escape terror, which the writer supposes is the object in view, if there be men who find more in the belief of an infinite Providence, whence comes this terror? Not from that doctrine itself; for that, as you say, has a tendency to dispel alarm, and to tranquillize the mind: and, if it comes from distrustful relations which they have formed to that Being, of course the remedy is to be found in another direction, — not by denying him, which, try as hard as it will, the mind cannot entirely do, but by seeking that repentance and love which cast out all fear. But to one who has formed any acquaintance with himself, and with the Author of his existence, how strange it sounds to him to talk of escaping *terror!* He does not know what terror means.

Uncle Ephraim. — And yet, Mr. Arthur, there may be good men who feel that the separation from the body is an event so great that they can contemplate it only with solemn dread.

Arthur. — Perhaps they have become so wedded to the limitations of the body, that they can hardly conceive of existence without it. Let me read to you an illustration which the old Roman orator uses. "Suppose," says Cicero, "a person to have been educated from infancy in a chamber in which he could see objects only through a small chink in the window-shutter; would he not be apt to consider this chink essential to his vision? and would it not be difficult to persuade him that his prospect would be enlarged by destroying the walls of his temporary prison?" It is not strange, then, that the soul should feel an affection for the body, and an intimate dependence upon the body. All this is through

the kindness of the adaptation of the dwelling to the tenant; so that at the bottom of a natural awe of death, which perhaps it is right and well we should retain while living, there may be a calm and deep conviction of the infinite goodness of Him who has so well fitted to us our temporary abode.

Neighbor. — I think another case is not uncommon, that of men who find themselves so happy in their present lot that they shrink from the thought of changing it. It is not that they fear dying or death, as such: they would be pained at the necessity of going to some far-distant country to pass the rest of their days, even if they knew they should be happy there, because that knowledge cannot be so vivid to them as the knowledge that they are happy here; and therefore what they would prefer is to live on, year after year, where they are, amid those friends and enjoyments which have given them such a keen relish of life.

Uncle Ephraim. — Well, for my part, I think they are nearer right than those who are for ever calling this a miserable life. If I had made the world myself, I should not think the language of some religious people a compliment.

Arthur. — I agree with you in disliking their disdain. I think it ungrateful and mawkish. If they carry the same temper with them to the future world, I do not see how they are going to find a heaven there. A contented and deep enjoyment of life, coupled with an habitual resignation to leave it when summoned, seems to me to be a much fitter homage to Him who has placed us here. You remember the line which has much true philosophy in it, "To enjoy is to obey."

But perhaps contemptuous expressions in regard to this present world should sometimes be understood by way of comparison. It is not so much because this life is scorned in itself, as that it seems of little value by the side of the conception of heaven. Without this explanation, much of our religious poetry, so called, appears almost impious.

Neighbor. — This national reluctance to relinquish the consciousness of present good for some mysterious, untried state, has been illustrated, if I remember rightly, by some author who endeavors to imagine what were the feelings of our first parents in their earliest experience of sleep. To lose all control over the body, to abandon consciousness, to enter into that dark state in which nothing was then known what the soul might meet, was there no starting back from all this, no trying to resist it, till wearied and exhausted nature would have its way? And that way was found,

as death may be found, to be one of God's kind appointments for a fresher life.

Arthur. — Perhaps you are thinking of Blanco White's "Sonnet to Night." Another writer has gone still farther back; and, though his conception has less poetry, it is not without a good hint, and I will read it to you. "If a human being," says Ferguson, in his Moral Philosophy, "previous to his birth were qualified to reason, he might no doubt apprehend a total extinction of life from a separation of the cord that connected him to his mother; for how could he conceive his existence to continue after his supply of nourishment had ceased? He might indeed observe many parts of his organization and frame which seem to have no relation to his present life. For what purpose, he might say, this duct which leads from the mouth to the stomach? Why these bones, that each apart become hard and stiff, while they are separated from one another by so many joints? Why these jaws made to move on hinges, and these germs of teeth pushing to be felt in the gums? Why the stomach through which nothing is made to pass, and these spongy lungs, so well fitted to drink up the fluids, but which the blood, that passes everywhere else, is not permitted to enter? Such are the prognostics of a future destiny; and similar ones of a destiny still future may be found in the present life of man."

Neighbor. — I think it is Bacon who says, "It is as natural to die as to be born."

Arthur. — And Pope has expressed a similar thought, full of trust, in the well-known lines: —

> "Safe in the hands of one disposing Power,
> Or in the natal or the mortal hour."

But that was a low thought of Sir Thomas Brown, who said that the chief thing about death that troubled him was its destroying effect upon the body. "I am," says he, "not so much afraid of death as ashamed thereof: 'tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our nature that in a moment can so disfigure us that our nearest friends, wife and children, stand afraid, and start at us."

Uncle Ephraim. — His thoughts might have been fixed upon something better than corruption and the grave. But there seems to be much of the grub about some men; at least, they do not readily soar above the charnel-house.

Arthur. — Even if they would take the right view of the charnel-house, it would be something. The destruction of the body of

our friend is not a sight for our eyes to behold; and therefore it is kindly made offensive to our senses, so that we lay the body away. But what takes place? The beautiful laws by which the elements receive each its own are executed; and some secret perception of the kindness and beneficence of this has given a meaning to those words of Job, "The clods of the valley shall be sweet unto him," beyond what he himself, perhaps, comprehended. But Sir Thomas Brown said a better thing than that just quoted, when he observed, "We are happier with death than we should have been without it."

Neighbor. — Most persons think so who are near their centenary birthday. But were we delivered from all decays of body, still it would be true, that the sobriety and thoughtfulness induced by the fact of death deepens and intensifies life. Somebody has said that this would be a different world, if we loved our friends before they are dead as much as we do afterwards. So much does death quicken our affections.

And, then, what a reformer is death! Think of having all our prejudices, timid conservatism, and sanctified abuses, immortalized! A new generation sweeps them away. And a new generation, always coming on, keeps the dew of its youth upon the race. I do not wonder that Plotinus thanked God that his soul was not tied to an immortal body.

Arthur. — You alluded just now to Bacon. There is another sentence, in that brief Essay on Death, on which I have often reflected: "Death is a friend of ours, and he that is not ready to entertain him is not at home."

Neighbor. — I have read in the "Life of Michael Angelo" some words of his on which I have often thought. "As Life is happy," said he, "why should not Death be, both being works of the same divine artist?"

Arthur. — I was pleased the other day in reading two lines from a poet who addresses Death in these words: —

> "'Tis the great glory land behind thee makes
> Thy face a gloom to all on whom thou gazest."

Uncle Ephraim. — I like those short, pithy sayings, in which a great deal is packed up in a small compass, — good for a long journey. I remember one I used to hear on my mother's tongue when I was a boy; she quoting it, as I believe, from Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living," — a book more famous a generation or two ago than at present: "He that fears death charges God with

tyranny." I could not briefly tell you how many times these few words have calmed my mind.

Arthur. — Luther, in his "Table Talk," has a suggestive sentence. He says, "The fear of death is death itself, and the only suffering of death; so that he who abolishes that fear from his heart, neither tastes nor feels death."

Uncle Ephraim. — Well, Mr. Arthur, you have shown us enough of your golden ears of corn to prove what a rich harvest you are gathering.

Arthur. — Wait a moment, Uncle Ephraim: let me read to you a little German parable. "Two fair angels walked over the earth. They were sisters, and they sat together on a bank of flowers. They were named the Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death. 'O sister!' said the latter, 'what a welcome do you receive, so different from the treatment accorded to me! Faces turn pale with fright wherever I go; but you are invited, and received with joy.' And then the Angel of Sleep arose, and embraced her sister, and said, 'But will not the good, when they awake from your arms, bless you too?' And tears of joy stood in the eyes of both."

"AND THE LIGHT SHINETH IN THE DARKNESS; AND THE DARKNESS COMPREHENDED IT NOT."—JOHN i. 5.

ONCE I musing was in spirit,
Why, the Light in darkness shone;
Why, amidst the early ages,
It by men was never known.

Though the world it had created,
Though within the mind it beamed,
Yet the Light none comprehended;
Prophets mused and sages dreamed.

Then to me a voice there answered,
"Why thy wonder thus express?
In the world that Light still shineth,
All mankind to save and bless.

It, in human form and likeness,
To its people came of old;
But by them it was rejected,
As in Scriptures thou art told.

Yet a few beheld its glory,
Dwelling with the sons of men;
And have left the wondrous story,
Culled for all its life to pen.

And, though everywhere it shineth,
Brighter than the orb of day,
Men and nations still reject it,
Walking not in Wisdom's way.

But to all who love, receive it,
They the sons of God become;
Dwelling with the Lord for ever,
In his bright, eternal home." J. V.

SUMMER'S TALK.

"OUT in the woods to-day, Charlie, in stumbling along, turned over a stone. There was an ants' nest under it, with innumerable eggs. As soon as the insects found themselves disturbed, they began immediately to bear the eggs away to a place of safety. It was very curious to watch their industry and instinct."

"Yes; and do you suppose that those little creatures knew what they were about?"

"I suppose so; certainly: why not?"

"Do you imagine that they had a clear idea that those eggs contained their offspring? and that the next generation was in danger, and likely to be cut off? How could they learn the idea of offspring and generation? They had never witnessed birth, and succession of generations; they were never told by their parents, that they must provide for children. They cannot communicate with one another by words; and any feelings that they could transmit to one another must, without words, be altogether too indefinite to be shaped by them into ideas. And how long a memory do you suppose an ant to have? Granting that it had an idea, how long do

you suppose it could retain it, to act upon it? No: I imagine that all that these ants knew upon the overthrowing of the stone that covered their nest was a sense of discomfort, and an impulse to move. Not more of an idea I suppose they had than a man asleep, who smells smoke, the house having taken fire, or who finds a strong light piercing his closed eyelids, and turns over, or makes some other unconscious movements, in his uneasiness in his bed before he wakes.

"You extend the domain of instinct a great ways."

"Yes; but no more than the reflection of all reflecting minds has hitherto done. With the slight means which the lower orders of animated nature have of communicating ideas, we cannot attribute much idea to them; for power, and the expression to others of power possessed, always go together. A solitary being might have ideas, and express them by action: as it was said, 'Let there be light; and there was light.' But social beings, if they know, must tell what they know. Thought is not for ourselves alone, but for others. Thought is a social power. We do not ourselves, even, seem to draw it out of our own minds, except as our minds are a medium for the great store of thought belonging to Intelligence above. And it cannot rest in ourselves and end there, any more than the light of the sun can be limited to himself, shut up in his own sphere, and not shine abroad throughout creation. Do you suppose the bees know geometry? that they can comprehend that the six-sided cell in which they lay up their honey is the most economical shape in which they can build out of the materials they have? Do you suppose the cat knows when she is going to have kittens? or that the mother-hen knows why she makes her nest, and sits so long and patiently upon it? To suppose such knowledge, supposes an immensity of ideas entertained in these little brains, — ideas, too, for which no origin can be found.

"And to suppose so much of idea, as the lower orders have in the preparations of nests, and care of offspring, would require us to suppose a power of thought, not only in a certain very narrow direction, here, where we see it exercised,

but would require us to expect that the same power of mind could exercise itself in all other natural directions as well. If the bee is a geometrician, we should expect to find his geometry exercised as well in the general shape of his comb as in the particular cell. If the cat knows she is to have kittens, and has, I mean, a clear idea of kittens and kitten-hood, she might as easily pursue a vast many other trains of thought, and express them as well in the activity of life. And the hen, that broods over her nest and her chicks, if altogether conscious of her life and action, that is, if she has any clear consciousness of it at all to be compared to the ideas which we have of it, has an amount of thought that makes her quite a human being; and I should expect her as well to be a carpenter and a bricklayer and a farmer and the like. I should expect her to watch the labors of human beings around her; to see their mistakes; to give them notice of bad work they were doing; to let them know where tools were misplaced and lost; and, in fine, to become a very sociable and helpful creature. She certainly would not limit herself, with such an abundance of thought, to merely providing us with chickens and with eggs."

"Well: I admit you do no more than present the commonly accepted views of instinct. But is it not very difficult to point out the line where instinct ends and thought begins; that is, where the individual being is moved by a superior will and intelligence, and wherein he moves with conscious will of his own? And now, to think of it, do you suppose we of the human race have instincts covering proportionally as wide a range of life as the instincts of the lower order? and that we, too, are doing an immensity of work of which we know nothing?"

"Certainly: what reason have we to doubt that man is an unconscious agent, moved by the spirit of the Creator, for great works, — works, orderly and useful, and very beautiful and wonderful? He who rules unconscious nature, and fires the stars, and directs their courses, and piles the mountains, raises the tides, and tints the flowers, may easily be supposed to use conscious man and conscious angels in realms beyond

their own consciousness. When I see the bee roaming at large our fields, at great distance from home, flying, swift, impetuous, erratic, without orderly direction, and yet returning safely at last to his hive, and bringing also the fruits of his day's rich enjoyment as a positive contribution to the family or nation; and a valuable one also to the pleasure or food of a race infinitely above himself, and of whom he can have no idea, not even so much an idea as we can have of angels, or of the Infinite One, — I pass easily to the thought of some great works that God, with his Infinite intelligence, is doing with the human race and with the nation and with each individual of us beside. The course of history looks as erratic as that of the bee, and yet not more so than the course of the planets before the true astronomy was discovered. Wanderings of nations, incursions from the East and North, topplings-down of empires, oppressions and wars and savage passions and luxurious indulgences and idleness, — nothing is for nothing; — all is for something. God allows no waste. There is nothing deformed, homely, ugly to him."

"And you suppose your life, with all its mistakes and with all its sins, he weaves into his beautiful plan?"

"I do. I wander for my will; he makes me work for his: I come home laden with honey, for mine and others' good, though I know nothing of what I have been about. I doubt not at all, that my instinctive life is greater than my conscious life; that I am, to a greater extent, an instrument of God's will and of his love, than I am the instrument of my own."

"But, responsibility; are we not responsible?"

"Certainly: whatever theories we have, or arguments we pursue, we never get beyond the consciousness and assurance of our responsibility, any more than we could get beyond the consciousness of being sleepy, by failing to understand the use of sleep, or reasoning ourselves into the belief that sleep was only a waste of time."

"And does the thought of human instinct have much religious significance?"

"Does it not? I follow the bee in its flight, thinking that

the Infinite Creator is in it; and I reverence the Presence. I see the unconscious ant bearing off to safety its prospect of offspring, guided by the same God that draws the line for the planet to pursue; and it is not irreligion to contemplate it. And mysteriously, through all of good and all of ill, through births and deaths, through sins and obedience, I acknowledge the wise and good and infinite One, — safer with him than with myself; bounded by his power and design; circled in by his love, beyond which, by any possibility, I cannot rove.

E. B.

FREEHOLD, GREENE CO., N.Y.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE HUMAN NATURE OF OUR SAVIOUR.

OUR esteemed friend and brother, B. F. B., sends "a few more words on Swedenborg's doctrine of the Incarnation," in reply to our remarks in the September number. If we were to print his "few more words," with a reply of equal length, it would occupy *twenty pages* of this Magazine; and, at the end of the discussion, our readers would be exactly where they were when it begun, and would have to go to Swedenborg, and judge for themselves as to its meaning. Our friend argues the question in the best spirit, and we are sorry not to print his communication. But we can do no more than state his main points and give his references.

He argues that Swedenborg uses the word "soul" in a twofold sense; that sometimes it means with him, what we popularly understand by it, our own proper mind and will, which we are conscious of; sometimes the *inmost* of our being, which is above consciousness, the *nexus* that unites us with God, and first receives the Divine Influx. This latter is meant by "the soul derived from the father." This Christ did not assume, because in him was the essential Divine in place of it. The former — soul as synonymous with conscious mind and will — Christ did assume; that is, our whole proper nature. Swedenborg posits the human

under a twofold division of "mind and body," meaning by the body the spiritual body as well as the material. These, in full, Christ assumed. All our *paternal* tendencies to evil were in him as well as the maternal, because, though he had no human father, Mary, his mother, had; and, through her, all the paternal evils were derived to him. Therefore all the evils of the hells came into his consciousness to be conquered, and so the work of redemption was complete. To sustain these positions, and also to show wherein man differs from beasts, and why the former is necessarily immortal, and why the latter are not, — a question, by the way, which opens into a very interesting field of inquiry, — our friend makes various references to Swedenborg's writings. Let the reader consult them for himself, and read them in their connection. He would not even understand our friend's reasonings, if we were to print them, without reading Swedenborg. What the human is, and where it commences, see "The Arcana," 3245, 3737, 7179, 6158.

Wherein the Lord differed from every other man, see "Arcana," 2194, 2106, 3161, 1999, 5114, 6716, 1940.

How man differs from beasts, "Arcana," 1999, 5302, 2004, 5114. Concerning "the soul derived from the father," and whether it comes into consciousness, and how far, let the reader consult "Arcana," 6716, 4317; "Divine Love and Wisdom," 432; also a small work of same title, pp. 78–82. Also let him read with special attention a passage in the "True Christian Religion," No. 103, where *mind* as well as soul comes into consciousness derived from the father.

If the reader can make out what our friend B. F. B. says *he* does, and what we do not, that Swedenborg teaches consistently that Christ assumed our whole proper nature, paternal as well as maternal, and without contradicting himself, we rejoice in his success. Having grasped the doctrine, however found, let him use it to some practical results; and not only be drawn to his Saviour more nearly and tenderly, but to any despised and suffering brother that stands near him, since Christ hath taken that brother's whole nature upon it, redeemed it and glorified it.

What is true is of vastly more consequence than what Swedenborg said; and, whatever he said, the complete humanity of Christ is an undoubted doctrine of the New Testament, and one calculated to inspire his followers with unspeakable sympathy and love

towards him, and all that bear his image and are made partakers in his nature. S.

INFINITE GOODNESS THE SAME IN KIND WITH FINITE GOODNESS.

[Amongst our notices of books will be found a few additional words about Mill's "Examination of Hamilton." The following paragraphs have so much interested us, that we cannot refrain from laying them before our readers: they discuss the following topic:— E.]

Mr. Mansel combats, as a heresy of his opponents, the opinion that infinite goodness differs only in degree from finite goodness. The notion that the "attributes of God differ from those of man in degree only, not in kind, and hence that certain mental and moral qualities of which we are immediately conscious in ourselves furnish at the same time a true and adequate image of the infinite perfections of God" (the word *adequate* must have slipped in by inadvertence, since otherwise it would be an inexcusable misrepresentation), he identifies with "the vulgar rationalism which regards the reason of man, in its ordinary and normal operation, as the supreme criterion of religious truth." And, in characterizing the mode of arguing of this vulgar rationalism, he declares its principles to be, that "all the excellences of which we are conscious in the creature must necessarily exist in the same manner, though in a higher degree, in the Creator. God is indeed more wise, more just, more merciful, than man; but, for that very reason, his wisdom and justice and mercy must contain nothing that is incompatible with the corresponding attributes in their human character." It is against this doctrine that Mr. Mansel feels called on to make an emphatic protest.

Here, then, I take my stand, on the acknowledged principle of logic and of morality, that, when we mean different things, we have no right to call them by the same name, and to apply to them the same predicates, moral and intellectual. Language has no meaning for the words just, merciful, benevolent, save that in which we predicate them of our fellow-creatures; and unless that is what we intend to express by them, we have no business to employ the words. If, in affirming them of God, we do not mean to affirm these very qualities, differing only as greater in degree, we are

neither philosophically nor morally entitled to affirm them at all. If it be said that the qualities are the same, but that we cannot conceive them as they are when raised to the infinite, I grant that we cannot adequately conceive them in one of their elements, their infinity. But we can conceive them in their other elements, which are the very same in the infinite as in the finite development: any thing carried to the infinite must have all the properties of the same thing as finite, except those which depend upon the finiteness. Among the many who have said that we cannot conceive infinite space, did any one ever suppose that it is *not* space? that it does not possess all the properties by which space is characterized? Infinite space cannot be cubical or spherical, because these are modes of being bounded: but does any one imagine, that, in ranging through it, we might arrive at some region which was not extended; of which one part was not outside another; where, though no body intervened, motion was impossible; or where the sum of two sides of a triangle was less than the third side? The parallel assertion may be made respecting infinite goodness. What belongs to it as infinite (or more properly as absolute), I do not pretend to know; but I know that infinite goodness must be goodness, and that what is not consistent with goodness is not consistent with infinite goodness. If, in ascribing goodness to God, I do not mean what I mean by goodness, — if I do not mean the goodness of which I have some knowledge, but an incomprehensible attribute of an incomprehensible substance, which, for aught I know, may be a totally different quality from that which I love and venerate, — and even must, if Mr. Mansel is to be believed, be in some important particulars opposed to this, — what do I mean by calling it goodness? and what reason have I for venerating it? If I know nothing about what the attribute is, I cannot tell that it is a proper object of veneration. To say that God's goodness may be different in kind from man's goodness, what is it but saying, with a slight change of phraseology, that God may possibly not be good? To assert in words what we do not think in meaning is as suitable a definition as can be given of a moral falsehood. Besides, suppose that certain unknown attributes are ascribed to the Deity in a religion, the external evidences of which are so conclusive to my mind as effectually to convince me that it comes from God. Unless I believe God to possess the same moral attributes which I find, in however inferior a degree, in a good man, what ground of assurance have I of God's

veracity? All trust in a revelation presupposes a conviction that God's attributes are the same, in all but degree, with the best human attributes.

If, instead of the "glad tidings" that there exists a Being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a Being whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that "the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving" does not sanction them, — convince me of it, and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this Being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say, in plain terms, that I will not. Whatever power such a Being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do, — he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and, if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go.

NOTES IN THE HOSPITALS.

I LITTLE thought, while perusing my "Notes" to you a few months since, that my function was so soon to be terminated by the close of the war. Amid the rejoicings at that event, there is now and then a tinge of sadness as we think of the privilege we once enjoyed of ministering to so many in their privations and sufferings. We cannot wish the war had continued merely to give us opportunities to comfort the sick and wounded; but still, many a heart has felt in it "the luxury of doing good."

The end of the war will close most of our hospitals, but not the sufferings of thousands of our poor soldiers, whom we can still bless, and who ought to receive a nation's gratitude and kind offices so long as life lasts. Too much can never be done to relieve the infirmities of the disabled, and furnish employment to those capable of work. Let the memory of their noble services and their unstinted sacrifices be ever green in our hearts, and we cannot prove recreant to our duty.

In my last visit to Readville, as I saw the various regiments wait-

ing for their payment and discharge, it was a study in the great book of human nature. With some it was an hour of boundless exhilaration. Others were occupied with their physical wants alone. Every stranger was looked to as an almoner for the relief of their hunger. "You, man in black, give us something to eat," was the salutation on one hand; and I blushed to hear it said, "Massachusetts, our own State, does less for us than others we have come through." Let us, while these war-worn men are on the way to their homes, pour out of our abundance for their needs. "New York," said one to me, "did the handsome thing for us." — "Yes," replied another; "but Philadelphia, — did not she receive us in the most splendid style?" The neglect charged upon us was owing, in a large degree, not to a lack of generosity, but to a want of that system which for four long years made the "Union Volunteer" and "Cooper-shop Volunteer" saloons of Philadelphia instrumental of such immeasurable good to our soldiers.

It was touching to hear the narratives of hardships and sufferings endured by some of our men. Of the 11th Massachusetts Battery, containing originally one hundred and seventy recruits, eighty were at one moment taken from their post by sickness, wounds, and death. In the terrific siege of Petersburg, this noble band were for a long period living martyrs. During the intensity of that battle summer, not a drop of rain fell for forty days.

In one regiment I saw a youth who told me he was but sixteen, and had been nine months in the service. But, when I overheard him at first pouring forth a torrent of voluble oaths, it made me sad to think to how many the army — even when, like ours, under the best moral circumstances — proves a school of vice. This melancholy truth is now daily demonstrated in the record, furnished by our newspapers, of crimes committed by returned soldiers. I know well that the army was a receptacle of thousands hardened in vice of old. But I cannot doubt that they taught others, and especially boys and youth like the one before me, initiating them into the rudiments of crime.

But there is a bright side to the picture. For I found, in conversing with both officers and soldiers, many who manifested an incorruptible faith and virtue. They spoke to me of their pastors and their old church privileges with a beaming face; and anticipated, next to the joys of home, a return to their loved sanctuary.

Our publications were welcomed by not a few. When I gave a

soldier a copy of that fine tract entitled "Mustered Out," "I want more," said he, after reading a little of it: "won't you give me enough for my mess?" — "Mustered out," said another, "that's the word;" and soon a whole group gathered around me, and I only regretted that my scanty stock was exhausted.

Now I encountered a bright colored boy, and I should have liked a circle of sceptics at hand — those who doubt the capacity of the negro — to hear his quick and sparkling answers to my many questions. If proscription, cruelty, and bloodshed must continue to be the fate of this race at the South, I earnestly hope the North will open to them a wide city of refuge. Give them *somewhere* a chance for education, and to show what the God of nature has done for them.

I met in the cars an officer who had been imprisoned for several months by the rebels. He said he could easily believe that sixty thousand had died, as has been stated, from the inhumanity of the rebel prisons. His picture of the filth and untold abuses of our poor soldiers, was fearful; and the horrors of hunger and starvation, — they could not be exaggerated. When he was released, a friend lay unconscious for the want of food; and he felt sure he could not have lived, judging from other similar cases, more than two days longer.

It was interesting to hear from military men opinions in regard to the true course with rebels and traitors. The judgment prevailed widely that the originators of the rebellion ought to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. "The civil offenders" — this was the decision — "ought to be hung." But for the military leaders, those of them who were merely instruments in the hands of a higher power, much charity was expressed. They were regarded as the embodiment of a gallant foe; and, said one to me, "we cannot, after all, but feel some respect for an enemy it took us four years to conquer." No doubt there is weight in this opinion. Many at the South have been honest in their devotion to the cause of independence; and they have fought for it with a good conscience, and used themselves, and countenanced in others, only honorable means and methods of warfare. In the great and arduous task of discriminating between such persons as those entitled to no clemency whatever, let us maintain, with equal hand, the claims of justice and lenity.

Amid the stern and cruel works of war, the marks of which we see in the tattered colors of these returning regiments, we may find

some compensation in the courtesies produced among associated officers, in the re-union of old companions in arms, and in those friendships formed amid scenes of hardship, battle, camp and field trials, which can terminate only with life. If our civilians do their part with the noble self-sacrifice, and the wisdom, skill and success with which the army and navy have done theirs, the old flag will wave still and for evermore over a reconstructed and indissoluble Union. A. B. M.

CALM, PEACE, AND LIGHT.

There is a calm the poor in spirit know,
That softens sorrow, and that sweetens woe;
There is a peace that dwells within the breast,
When all without is stormy and distressed;
There is a light that gilds the darkest hour,
When dangers thicken and when tempests lower; —
That calm, to faith and hope and love is given;
That peace remains when all beside is riven;
That light shines down to man direct from Heaven.

LITERARY NOTICE.

An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, and of the Principal Philosophical Questions discussed in his Writings. By JOHN STUART MILL. In two volumes. Boston: Wm. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street. 1865.

Mr. Spencer has shown an appreciation of the abiding worth of Mr. Mill's writings in the two enterprises which have given us, first, "The Essays," and now, these "Philosophical Discussions." The questions moved and handled in these last volumes are fundamental and vital. They enter very largely into the thought of our times. Mr. Mill entertains them in a healthy practical spirit, and under the guidance of a sound moral sense. His criticism of what we must call the suicidal moral scepticism of Mansel's application of Sir William's philosophy to theology is especially interesting and valuable, emphasizing, as he does, the great essential truth, that goodness is one thing in God and in man, and that to make confusion here is fatal. The volumes are admirably printed, and upon excellent paper; and they will be in request amongst all students and thoughtful persons. E.

GET THE BEST AND CHEAPEST:

THE PHILADELPHIA HOME WEEKLY,

A FIRST CLASS FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

$2.00 a year, or two copies for $3.00; eight copies for $10.00.

The choicest writers of THE ATLANTIC, HARPER'S, GODEY'S, PETERSON'S, ARTHUR'S, YOUNG FOLKS', LADIES' REPOSITORY, and other LEADING MAGAZINES will write for the HOME WEEKLY.

The best efforts of the best authors of America will appear in the PHILADELPHIA HOME WEEKLY.

J. FOSTER KIRK, the eminent Historian, Author of "Charles the Bold," will contribute a series of original and popular articles entitled STUDIES AND RAMBLES.

SIX ORIGINAL AND BRILLIANT NOVELETTES

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Marion Harland, Harriet E. Prescott, the Authoress of "Rutledge," Caroline Cheseboro', and Mary J. Holmes

will be published complete in the PHILADELPHIA HOME WEEKLY.

MRS. SARAH J. HALE'S Department—The Home Circle—will embrace a weekly column on the Customs and Etiquette of good society, and Home as the centre of happiness.

GRACE GREENWOOD will furnish a characteristic contribution every week, including many good things for YOUNG FOLKS.

JENNIE JUNE will have one of her vivacious and racy articles in every number, in her own happy style, on Fashions and Domestic matters.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND HOUSEWIFE'S DEPARTMENT, a carefully prepared weekly selection, by the authoress of the National Cook Book.

OUR ORIGINAL AND SPRIGHTLY PARIS LETTER

will give each week a familiar and pleasing account of the Fashions and Gossip of European Capitals.

A SPLENDID AND UNEQUALLED ARRAY OF TALENT

has been secured, embracing our most eminent and popular Authors. The following have pledged themselves, and will positively write for the Home Weekly during 1866:—

J. Foster Kirk,
J. S. C. Abbott,
Rich'd Grant White,
T. S. Arthur,
W. Gilmore Simms,
Theodore Tilton,
J. T. Trowbridge,
P. Hamilton Myers,

Bayard Taylor,
Benson J. Lossing,
Epes Sargent,
L. Gaylord Clark,
C. Astor Bristed,
"Edmund Kirke,"
Frank L. Benedict,
A. S. Roe,

N. P. Willis,
Dr. J. G. Holland (Timothy Titcomb),
Prof. H. Coppee,
E. P. Whipple,
H. T. Tuckerman,
A. J. H. Duganne,
Prof. John S. Hart,
H. Hastings Weld.

Sarah J. Hale,
Anna Cora Ritchie (Mowatt),
Grace Greenwood,
Octavia Walton Le Vert,
Jennie June,
Authoress of "Rutledge,"
Alice Cary,
Mary J. Holmes,

Marion Harland,
Harriet E. Prescott,
Caroline Cheseboro',
Mary W. Janvrin,
Metta Victoria Victor,
Anne H. M. Brewster,
Mary A. Dennison,
S. Annie Frost,

Ann S. Stephens,
Julia Ward Howe,
Virginia F. Townsend,
Mary E. Dodge,
Louise Chandler Moulton,
Almira Lincoln Phelps,
Elizabeth F. Ellet,
Corinna A. Hopkinson.

THE $1,500 PRIZE STORIES

will be published complete in the PHILADELPHIA HOME WEEKLY. The stories elicited by these liberal offers can scarcely fail to possess a rare combination of talent, freshness, novelty, and thrilling interest.

Sterling Editorials in every number on current events, Literature, Morals, Science, Philosophy, and Art. Also, a Summary of Foreign and Domestic News, exhibiting as it were a photographic view of the world.

The Agricultural and Horticultural Department has been assigned to able and practical writers

Poetry, Wit, and Humor, original and selected.

THE PHILADELPHIA HOME WEEKLY will be a first-class family Journal for the times. Nothing but an enormous circulation would justify the publisher in affording so valuable a paper at the low price of

$2.00 A YEAR, OR TWO COPIES FOR $3.00; EIGHT COPIES FOR $10.00.

Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1 25 per year.

Canada subscribers must send twenty cents additional to pay the American postage.

The postage on the PHILADELPHIA HOME WEEKLY is *twenty cents a year*, or five cents a quarter, payable at the office where the paper is delivered. No subscription received for a less period than one year.

Specimen copies sent free of postage on receipt of a three cent postage stamp. Send for a specimen.

The new series of the PHILADELPHIA HOME WEEKLY commences December 27th, and all subscriptions received between this and the 1st of January will begin with that number, as it will contain the commencement of MARION HARLAND'S new and brilliant novelette, entitled "THE BEAUTY OF THE FAMILY," and the beginning of the $1000 PRIZE STORY.

All communications must be addressed to

GEORGE W. CHILDS, Publisher,

NOVEMBER 1st, 1865. S. W. Cor. Third and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.

☞ *The* PHILADELPHIA HOME WEEKLY *is for sale by all Periodical and News Dealers throughout the United States and Canadas.* PRICE FOUR CENTS PER COPY.

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXIV. NOVEMBER, 1865. No. 5.

THE GOOD MAN.

A Sermon on the Character of Francis Wayland, D.D., preached in the West Church, October 8, 1865.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

"A good man." — Acts xi. 24.

On the Saturday evening before the last, just as, according to the old New-England notion, the sabbath was ready to begin, in the seventieth year of his age, the soul of Francis Wayland deceased from his mortal body, and passed through that gloaming we call death, to the dawn of its heavenly rest. It is not on account of an intimate personal relation that I speak of him here, but because he was a man good as great. Had he been my brother only in the universal human sense, it would be my duty to hold up to your emulation such an example and subject, indeed, of eulogy. But, as I have known him closely, and he is one of those in the world whom I have felt most, I am especially bound to bear testimony to his traits.

First, however, a word of his constitution. Let me note the hand his Maker had in him; for his nature was as extraordinary as his character was rare. He was a king by divine anointing, — one of the few whose aspect drew attention, and fixed every eye. From some persons, we know not how, by a sort of elemental energy, a thrill passes. A slight shudder,

half of fear, half of strange attraction, goes through us in their presence. Besides Daniel Webster, I know not who else of our citizens was so charged for this galvanic shock, which his features conducted. His brow, at the orbit of the eye, might have served as an artist's model for Jupiter; and I am not surprised at the story, that, when there was presented to him an exorbitant bill in a foreign land, he looked from the paper to the chafferer, and, without speech, the latter fled in terror out of the room. The judgment-seat shone in his eyes for all who ever entered his company.

But the main point is his use of his native energy. What God willed in him, he willed for himself. The first quality I shall specify had a right to grow in such a soil. It was his justice. He wrote on moral science, and he was the majesty of the moral law in his own person. He walked and spoke and looked and did what he penned. In an acquaintance of nearly thirty years, I have observed in him no deviation from rectitude.

So full of it was he, that he impressed it irresistibly on others. Combined with singular courage and candor, it made him the governor he was. Born to command, of an impassioned soul, with inward fire to drive the bullet and edge the bolt of truth, his conceptions had in them a certain electric swiftness and military force; but righteousness was their range.

Nobody could doubt *he* was president. This gift, thus nursed into a virtue, was the secret of his extraordinary success in administration. I learn, from one of his best students, that, in Brown University, over which he presided for almost a score and a half of years, the new hand at the helm was felt at once.

An instantaneous magnetic stroke passed through the buildings. Every inmate was aware of a stringent and wholesome demand of new discipline. Six months had not passed, before the college had risen as by hydrostatic pressure. From no indulgence, but fidelity, ran for him his scholars' life-long love. It was this justice which made him such a foe of human slavery. In simple, searching periods,

he pointed out its iniquities thirty years ago; though he was, from the same cause, anxious that the evil system should be done away only by means that were lawful and good; and his letters to Dr. Fuller were a valuable contribution to that end. He believed in equity. "Corruption wins not more than honesty," was his favorite quotation.

But he was no less kind than just. His ethics were set off with such a mien of strictness, that some thought him austere. But that was only the outside. His benevolence was deeper, if possible, than his conscience. He loved to see people about him happy, and to make them so. His glance, that could smite like a cannon-ball, could be gentle too. His voice, which could intone a divine authority, melted with a goodness more divine. I have scarcely listened, in another, to similar accents, which, in private converse, of social and domestic scenes, had a wonderful blending of softness and strength, resembling the mighty and mellow break of the surge on the shore. Mercy was the ground-swell ever heaving up. He was always aiming to bless somebody; and we cannot count the number of those he blessed. If visitors called at his house during his absence, he would, on his return, inquire, "Did you take them into the garden? Did you give them some flowers, and some fruit?" Benignity looked out of those keen eyes, and tenderness sat on the lips, which you marvelled could unite such sweetness with their force.

His mood was as perfect as his disposition was fine. I mean he was not, like some kind-hearted men, subject to irritation. Out of temper, he was, I think, never beheld. A hasty word, an uncharitable judgment, I never heard from his mouth. It was not because there was no heat in his soul. A tropical climate prevailed there; but he was a Christian, a great convert, of the Pauline stamp. He was so poised he never needed to be on his guard. You would as soon have feared losing the centre of gravity in the globe. He was a man of weight. "When he was in the city," said one, "we always knew it." All the potencies of passion were under his control, as a tame creature keeps not the track

like one under the curb. The lion was unmistakable under that tawny skin and shaggy hair: but he had lain down with the lamb; and that lamb was the Lamb of God; and, if the lion's voice was heard, it was in no growl, prelude to the devouring leap, but the roar of indignation for a great cause injured or endangered, which made the land resound. He was meek; yet his patience under reproach was not that he lacked a quick sense of what was due to himself, but that he forebore to urge it. Sometimes a bit of friendly irony escaped. When one said to him, "I cannot ask you, with your views, into my pulpit," he simply replied, "Were it not as well to wait till you know I want to enter it?" But he was willing to be chastened, and told me he was of Dr. Freeman's mind, that a stout mortification occasionally did a man good. Yet no self-denial ever frayed his individuality. As the size of a pyramid or mountain is not incompatible with the definiteness of its lines, so, through all the breadth of his sympathies, stood the independence of his mind. Confessed leader of one of the largest religious denominations in this country, he never lost himself in the million of his followers. No recluse thinker or transcendental essayist was less conventional, or stood stronger on his own feet. He was like an embodied law of nature, a principle of light and life and elevation to his sect, while he was Catholic to all parties. I do not mean that he yielded his own opinions, or thought lightly of what seemed to him others' mistakes, but that, to his opponents, he was fair and humane, and, while his intellectual front arrested all heed, his heart was bigger than his head. I cannot see that the Rationalist ever got the better of the great Baptist in this way of good-will. He was of a boundless geniality. His metaphysics never interfered with his sensibility or his common sense. Dr. Channing was more broadly contemplative; but, knowing and admiring both the men, I must think he appreciated Dr. Channing at least as generously as Dr. Channing estimated him. Of the great man's consciousness, the latter had more.

Dr. Wayland's theology was baptized by total immersion in his religion. It was for action and not dispute.

Not unfrequently I talked with him on doctrines, in which he may to me have seemed contracted, and I to him loose. We did not quite agree about depravity or the Trinity, or the vicarious atonement, or future punishment, or the letter of Scripture as obligatory; and he no doubt considered me in dangerous error, though he never gave me that doom downright. But no rigor of belief could cramp his charity. He preached once all day for me in my place, and, in his own town, repeatedly went to hear me preach; the only disadvantage in his attendance being that the pulpit was so overweighed by the pew. He was thoroughly himself, as God meant him, and could not be classed. He did not believe in human classification by external symbols or signs. He disliked clerical gowns and artificial songs and ritual worship, as he was himself no formal bishop or priest. He was less pleased with human learning in a minister than with the Holy Ghost; and, when one asked for documents to prepare for a service, he said, "Books will not help you: think what you have to say, and say it." Through whatever costume of circumstance or ecclesiastical connection, the bold, stalwart figure appeared of a personage too pronounced to be confounded with the fashions or tastes of ordinary personalities, or the overpowering Associations of which he was jealous. Yet he was of the people. Every drop of blood in his veins was in fellowship with the mass of mankind. He was democratic to the core, in his manners, habits, and thoughts. He never talked *down* to the community, or to any audience. He never put himself above his race. He knew nothing of better blood, but only of the *one* blood. By his instincts he hated, as by his vows he opposed, all tyranny and caste. He was an advocate of freedom and of free trade. It was this wide communion with humanity which moved him to open collegiate degrees, not only to the learned professions, but also to the useful arts; while this enterprise of his old age, anticipating improvements yet to come, proved the fresh spring and indomitable activity of his peculiar mind. Yet his sagacity was as marked as his originality. Nobody could say of his philanthropy, whether it took the form of politics or

education, This is visionary, a piece of moonshine. As well say it to the sun in the ecliptic! The gravity of that brain, huge as it was elastic, sturdy as it was speedy, and, like the locomotive-wheel, made heavy because it was to go fast, forbade the imputation. So he had great influence with conservative, as well as radical folk, spite of the touch of romance always in him. Indeed the penetrative sight was as manifest as the adventurous aim. He was open-handed, lavish of his means; but his bounty was shrewd as it was large. When a rich community was piteously begging aid to build up its religious institutions, he said to me, "If they want a Bible, let them send us a barrel of flour;" and, when the Dorr Rebellion for a larger liberty broke out, though the object lay in the direction of his own hopes, the violent method he eschewed, and was, as I suppose, at that time as always, the great column on which Rhode Island leaned. The ship would not go over if the ballast did not shift! But his grain was no less gentle than firm. His affectionate humor flowed exhaustless. His wit always stopped short of malice. His arrow was sure; but he struck no one in unbending his bow. He could not bear to wound. I remember but one admonition to myself. Walking, one day, beside his somewhat portly figure, in a narrow path through the college-grounds, he quietly bade me "not to tread on the grass." I was thinking of him and his words more than of the greensward.

His humility was emphasized by faculties that might have tempted to boast. But you could not detect in him a particle of conceit; nor would you know from him how others regarded him. He never referred to his accomplishments or works, with what people sometimes call *a laudable pride*. I doubt if he would consider any pride very laudable. I never caught the flush of egotistic exultation in his cheek. There was no air of superiority. Though the dignity, God clothed him in, he could not put off, it was a garment he knew not that he wore. So I speak of one whose whole soul was shown to me transparent.

His piety had the same unconscious genuineness. His prayers in the chapel, as in his house, were unborrowed and

absorbing exercises, conducted with such self-oblivion, that perhaps his hands would be in his pockets, while the fire of devotion on his tongue tingled through the atmosphere, and inflamed every ear.

Shall I name his sobriety too? He was temperate as a Rechabite or Nazarite, taking wine only medically, and seldom at all. One of his early pupils, when customs were more free than now, in his timidity and heart-sinking being about resorting to a dram to strengthen him to mount on the stage for his part, the president, amid all the dignity of the convocation, leaned over, and whispered, "Don't take that: you'll do a great deal better without it."

Another virtue in him was his *work*. In no man's fibre was it ever more stamped. Of what is called terrible toiling, he was a case. If he made any mistake, it was his disallowance of recreation. No theatre, no opera, no concert, no dance, for him! His constant look was as of one bent to his task, buckling to the oar in a race. I asked him what relaxation was allowed to a minister. He smiled, and said, "*A walk.*" When others went a journey, or took a vacation, or staid among the mountains or by the sea, he remained at home, as in term-time, at his desk. His capacity of persistence I was tempted to envy; but, if I remonstrated with him, he would say, gravely, "It is about as well." He chose a common room, like any under-graduate, within the college precincts, for his study. Hot summer afternoons, I have seen him there, busy in original composition, steadily writing and perspiring, when most men would have considered the stints of the day over. In the morning, he would go, for an hour or two, to work in his garden, more vigorously than anybody you employ for such a purpose, and as expertly as if gardening were all his business; for no gardener can show in his grounds a handsomer horticultural monument than still stands of him. He told me he believed in that sort of exercise which was also productive labor; and he alternated this effort of the muscles with equally severe exertion of the brain. We cannot be saved by our works, say apostle and saint; but, if any man could, it was Dr. Wayland. How

often I have seen him, spade in hand, advising some caller, who had pursued him from the house! As a specimen of physical, intellectual, and moral ability to achieve, where shall we find his peer?

For a few months, twenty-five years ago, he did suspend his usual endeavors for a short European tour. But I imagine he, like some others so situated, was a little home-sick, sea-sick, and land-sick; not so well, in his hurried and lonely trip, as with his family, and at his familiar post. He went to Ashburnham for a specific service, and was putting a new and revised edition of his moral science in press, and had been wielding the implements in his grounds too strenuously, just before the blow of disease that ended all his earthly designs.

Designs so large as his, few men have had. He did not thrust his superiority upon you, but was familiar and near as a child. He made himself small as he could, though he could not be other than great. He was not in the clouds, or all on the ground. Applying the highest principles to the lowest details, he joined the planes of nature and spirit together, and filled the space betwixt the heavens and the earth. "I go on, from a dogged sense of duty,"—so he wrote me, about a matter in which some considered him deluded or premature. No man ever more saw the future in the present, in the improvements he longed and labored for, in society and the private lot; and gross people would call him fanciful but for the fruitful union in which he married thoughts with facts. His letters to me, on the momentous things that have been transpiring in these last years, seem like live coals as I look over them again, or as embers that would burst into flame if stirred, wrought up to the kindling point of conscience and humanity as they are. He could bear to be looked at closely underneath his fame. The sharper survey revealed his largeness and minute faithfulness, as the interior of St. Peter's no less than the outside must be examined to understand the temple's magnitude and finish. He wrought on what was out of sight.

Summing up his attributes, I should say, earnestness was

the spur and girdle of them all. A certain ideal thirst was ever in his mind for practical good. Socrates, more than Plato, was his pattern. Not speculation or imagination, but burning conviction, in him predominated. Therefore his massive build never made him slow. He was more rapid in motion and utterance than smaller men, as a planet goes swifter than a dart. In his momentum, the velocity was equal to the weight. On account of the same impulse, his manifold talents never became miscellaneous. Preacher, author, philanthropist, statesman, political economist, patriot, moderator of a prison-discipline society and of great religious assemblies, as well as in academic halls, he discharged all his vocations with a concentrative, uniform competence. But he never loved any thing better than the pulpit; and, though he was either not suited or had not attended to oratory as an art, he was effective, and often overmastering in the eloquence of his speech.

He delighted to converse on themes of religion to the last of his days. Women and young girls sought the grave veteran, that drew them strangely, they understood not why, to open their heart and conscience as to a father confessor. He held dialogues with common men, farmers, and mechanics by the way, wherever he met them, with as much ease and good understanding as if he had been of every man's guild and society all his life. He was a close-communion Baptist, and a man of the widest fellowship. He was a liberal Christian, not, like some, from indifference, but from emotion. His very blame was not harsh, but quaint, and had often a kindly laugh in it. If a man were conspicuously selfish, he would not call him mean, but say, *his valves opened all one way*. Disputes of doctrine he would waive, and adjourn with the exhortation, "Only cast out devils, and I care not how you do it, head or tail." In the phrase of Napoleon, he might more truly declare, "My love has the dimensions of my mind." He owned the good wherever he saw it, though in a heretic's lane or a Jew's quarter.

The simplicity of his soul was the first quality of his style. His periods were clear, direct, and to the point. His general

criticism on his friends' writing would be, "The sentences are too long." He wanted short directions, because he wanted prompt actions. He would affirm, "There is too much dogma in our churches, and not duty enough." His resolving of Christianity into doing good was evident on his pages, as in his deeds. He dropped what is called rhetoric more and more. He said to me, "I used to have more of that;" as though he chose to leave color for sculpture in his literary workmanship. But no man could employ language more warm and stirring than his. His discourses on the duties of an American citizen, — how lofty! and in his sermon on the moral dignity of the missionary enterprise, preached when he was but twenty-seven years of age, are touches of sublimity in the execution, as well as a comprehensive grandeur in the conception, which put it by itself alone among all the performances of the contemporary American pulpit. His various and voluminous writings have been scattered by the ten thousand all over our country, and some of them reprinted and widely circulated in foreign lands.

Of Dr. Wayland's friendships and private affections, the record is too wide and too sacred to be unfolded here, though few could have better title to dwell on them than myself. For more than a quarter of a century, I have enjoyed a confidence with him, which no misunderstanding ever existed to mar; and I hold his acquaintance and regard among the chief treasures of my memory, as they must be unfailing stimulants, so long as I live, of my hope.

It is more pertinent to mention his unwavering trust in God. He said to his physician, on the Sunday before his last sickness, "My course is nearly run. I have tried to be faithful; I have wished to do my duty: but I rely not on my own works, but on the pure mercy of God through Jesus Christ." Never was a more evangelical Biblê-Christian.

Dr. Wayland had an organization whose amplitude and soundness in every part promised very long life. Most persons thought him older than he was. By excessive and unremitting stress and strain, his frame was too early broken down. The rest he had refused came suddenly and invol-

untarily in the stupor of palsy. Hearing of his seizure, some of us went by the night-train to receive his blessing, and bid him good-by. But, in his painless state, — if self-conscious, he was only partly aware of those about him. His recognition seemed gone when we reached his bed; though, before he died, he pointed to different parts of the room, as if he saw visions. "Do you know me?" I asked him in the morning; and, to my surprise and joy, he turned his head immediately toward me, and with tardy difficulty, yet the utmost distinctness, from his paralyzed lips articulated affectionately the word "*Yes.*" When all was over, a clear smile, as of thankfulness, perhaps at resuming his activity, rested on his lips. Mortality, grander in ruin, I never surveyed. The very spectacle which said, This is the end of earth, to a finer listening said, This is not the end of a child of God, lover of man, disciple of Christ, and not the end of the beloved companion, or our partnership with him. He has gone to heaven as surely as a heaven there is. Very pleasant hast thou been to me, my brother! Very pleasant shalt thou not be again?

The noble personality, that I still love and thus celebrate, — where is it now? How can we help the question? Questions in mathematics, of number and measure, when scrutinized, are found to contain their own reply. Is not an answer wrapped up somehow in the moral question we put? Yes: there is a spiritual geometry and arithmetic, deciding that a grave is not the measure, and seventy years not the number, of the soul; that the goodness, which embraced the welfare of a nation and the world, is not extinct; that the orbit of virtue just touches or cuts our atmosphere to outrun immeasurably our sight; and that the eclipse of death is briefer than that of the sun, which the astronomer tells us is again at hand. The great spirit of a good man pursues its track. All spirits, offspring of God, share his immortality. The faithful keep company. As the Milky Way, that hangs in the Southern evening sky, is composed of stars, so our high vision of the pure departed is a cloud of witnesses in the firmament of heaven, made up of the friends of God and

man, and he is among them. He who gave himself to all, practising on that motto of Dr. Payson, which he was fond of referring to, — "The man who wants to see me is the man I want to see," — and on hearing of whose death the convicts he had taught in their confinement wept, and made a long and silent pause, doubtless, on the Master's word, — "In prison, and ye came unto me," — has inherited the kingdom prepared for the blessed of his Father before the foundation of the world.

DR. HEDGE AND HIS CRITICS.

Dr. Hedge's recent book, called "Reason in Religion," has been criticised by two writers; one in the New-York "Christian Inquirer," and the other in the "Christian Examiner." The objections made, are of contradiction and vacillation. Statements in one part of the book are said to contradict, sometimes in terms, and often in substance, the statements made in another part. It is also said, that Dr. Hedge's mind, in this book, vacillates as regards the ultimate test of truth, which sometimes he regards as reason, and sometimes as an external form of revelation, — leaving it at last undecided which he really means. In one place, he says that "reason is the supreme arbiter in theology; and, in another place, that "we need the ultimate appeal of a given word to make our Christianity something more than a system of philosophy." In one place, he says that "science puts God out of view, and substitutes law instead; and that "it is the interest of science, so far as possible, to banish the supernatural; that is, to banish God from the actual world." But, in another place, he says, that "science, too, is a minister of God, — an evangelist, whose mission is to show us the Father, and regenerate the world;" and that "the gospel of Christ and the gospel of science have essentially one mission."

These passages, and others like them, certainly seem at first inconsistent with each other. But we do not think,

whatever may become of the verbal statement, that the meaning intended in the one place is opposed to that intended in the other. The difficulty arises, probably, from this, — that the essays in this volume were originally written independently of each other, and with a parenetic, not dogmatic, purpose. They seem, in fact, to have been sermons, and very good ones. They all relate to the same general subject, and the pervading ideas are the same. But no preacher, whose sermons are good for any thing, is ever quite consistent with himself. The practical purpose, as in the case of one throwing a stone, puts him a little out of the perpendicular. To enforce one side of truth, he must, for the time being, ignore the opposite side. Beside, the language of a sermon cannot be the colorless expression of science, cannot follow exact forms, and therefore is never rigidly scientific.

Let us add to this, that a mind like that of Dr. Hedge, essentially metaphysical and systematic, always tends to so large a comprehension as to fail more or less in precise definition. To use the phrase of the optician, the *field of vision* in the telescope, or illuminating power, is greater than the *defining power*. More things are collected than can be arranged on the shelves. For system and order are not the same thing, but different; and a mind may be very systematic without being very orderly. The systematic mind has a place for every thing; but an orderly mind puts every thing in its place.

Now, the mind of Dr. Hedge is systematic and comprehensive to a greater extent than that of any other writer among us. It is more metaphysical than logical. But, for one metaphysician, we can always find fifty logicians. A metaphysician deals with ideas and their relations; a logician, only with words and their relations. To a logician, words seem to be things; whereas the metaphysician knows that they are changing forms, in which thought expresses itself, but never permanently dwells. No doubt, it would be better if the metaphysician were also always a logician; but, as this is impossible, we will be thankful for our logicians, but a great deal more thankful for our rare and occasional metaphysician.

Let us now see if we can answer these objections to our author's book by showing what his meaning is, as sufficiently stated by himself, on some of the main points referred to.

Especially as regards the question of ultimate authority. What is to be the ultimate authority in religion? Is it reason or Scripture? Is it reason or the Church? What is Dr. Hedge's position here?

Most of the apparent difficulty in the relation to this question disappears when we make the simple distinction between the source of truth and the criterion of truth. The discriminating reason in man is not a source of truth; but it is the judge, and the *only* judge, of truth. It is not merely the ultimate arbiter, but the only arbiter. When the reason does not decide, there is no decision, and the question remains undecided. Suppose, for example, that I am a Roman Catholic, and accept the decisions of the Church as ultimate, — I still have to decide what those decisions are. I must understand them, if I understand them at all, by means of my own intellect. I judge for myself what the Church means in saying this or that. I accept the Church as a source of truth; but, unless I merely repeat by rote, like a parrot or a talking automaton, I am obliged to judge its meaning by the laws of my own mind.

Or suppose that I am a Protestant, of the orthodox school, and accept the Scripture as infallibly inspired. I then take Scripture as a source of truth, and regard every word as conveying some reality. But I must, nevertheless, decide what that meaning is by my own judgment. I must compare text with text, and deduce the meaning according to the analogy of faith. In fact, I must treat Scripture just as the man of science treats nature. To him, nature is inspired in her every word and letter: he considers some meaning to be hidden in the form of every minutest leaf, in the quality of every ray of light, or particle of earth. He believes, that God has some revelation of himself hidden in every thing. But, while *nature* is thus infallibly inspired in every part with divine truth, it is the work of his *reason* to find out what that truth is. By means of his reason he generalizes from

the facts, and so obtains universal laws. By the help of these laws, he discovers new facts, or obtains the meaning of old ones.

Thus, reasoning from facts to law, Newton obtained the theory of the universe, which Leverrier applies, reasoning from law to fact, and so obtains the planet Neptune. But, even here, reason is not the source of truth. The law of gravitation and the planet Neptune are not found in the reason, but are found, by the reason, in nature.

Thus, in the Catholic Church, the traditions and decisions of the Church itself are regarded as the *source* of truth; but the reason of the individual must necessarily decide what the Church *means* by what it tells him. The Orthodox Protestant takes the Scripture as the *source* of truth, but decides by his private reason what the Scripture teaches him. The only difference between him and the Catholic regards the *sources* of truth. The Catholic goes to his Church as a source of truth; and, when he finds his Church teaching any thing as true, he accepts it. The Protestant does not.

Now, how is it with the Rationalist, who believes neither in Church nor Scripture as sources of truth? Where, for example, do Theists, like Parker or Miss Cobbe, go for truth? Where do they obtain the truth which they believe, concerning God, duty, and immortality? They would answer, probably, "From the intuitions of the soul itself, and from external nature." But these intuitions have to be examined, analyzed, formulated, and generalized, by the active reason. Once more, then, reason is the *judge* to decide what is taught, and not the *source* of truth.

Therefore to the Catholic, the Orthodox Protestant, and the Naturalist, the reason is never a source of truth, but is always a judge of truth. The religious world of mankind takes the testimony of many witnesses, but has only one judge, — one judge, sitting in many different courts. Mr. Justice Reason goes on his circuit, and holds his court in India where the Vedas and Puranas are the witnesses. He then holds his court in Arabia or Turkey, and there the Koran alone is allowed to testify. He holds his court in

Rome, and the only evidence he accepts is that of the Church. He continues on his circuit; and, among Orthodox Protestants, he allows all the books of the Bible to testify. When he gets among the Theists, he receives the testimony of intuition and nature. Many witnesses, but one judge, — many sources of truth, but one critic to decide what they say.

Now, when Dr. Hedge declares that "reason is the supreme arbiter in theology," he asserts what we have just stated; but when, on the contrary, he says (page 436) that "we need the ultimate appeal of a given word to make our Christianity more than a system of philosophy," we think that he would admit that he wishes for the given word as a source of truth, but not as a judge of truth. When he says, "Reason or Rome, — there is no middle ground," he means by *Rome* the repetition by rote of what we are told. When he denies to the understanding the power of discovering the truths of religion, he by no means denies it the power of judging between those truths when presented to it.

There was a shallow Rationalism in the last century which considered the reason as the source of religious truth, meaning by the reason, however, merely the reasoning faculty. It took a quantity of religious and moral commonplaces which had become matters of general belief, and assumed that these were the results of reasoning. This floating stock of traditional opinions, which everybody had heard, over and over again, until they made part of everybody's belief, were assumed to be derived from the reason itself. This assumption was exposed by Coleridge in England as it had been by Kant in Germany; and, when Dr. Hedge denies the power of reason to discover truth, he denies this of the reasoning faculty. But he does not deny, that the intuitive reason sees God. On page 13, and in what follows, he speaks explicitly of the "*understanding*" as being incapable of discovering religious truth.

The great merit of Dr. Hedge's work does not lie in technical definitions, or in logical statements accurately dovetailed together. Its merit is in its depth and breadth. It gives us the philosophy of religion. For sagacious and

candid thinkers, we do not believe there need be any difficulty in reconciling its antagonist statements. Antagonisms are not contradictions, and it is no objection to a work on religion to contain such. For nature and life abound in polar forces, seemingly hostile, but in reality most friendly. From them result the life and movement of the universe. Laplace detected, before observation, the revolution of Saturn's ring, because he knew that the force of gravity would cause the ring to fall unless it were antagonized by the opposing tangential force born of its revolution on its axis. We confess to our preference for a book like this, which sees and states antipodal facts and laws, rather than for those limited statements, perfectly logical in form, and altogether satisfactory until we come to see that they have omitted one-half of the facts in the case. J. F. C.

BABY'S LITTLE HAT.

THOU little hat lie here!
Dear little hat of straw, with ribbon blue,
All worn and torn with service long and true
To him we held so dear.

We look on thee and weep
That thou wilt shade no more that lovely head:
For we have numbered him among the dead;
Our darling fell asleep.

We look at thee and moan;
We long to see beneath the baby face,
We long to hold him still in our embrace,
We feel bereft, alone.

We look at thee and weep;
Where is the pretty head that was beneath?
He put thee off that he might take the wreath
The angels would not keep.

He gently laid thee down;
He seemed to thank thee for thy shelter given,
But said he should not need thee now in Heaven,—
Would change thee for a crown.

He said his days were sweet,
And very dear were those who gave him life.
He blessed them for the gift, but feared the strife
Would bruise his tender feet.

He thanked them for his joy.
He said, "Most precious gifts you gave to me;
I could not now a happy angel be,
Were I not first your boy."

O large blue liquid eyes,
Had ye illumined this world long enough,—
Were ye so clear ye saw the road was rough
This side the starry skies.

O waving yellow hair,—
O broad white brow ending in golden mist,
How lovingly the angels must have kissed
The earthly boy so fair.

He pleaded, "Let me go!
'Tis not I love you less, but love you more;
I'll climb the stair and open wide the door.
Come by and by to Joe."

Dear little Joe, we come.
Though earth without thee looks dark in our sight,
Thy little feet have left a line of light
By which we see our home.

Oh, may we never do
Aught that shall grieve thy pure blue eyes to see,
But strive in thought and word and deed to be
To God and thee most true.

ADOPTING CHILDREN.

It has become much more common in our time than it ever was before, for private persons to assume the charge of children not related to them. Perhaps this does not indicate that our age is more charitable than those that preceded it, but only that its charity is more wisely directed. Some may deny that charity has much to do with the matter, and assert, that, when people adopt children, it is not for the sake of the poor, but for their own; that they want to cheer their own solitude, and procure a pretty child where others would look for a bird, a dog, or a cat. There is something in this: but there are few of our actions with which self-interest does not mingle; and it is well if no worse feeling prompt us, than the natural desire for companionship. The presence of this does not prevent the co-operating influence of a truly Christian wish to relieve poverty, and to serve our Father by serving his children.

In old times, the only place for orphan children was the Asylum. Honor to those who founded such institutions! honor to those by whose charity they are still sustained! As long as there are children not taken charge of by individuals, orphan asylums will be needed; as long as there are Christian people, who desire to do something for the destitute, but cannot properly welcome them to their own well-filled homes, orphan asylums will be supported. Many a life of blessed usefulness has been passed within their walls, by those who discharged, to the utmost of their power, a mother's duty to the crowds of children who knew no mother's love. Their record is on high, and not the less approved by the Just Judge because they worked for hire; that is, because they were honorably supporting themselves by the same exertion by which they were useful to others.

But it is no disparagement to such excellent women to say, that none of them could fill a mother's place to fifty children as she could to two or three; nor do we forget the pleasure with which we have looked on the happy groups at play in

the grounds of an Orphan Asylum, when we say, that we prefer to theirs the conditions of a child received into a private family, and enjoying there the comfort, the training, and the affection of a true Christian home.

We know not to whom the modern system, as we may call it, owes its first introduction; nor are we sure that it is as modern as we imagine: but our own strong impression of its value was derived first from a little paper, "The Orphan's Advocate," which had its humble but useful place in our periodical literature some ten or fifteen years since. In its columns, the arguments were well and forcibly urged, that, while a hospital could provide but for a limited number at a time, a system of private adoption was capable of indefinite expansion; that it required no outlay for buildings, no endowments; that it appealed for its support, not only to the good sense and the charity of the community, but to some of the strongest feelings and most tender wishes that God has implanted in the human breast, offering to those numerous married pairs, whose homes were gladdened by no childish laughter, the means of gaining a blessing themselves while extending it to others; and, finally, that such a system must be the best, because it approached nearest to that of nature, — the divinely constituted relation of parent and offspring. By the labors of the ladies who conducted that paper, by those of ministers at large, and by the establishment of temporary homes for destitute children, facilities were afforded for the twice-blessed arrangement, which has, at once, brightened many a sombre home, and found father and mother for many a desolate child.

While, however, we estimate thus lightly this form of charity, we are aware of some evils which have occasionally accompanied or resulted from it; and have thought that a few words respecting them, founded on the observation of various cases, might be not without interest and usefulness. We have spoken thus far as if the adoption was always that of orphans: but instances are not unfrequent in which one parent is living, if not both; and it is in such cases that some of the evils we have adverted to are most likely to occur. A

woman with many children is perhaps deserted by her husband. Willing to be relieved of part of her numerous charge, she gives her little girl, of three or four years old, to the care of the lady who so kindly promises to bring the child up, and provide for it. But the station in life to which the child is removed is widely different from that of the mother. It is obvious, then, that continual troubles and heart-burnings must arise, unless they are entirely separated. The little adopted one is brought up in the enjoyment of luxury, while her brothers and sisters are among the common children of the street. There is a constant temptation to pride on the one side, and envy on the other; to any thing rather than brotherly and sisterly love on both. The mother, too, has her share of sadness, in seeing her daughter brought up to a station, from which hereafter she may look down on her. Perhaps affection might enable her to bear this; but, if so, that same affection, repenting too late of having allowed the separation, makes her unhappy under it, and a jealous observer of the manner in which the child is treated. We have known an instance, in which this observation, and the interference which resulted from it, were the source of great unhappiness. It was that of a young girl, taken in charge by a lady in whose family the widowed mother had formerly been a domestic. To guard against future trouble, nothing was said of adoption: the mother's rights of recognition and intercourse were reserved to her; and the child was to look up to the lady as her patroness, not as one who had taken her into the same rank with herself. This seemed rational: things appeared to be settled on the basis of nature and truth. But, alas! it did not work well for either party. The child's position in the family, between parlor and kitchen, was like that of the flying fish between air and water, — not perfectly at home in either. In the parlor she fared the best, though her place there was not the free and natural one of a "child of the house;" but the favor extended to her there spoiled her welcome among those of her mother's rank in life in the kitchen. And the mother, when she came to see her, criticised with jealous mind whatever she saw or heard

respecting her treatment. At length the mother took her away, under circumstances which perhaps justified her in doing so, but yet to the great grief of the lady, who had formed a strong affection for her young charge.

The conclusion we would draw from such a case as this is, that it is not well to disturb the relations that nature has formed. If a child has parents living, let them retain their charge, unless there are strong moral reasons to the contrary. of poverty be the only ground for a separation, let that poverty be relieved without parting parent and child; if indolence be the motive with the parent to give away the child, let a better spirit be encouraged. And, if a home be so wretchedly vicious that its young inmate must be taken away as the only means of rescue, then, before a new connection is formed that is meant for permanence, let a legal relinquishment of all parental claims be secured; and let this be rendered effectual by a complete separation from the intercourse and knowledge of the unworthy parents.

In selecting, then, a child, of which to assume the charge, it is the dictate at once of prudence and of charity to give the preference to one that has lost its parents. As the apostle directed his fellow-laborer to give the bounty of the Church to those widows "that are widows indeed," so should the adopting love of private Christians be directed, in choosing among strangers, to "orphans that are orphans indeed." If you can adopt the child of a deceased relative, its claim on that account entitles it to preference, while the old connection renders the new more natural and easy. In such cases, it is commonly best to retain the language of that relation which nature instituted, leading the child to attach a tenderer feeling to the true name of "aunt" or "cousin," rather than borrowing as a substitute the sacred title of "mother."

The choice having been made, and the little one brought to its new home, the great question arises, which is heard in every thoughtful parent's heart, How shall I do my duty by it? And this question is the harder to answer because the relation is not one formed by nature, and for which nature

itself provides. The real mother has two feelings which combine to give ease and success to her treatment of her children. One is that of natural right; of ownership, so far as one human being can own another. The other is that of instinctive love. These combine to create a calm certainty of power, and an assurance that the power will not be abused. There is no uneasy inquiry what people will say; there is no anxious adjusting of questions between firmness and tenderness; for these are not duties learnt by heart, but the spontaneous teachings of natural love and conscious right. I do not say that real parents never make mistakes: but they make the fewer from not being all the time afraid of making them; and, when any error is committed, the natural affection on both sides has a wonderful healing power. But the adopting parent, not being sure of this teaching of the heart, is constantly trying to graduate her treatment by some standard which is assumed to be correct. Well if it is not some ingenious theory of education, but only a few plain principles of religion and good sense. To bring up the child for God; to be calm, consistent, and truthful towards it; to love it, and yet to "make it mind," — such are the old, plain rules that have sufficed for six thousand years for this most important and almost universal duty.

Between the two extremes of which all who have the care of children are in danger, — those of indulgence and of strictness, — the mother by adoption is, we think, more liable to the latter. She wishes to have the child appear well: it must show to herself, and to all who see it, the excellence of her management. She is more tenacious on this point, on account of a secret consciousness that her management is something of an experiment. Therefore she is apt to be the more surprised and impatient when any childish deficiency occurs; and she has not that tender instinctive love that pleads in the real mother's heart that she must not expect too much of one so weak and imperfect. The sense of responsibility, the desire of promoting the child's real good, — these dictate an unbending course, which needs something of the grace and gentleness of true motherhood to make it that happy medium which will secure the happiest results.

The best thing, then, that the adopting friend can do is, instead of being anxious about details of duty, to learn, as soon as possible, those lessons that mothers learn from nature, — the consciousness of love and of power. Realize that you have made the child your own; that God, the guiding of whose Providence you have reverently followed, has sanctioned the tie; and that it is therefore now truly yours, — given you by him, and to be brought up for him. All those feelings which the rite of baptism expresses — or rather used to express before our prosaic scepticism ceased to see any meaning in it — may be as rightly cherished in your heart as in that of the real parent. And among those feelings is that blessed one of trust. You are not alone; for He who gave you the child is with you to strengthen you for the task he has appointed.

One more word of advice. Be not overmuch discouraged if the child has faults: you only share in this the lot of actual mothers. Even if you find that there are some evil ways your little one has learnt in a former miserable and vicious home; though this might have directed your choice otherwise had it been known before, yet now let it teach you not impatience and aversion, but pity and care. Do not think of changing a child once adopted. The relation assumed is too sacred to be lightly laid aside. If you acted as a Christian, you did not select the child as a plaything, but assumed it as a serious charge; and you have to take the evil with the good. Nay, if your care be greater than you had anticipated, the greater will be your reward. You will have, if you act aright, the pleasure of seeing those early traits of evil gradually disappearing under the influence of your united love and firmness, and of those religious and virtuous principles which it must be your effort to inculcate; and yours will be the high blessedness, under God, not only of guiding, but of rescuing, a human soul.

We should feel much regret, did we suppose that the representations we have made of the difficulties attending the adoption of children would discourage any from treading in this path of blessed Christian charity. There is no course of

usefulness that has not its difficulties; and, while it is the dictate of wisdom to view these in their full magnitude, it is the part of courage to encounter them, and of faith to show us whence the strength for that encounter is to come. We would not represent the charge as light, or lightly to be assumed; but we believe that none who undertakes it in a spirit of humble determination to discharge it aright will fail of finding it the means of high enjoyment and most useful service. And are not the objects in view worthy of some exertion, some self-denial, some anxiety? How dreary is a childless home, compared with one bright with young, happy faces, and enlivened with innocent mirth! And while earth is so full of suffering; while thousands of children, deprived of their natural protectors, appeal, in their mute unconsciousness of their great loss, to Christian compassion to supply it, —can those turn away from that appeal to whom Providence has given abundant means of meeting it, and annexed the assurance that it shall bring a blessing also to themselves?

As we draw near the conclusion of these brief remarks, our thoughts turn to a domestic circle, where the happiness that wealth and refinement alone could not have given, has been found in the judicious choice of children for adoption, and the faithful, loving discharge of the duty thus assumed. As I look on those who a few years since were destitute orphans, and see them now entering upon womanhood, with their talents developed by an excellent education, their characters formed by Christian principles, all bright around them in the home where they move, loving and beloved, I feel that my friends, of whose house they are the pride and joy, have won a blessing, even in this world, such as could only follow where good sense and charity were combined. Happiness attend your course, sweet girls, while you return the willing tribute of filial love for that which comforted and guarded your tender years!

S. G. B.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXXIV.

LOB SEY DIR, DER DEN MORGEN.

[Melody first written for "Valet will ich dir geben."]

AT MORNING.

PRAISE to thee, who the morning
  Didst send us, after night;
We slept, all cares adjourning,
  For thou hadst oversight.
Thou, who abroad dost number
  The dewdrops and the rays,
Hast quickened in my slumber
  The power to work and praise.

Thou, Lord, to me hast given
  Whate'er I am or have;
But fast this life is driven,
  And hastens to the grave.
Soon vanishes, and wholly,
  The way each pilgrim tends;
Yet on it hangs, how truly!
  The time that never ends.

Oh, high and dear believing!
  I shall at length arise,
To earth the body bearing;
  The spirit finds the skies.
This let me daily ponder
  In Hope's grand mystery,—
What, in the bright world yonder,
  I may attain to be.

Who stoops and strains for treasure?
It will but cheat the heart.
Who pants for selfish pleasure,—
Its pay, remorse and smart?
Below here, in the earthy,
My spirit shall be clean;
A shrine not all unworthy
Of pure eyes to be seen.

Be brave, my heart! and weary
Grow never in the strife;
The peace of God will cheer ye
With trust and strength and life.
Be vigorous, not complaining;
And every effort bend:
This very day, at waning,
May see the conflict end. M. L. F.

XXXV.

NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT.

By Martin Rinkart. It was composed shortly before the close of the Thirty Years' War, 1648; and has been popularly called the German Te Deum.]

All hearts and tongues and hands
Now raise to God thanksgiving,
Who wondrous things hath wrought
For us and all the living;
Who, from our mother's breast
And infant nature down,
E'en to this very hour,
Has countless mercies shown.

The ever-blessing God
Bestow on all our being
A noble peace, glad heart,
And will with his agreeing;
And hold us in his grace,
As on and on we fare;
And fend us from all harm,
All times, and everywhere! M. L. F.

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER XI. — EXAMPLES.

THE spring was at hand. My first twelve months in the country were nearly completed, and the cycle of Arthur Ashton's life was fast drawing to a close. How many households know the effect of the sudden changes and raw winds of February and March, upon organizations enervated by disease, and the lassitude of long indoor confinement!

Not a day passed in which I did not receive intelligence, obtained for the most part by my personal inquiries at the house, of the mutations of his health. In that period, few will feel any interest beyond knowing that it was marked by frequent alternations of hope and of doubt, and that his cheerful acquiescence was manifested by a bright look that always lighted up his face, and by manners that reflected the calmness of an infinite peace.

I never before felt the force of the expression, — "the harvest of a quiet eye." The culture of his whole life seemed to garland and garner its fruitage there.

I began to think that he would not have strength for a talk on that other subject to which in our last conversation he had alluded. He could use his books, and at times his pen; nor, beyond occasional feelings of sinking and exhaustion, did he experience any thing that interrupted his studies. But his disease had so much affected his voice that he could speak, for the most part, only in a whisper.

On going into his room one day, I found him in bed, — the first time, I think, that I had seen him there. He beckoned to me to come close to his side, and then told me that he had hoped to have many pleasant talks on subjects allied to those of former conversations, such as the *resurrection*, the *new existence*, and the *connection of this life with the next*. "But it is not likely," he added, "that opportunities for such interviews will be allowed to me; and, after all, pleasant as

these would have been, something better may be in store for me, — 'the open vision for the written word.'"

"No one of these, however, is the subject," he continued, "to which the other day I alluded. I had in my mind some examples of dying. The more I thought upon the topic, the more it interested me. I could not refrain from writing out some of the considerations which I had hoped to suggest in our proposed talk. I wish you would have the goodness to look over my paper, and tell me sometime what thoughts it has awakened in your mind. This will be next to the pleasure of a conversation. You will find my manuscript in the little drawer underneath my study-table. Thanking you from my heart for your kindness, I feel that I have not strength enough to say more to you now."

The paper, which with me took the place of a conversation, may answer the same purpose with my readers. It will be seen that it is a collection of suggestions to be amplified and illustrated, rather than a complete statement of his thoughts. But it needs no apology or preface.

ARTHUR'S PAPER.

"There is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader, as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behavior in that dreadful season. I may also add, that there are no parts in history which affect and please the reader in so sensible a manner. The reason I take to be this, because there is no other single circumstance in the story of any person which can possibly be the case of every one who reads it. A battle or a triumph are conjunctures in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged; but, when we see a person at the point of death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does, because we are sure that some time or other we shall ourselves be in the same melancholy circumstances. The general, the statesman, or the philosopher are perhaps characters which we may never act in; but the dying man is one whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble."

So writes Mr. Addison in the "Spectator," and Montaign had said the same things before him. It is not improbable

that a great statesman had his eye on these words, when, addressing the senate upon the death of a distinguished public man, he said, "One may live as a president or a sovereign; but he must die as a man. Death divests us of what is outward and accidental, and brings each of us to his pure individuality." For this reason, death, whenever seen, is instructive. It is the man we look at, not the office or rank.

Probably few study the phenomena of dying, except when these occur to a near relative or friend. Not knowing what to expect, they are taken by surprise, and consider as peculiar to that case what is common to nearly all dying persons. Thus, for example, the return of the look of childhood on the dying features of the mature and aged is often seen; but, for a hundred years, biographers have gone on representing this fact as very remarkable in the case they are describing.

Nature has a method in the things which appear most irregular. Penetrate apparently lawless phenomena, and soon you will reach a controlling and beneficent Will. It might be thought, that death, coming under such infinitely varied circumstances of age, disease, constitution, and treatment, could hardly present two cases exactly alike; but, even if this were true, it does not forbid the existence of many points common to all. We should recognize them at once in any extended observation.

The two facts which seem to be especially prominent are the almost universal final exemption from the fear of death, and the very general freedom from suffering in dying. The strong statements of a distinguished London physician, before quoted, are confirmed by any general perusal of biographies.

Particularly as to suffering, a view of the exceptional instances of a dying agony shows us how rare it must be. Sir Benjamin C. Brodie names only three kinds of death as subject to this. They are deaths from lockjaw, hydrophobia, and delirium tremens. How very few the deaths from these causes, compared with all cases of mortality!

A painless departure is what we should naturally expect from the general arrangements of infinite Goodness. Would it not have been more wise and grateful in mankind if they

had not been so slow to believe that the fact corresponds to the expectation?

One does not like to look into that mass of fear and superstition, which, in the popular mind, is associated with the dying hour. The phrases, *struck with death, struggle with death, writhing under the king of terrors*, and similar expressions, sufficiently reveal the state of many minds.

Perhaps the pulpit and religious literature, seeking to make awakening impressions, are responsible in part for these false views. But, in all things pertaining to death and burial, men have been singularly conservative. Under various forms of religion and in different climes, the same modes of thought have been transmitted from father to son. It would not be at all strange if many of our opinions, feelings, and even expressions, were inheritances from our pagan ancestors of forty generations ago.

I think an extended examination of biographies would suggest to us, that different forms of the Christian religion, and even different countries of Christendom, have different impressions in regard to death.

The Roman Catholic faith, fostering an unquestioning trust in an infallible Church, and, through the ministrations of art, realizing and almost sensualizing the invisible world, inspires a more softened view of death than Protestantism, which, demanding a single and sturdy faith, throws each one on his own unaided individuality.

Countries where family traditions are continuous, sepulchral monuments ancient, and ties with the past numerous and impressive, inspire a reconciled view of death, compared, for instance, with New England, which has so brief a history, and so few monuments of former generations. The past is but little to us. To die is to be cut off from that earthly future which is so much to all. I believe that the chief wish about the future which Dr. Franklin expressed, was, that he might come back after fifty years to see what his country then was. With us, fear of death is often appalling.

Contrast all this with older countries. I remember that Madame De Staël says that one of the secret charms of Rome

is, that it reconciles the imagination to death. Its obelisks and funereal urns, some dating from the foundation of Egypt, Greece, Etruria; its theatres, mausoleums, triumphal arches, temples, churches, as well as its chief wonders of painting and statuary, — all make one live in the past. A throng of the departed, she adds, seems to surround one wherever he goes; and "de notre ville solitaire, à la ville souterraine, la transition semble assez douce."

As regards biographical relations of last hours of life, it doubtless should be remembered that the phenomena of dying are reported, for the most part, only by friends, who are inexperienced and partial observers.

Besides, even the dying are not always natural. Men who have lived for effect have "the ruling passion strong in death." Of many a man, it may be said, in the words applied to one of the celebrities of the French Revolution, "Il dramatiserait son mort."

Add to all, biographers frequently write as if they had a case to make out. In order to prove the subject of their praise to be a hero even in death, his last expressions have frequently a meaning attached to them wholly wide from what the dying really intended.

When I have made abatements for all this, I must add, that I have derived interest and instruction from a brief study of the last hours of those whose biographers have simply and naturally described the closing scenes of life. What I have done is merely to look at those notices which may be found in a private library.

On the whole, perhaps this is enough. There is no reason why the cases examined should not be fair examples of thousands of others. The following brief glance at this subject may induce others to give a more extended examination. What we do for ourselves is always worth a great deal more than what others do for us.

There was something peculiarly beautiful in the manner of Petrarch's death. In his library, he was accustomed to recline with his head leaning on his book, following out those thoughts which his reading had suggested. In this posture

he was one day found by those who had not the remotest idea of his death, so easy was his attitude, and so placid his face.

In some of his sweet musings, his spirit had taken wings: and thus was fulfilled the wish he had expressed, in one of his sonnets, that, if he had lived in strife, he might die in peace; and, if his sojourn here had been useless, at least it might have a decorous departure.

> "Sicche s'io vissi in guerra ed in tempesta,
> Mora in pace ed in porto; e se la stanza
> Fu vana, almen sia la partita onesta."

In a similar manner, Milton passed away. He had been for some time afflicted by the gout, and was attended by two faithful servants. They were near the great poet, who was then resting on his bed, free from suffering. On coming to his bedside, they found he had expired. Not a groan, not a struggle, had given the least hint of the moment of his departure. So calmly and gently was he called from his sublime meditations, to see "the sapphire blaze and burning throne."

The death of another poet may be noticed in this same connection. I refer to Schiller. A severe sickness, accompanied by delirium, had at length exhibited mitigated symptoms; and he regained the full possession of his senses. In a tranquil spirit, he addressed words of love to those around him; and, when some one asked how he felt, "Calmer, calmer," was his reply. Soon he sank into a deep sleep. "Once for a moment he looked up with a lively air, and said, 'Many things are growing plain and clear to me.' Again he closed his eyes; and his sleep deepened and deepened, till it changed into the sleep from which there is no awakening."

It does one good to reflect upon the noble courage and fortitude of many who have yielded up their lives as victims to oppressive power. Who can read the account of the execution of Lady Jane Grey, without feeling a timid weakness in the prospect of death rebuked? We are told, that,

on the morning of the day when she and her husband were to be executed, she declined seeing him, as the tenderness of their parting, she feared, might overcome their fortitude: but from a window of the Tower she gave him a token of love as he was going to the block; and, when she saw his headless body, she was more comforted by the account of his constancy, than shocked by that sad spectacle. And then, when her own time came, the serenity with which she submitted to the adjustment of her garments, and her calm, unblanching look as she placed her head on the block, proved what a triumph the soul may have in the moment of death.

With what a dauntless spirit Sir Walter Raleigh came out from that same Tower, and submitted himself to the same death by decapitation! What a picture to our mind's eye his tall and handsome person makes, as he stands up, and solemnly thanks God that he is to die in the bright light of the sun, and not in the darkness of a wretched dungeon, and feels the edge of the axe, and says, "It is a sharp but sure remedy for all ills"!

What old Latimer, as he was burning at the stake, in Oxford, said to his fellow-sufferer, is familiar to all: "Be of good comfort, Dr. Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." And, when the flames blazed up around his body, the historian says, "He, as it were, embraced them, and bathed himself in them, and died with very little pain, or none." How wonderful that the mind should have such power over the body!

When Sir Thomas More was brought to the block, he kissed the executioner, and said to him, "Thou wilt do me this day a greater benefit than ever mortal man can be able to give me. Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thy office. My neck is very short; take heed therefore that thou strike not awry, for saving thy honesty." And, when the executioner would have covered his eyes, he said, "I will cover them myself;" which he did with a cloth he had brought for the purpose. On laying his head on the block, he asked leave to draw his beard aside, adding, even

playfully, "That had never committed treason." And then, says his biographer, "with great alacrity and spiritual joy he received the fatal axe."

After all, I am not sure that these instances have affected me more than a fact I have read in an Italian book of a humble Florentine woman. It was in the time of the plague. One morning, she discovered the fatal sign upon her own person. To stay in her house would be death to her three children. She resolved to take the infected clothes of her bed, and go to an old shed, a mile or two distant, and die there alone. But she must steal away without letting her children know her design. It so happened, that, as she was leaving the house, they espied her from the windows, and playfully said, "Good-by, mother." To have betrayed any emotion would have frustrated her plans. She looked up smilingly, and returned the "Buono giorno" of her children, and then went off to her sure and lonely death.

The last moments of that peerless young man, Sir Philip Sidney, whose life Campbell called "poetry put into action," have been often described. Fatally wounded on the field of battle, he was borne off, faint, and parched with thirst; but, forgetting his own craving for a drop of water, he handed the untasted cup to a dying soldier, with those words, so often quoted, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." During his sixteen days of suffering, though his bones were in some places worn through the skin, he was patient, gentle, and loving; and, not long before he died, he lifted up his hands and eyes, and said, "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world." After fervent prayer, he asked for music; and thus, says his biographer, "amid the harmonies of earth, the benedictions of love, and the incense of prayer, his spirit soared to the spheres of Mystery and Promise."

Old Isaac Walton's quaint description of the death of Hooker, the author of the Church Polity, is worth quoting: "On his sick-bed he said, 'O God! since I owe thee a death, let it not be terrible; and then take thine own time, and I submit to it. Let not mine, O Lord! but let thy will be done.' With which expression, he fell into a dangerous

slumber, — dangerous as to his recovery. Yet recover he did, but it was to speak only these few words: "God hath heard my daily petitions; for I am at peace with all men, and he is at peace with me, from which blessed assurance I feel that inward joy which this world can neither give nor take away." More he would have said, but his spirit failed him; and, after a short conflict betwixt nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep."

The saintly Bishop Ken, for a year before he died, suffered much from infirmities of body, which no medical help relieved. But, prior to his departure, his sufferings left him; and he expressed himself in lines which bear witness to his grateful and devout spirit: —

"No language can reveal
The pleasing trance which now I feel!
My ease, my sleep, strange transports seem;
Of everlasting joys I dream;
Congratulate the blest,
And long to share their heavenly rest."

John Foster, whose spirit was so weighed down and oppressed by meditating upon future retribution, had a death as tranquil as that of Petrarch and Milton. A kind old servant slept in a room adjoining that in which John Foster was confined to his bed, in a sickness that created no anxiety. On going to visit him, early one morning, she found him dead. During the night, his spirit had quietly left the body. "His countenance," says his biographer, "was as tranquil as that of a person in a peaceful sleep."

A fact named in the account of the death of Sir James Mackintosh has interested me. During his sickness, his mind appears to have been perplexed in its attempts to explain much that had been taught to him as Christian truth. As his children were around his bed, he asked, "What is the name of that man who writes upon decrees and election?" They could not give him the name. He paused some time, and then added, "He cannot frighten me now." Not long after this, when one of his children asked him how

he felt, he answered "Happy," and soon he breathed his last. His biographer adds, "Judging by his unruffled brow, his calm though increasingly serious and solemn countenance, he willingly yielded up his spirit into the hands of Him whom he had found to be indeed a most faithful Creator."

How many terrors have been conjured up by sickly brains! Nor is it the least service that death renders, that it has enabled many to say, of some writer of strong but appalling statements, "He cannot frighten me now."

The eminent German theologian, Schleiermacher, on his sick-bed, wished to administer the communion to his family and near friends. After he had distributed the bread and the wine, he said, "In this love and communion we are, and ever will remain, united." He immediately fell back on his pillow, and breathed his last, "with an expression of heavenly rapture on his countenance."

After preaching one Sunday, Dr. Chalmers was in unusual good spirits, and his friends never saw him happier. Next morning, his housekeeper knocked at his chamber-door, but received no answer. It was supposed he was asleep. After waiting some time, she entered the chamber, and found it dark. She spoke, but obtained no reply. She threw open the window-shutters, and drew aside the curtains of the bed. The body of Dr. Chalmers was there, half erect, the head gently reclining on the pillow. The expression of the countenance was that of fixed, majestic repose. The housekeeper took his hand, and touched his brow. Both were cold, and he had been dead many hours. He passed away without the least pain or conflict. His biographer says, "The expression of the face, undisturbed by a single trace of suffering; the position of the body, so easy that the least struggle would have disturbed it; the very posture of arms, hands, and fingers, known to the family as that into which they fell naturally in the moments of entire repose, conspired to show, that, saved all strife with the last enemy, his spirit had passed to its place of blessedness and glory in the heavens."

But these notices need not be multiplied. Enough has been said to indicate the usual method of His hand in with-

drawing us from the world. Every one can see for himself, by similar inquiries, carried on through a greater number of cases, whether the actual phenomena of dying confirm the statements before made.

On one point only, may a word be added. I have glanced at the biographies of distinguished men, because, generally speaking, the biographies of other men have not been written. Could we have a minute account of the death-scenes of all good men in the private walks of life, who can doubt that the impression which I am seeking to make would be greatly strengthened?

Scholars, poets, divines, have generally led more artificial lives than other men, and, as a consequence, have often experienced more sickness and suffering. I believe it is not yet settled whether what we call a superior culture has not raised quite as many spectres as it has allayed. If we desire to know the real facts pertaining to death, we must study it, not in here and there a well-written memoir, but in the homes where death comes, and at large in the common experience of humanity. We shall then more surely learn, what, in the beneficent plans of Providence, it was designed to be, and what it actually is in the vast majority of cases."

THE PANTHEIST AND THE ASS.

THE following is from Mr. Alger's "Specimens," where it appears under the heading of "The Mystic Confounded." It is very pointed, as a theological *argumentum ad hominem*: —

The Brahman, Hargovind, maintained with pride
That no distinction was to be descried
Between a stone, a child, the sky, a pall;
For all things formed but One and One was All.

Shrewd Dévan pointed to an ass, and asked,
"Discern you what this object is?" He masked
His aim, but none the inference could miss:
"Since you are one with all, you must be this!"

STREET TALK.

"You might get it up this way, my dear child," I said.

She looked up, and smiled, and very pleasantly said, "Yes; but I did not see that way till I had got it here."

She had a little wagon, and, in crossing the street with her load, had drawn it into the gutter, and the wheels were up against the curbstone, which was quite too high to let her draw her wagon up; while she might easily have gone around the corner a few steps, where the curbstone, as I saw, was very low.

Her load was a common one in the cities, and her untidy dress and uncleanly appearance in general corresponded with what she was carrying off, — the refuse from the kitchen. In a word, it was "swill." I never saw the child before; but I saw her trouble, and I really felt that I wanted to help her. I could not, in my street-clothes, have put my hand to the wheels, and lifted them for her. It would have cost me less to find a man, and pay for doing it. But it was unnecessary to do either. A strong woman from her own class, dressed no better than herself, perhaps her mother, gave the wheels a vigorous pull, and put them on the sidewalk, and, like the little girl, thanked me in an exceedingly pleasant manner, though I had only said, "You might get it up this way, my dear child."

Very likely I shall never see them again. Though in a very public street, engaged in work which probably she pursues every day, and on a walk where my occupations frequently call me, I might easily frequently meet her. But I had never met her before, that I know of, and so suppose that we have parted never to meet again. I hardly saw her face; only that it had its pleasant smile. She was good-looking, but not specially handsome; yet had she been my daughter, and dressed like persons of what is called respectable society, she would have looked exceedingly well. I thought of it again, after I lay down at night, and could not sleep awhile

for thinking of her. I thought that I had no daughter to fold in my arms, to watch in her innocence and unfolding loveliness. I could not even adopt one, if I had wished to. Impossibilities forbade. But my heart went out after this strange child, in her uncleanly, disagreeable employment. I thought what perhaps she was, good, or, as perhaps the world would call it, bad; and what she might yet become, and what she might suffer or enjoy. I thought, too, of so many other homes as well as my own, where no daughters were, no children even, and none had ever been; and how much the childless suffer, though many do not know of their own sufferings. And how very happy, religiously happy, many people might make themselves by rescuing from the streets the desolate and outcast children; how they might make their homes radiant with loveliness, and their future world nearer to their faith by the greater largeness of their love. And I thought, too, of so many homes bereaved of children, — how, for many months and years, the silence of the child's footsteps and prattle and laugh is a suffering heavy to be borne, and its memory a frequent pang. And how, though no adopted child could occupy the place of one departed, and expel the memory, and lead on to forgetfulness, and render its name a word without interest, yet the old child might be sanctified by a new one accepted, chosen for God's sake and humanity's, and for salvation's sake. And the memory would be softer, and it would be far sweeter, in the consciousness of new loves growing up, as a rose might look far sweeter in the herbage of the field-side, or the garden, among kindred flowers, than if it grew in the midst of a wide desert of sand, among storms and rain.

The love that is to let in the world, with none to engage it, is an immensity of waste. No one that seriously thinks of it ever wonders at the pets that are found in solitary houses of solitary people. Cats and dogs, and birds in cages, we otherwise often wonder at, to think that people can love them. But sometimes, as we know, people must have something to pour out their love upon. Sometimes it is possible that people have not hearts large enough, high enough, to

love a creature above a cat or a dog. It is possible, I repeat. I do not mean to charge it upon any persons, that they have not enough of heart to love a man, a woman, or a child. But when we see how contented, apparently, some are with their animal pets, — how, though they are cross to all the world of human beings, they are never cross to them, and will let a cat jump upon their shoulders, and sit in their laps, and will feed it at the table, though they would not willingly let a human being take them by the hand, and never want to hold another's hand in their own, and will let a dog lick their faces, though they never know the kiss of childhood's or of an equal's love, — then we think it possible that some cannot now love humanity, or not easily; not until some new life is poured into their hearts. And when we see again how, in the same household, there are sometimes bickerings and quarrels, — how those that might be most fondly attached and sources of infinite blessing to one another, are actually means to one another of acutest pangs of misery, wrenching, rasping one another's poor, sore, wounded hearts, — we ask again if such people are now capable of blessed love, and have not rather entered upon life's holiest relationships quite incapable of worshipping at the shrine such relationships enclose. The Roman general possibly was awed as he stood within the Holy of Holies, though only a profane curiosity impelled him to go in there; but many a profane one might have gone there, not caring for the sanctity that attached to the place, entered with a laugh of scorn, and come out with frivolous blasphemy. Some could do no more.

But, if there are any who cannot love in the world, there are millions who do not that could. They call for others' love, — for the soft hand that should stroke their cheeks, the loving eyes that should follow their departure, the smile that should welcome their return. To love, with them, is to receive. The world is meagre and desolate in their view, which can give them — nothing. Yet they may reflect how many much loved there are, to whom it is no pleasure to be loved. How many husbands, careless of fountains and floods of love poured out upon them; how many wives as careless; how

many sons and daughters, whom their parents would have died to save, — whose wandering feet are followed by parental thought and anxiety as if by angels' footsteps, and whose sins, because they are beloved, cut or crush the living hearts of parents, which bleed and bleed, and no balm of patience is ever able to heal. Is it sure, that the love of others is enough for us, or that we know how to receive it, and surely could enjoy it?

What constitutes the good of love is its own activity. We always want life more than any thing else in the world beside. We defraud ourselves: we are not so much defrauded. We cannot love the unlovely: we think we cannot, and turn round and ask from others that they should love our own unlovely selves. Considering what is thought to be the degree and amount of human depravity, we scarcely could reason that God could love us. We seldom think of any world of angels above us, who are spending their time in loving us; or that, when we enter into another life, it will be to circles of angels that have known us, been interested in us, have talked about us with pleasure, and waited long for our coming. If we think that the unlovely cannot be loved, no such imagination can gladden our hearts. Yet God must love those not superior, but beneath; and angels, those also who are beneath. The pure always do. Mothers and fathers, that are good, never cease from love because their children turn out to be bad. And so we live in a world wherein the more there is of evil, the more earnest is the appeal to our hearts, and the more opportunity there is for us to exercise the activity and become sensible of the blessedness of loving. And the love which God requires from us toward himself, and which we acknowledge it to be our obligation to pay, must find its life not in sublime contemplation of infinite excellences impossible of comprehension by our finite minds, but in the sense of others' needs. The heart that would love the pure and good alone, cannot live. If it would rise to heaven, it must, like the plant, draw its life also from the earth, and have a deep footing in the ground. The sun, too, must shine on the weed and the waste, if it would have its

light reflected from the gorgeousness of the earth and the stream, from moon and star. The wisdom of God is manifested in making the microscopic animalcule, as in the vast world through which telescopic vision searches. And we must love God in man, — such is Bible instruction, — in the beggar in rags, in the tempted and lost, if we would love him on his throne. What blessings for ourselves, — not for the beggars alone, — when the activity, the fulness, and the tenderness of our hearts can move us to labor for such as they are; to meet them with interest, and know them with love! We have tears enough in our hearts for their sorrows and dangers, if we only knew it, and smiles enough, not yet exhausted, for their encouragement and happiness.

Go thy way, then, dear child, young stranger. God give us another meeting, and let me see what I, your poor fellow-child of God, can do to redeem you from the loathsomeness of your occupation, or how, by respect and love, I, from my different place in life, may perhaps help a little to sustain your own self-respect, and show you that the world may love and honor you. E. B.

Corner of Congress Street, Sept. 16, 1865.

"It is vain to say, that this is the country of the 'white man.' It is the country of man." Charles Sumner.

True, noble words, which thrill the very soul, —
This country is for man, the human race;
Words, too, that should our policy control,
If we would not our fatherland disgrace.
This country is for all, of every name,
Reserved by Providence' all-gracious plan,
That each his proper dignity might claim, —
The right to be, and feel himself a man.
Here may the oppressed of foreign nations come,
And find, in our wide country, peace and rest;
The roving Indian reach a settled home,
In the broad prairies of the fertile West;
And here the slave, to manhood born at last,
Forget the wrongs and miseries of the past. J. V.

FOLLOWING GOD.

THE Apostle Paul exhorts us to be followers of God, as dear children; and we need hardly be informed, but at most only reminded, that the *following* of God, which is here inculcated, means not merely the obeying of his words, but the observing and following of his ways, — although, in truth, the way of God's working *is* his word to the soul. To follow after God, moreover, implies a keeping close to him, *in order* to hear what he says, and see what he does, as well as the following-out, in our life and conversation, of what he does say and do, for our instruction and example. To follow God is to pursue his footsteps, not merely as a servant does his master's, or a pupil his teacher, but as the lover follows the object of his heart's affection, — as the artist follows with his eye the embodiment of his soul's ideal, or, finally, to come to Paul's own illustration, as the child, so soon as he begins to observe any thing, and almost before consciousness is awakened, follows the look, every flying glance, every light and shadow of his parent's face; and, as he grows up, studies and catches his moral lineaments, and copies his moral walk. "I will instruct thee and teach thee," the heavenly Parent and Preceptor is represented saying to his child, "in the way which thou shall go: *I will guide thee with mine eye.*"

In fact, the Greek word rendered *followers* here, means literally *imitators:* at the same time, there is a felicity in the present rendering in view of the connection of the text with what comes after; for it reads, "Be ye, therefore, followers of God, as dear children; *and walk* in love."

But there is an equal expressiveness in the relation of what we have cited from Paul to what precedes it also. The manner of its introduction, — "Be ye, *therefore*, followers of God," — takes us back to the thought with which the foregoing chapter ended, that of the kindness, tender-heartedness, and forgiving spirit of God as revealed in Christ; and thus our text is seen to be a happy reminiscence and re-enforcement

of the appeal made by Christ himself, in the Sermon on the Mount, to the ways of God as a model for his human children. It is true here as there. The scope of the appeal seems to be limited by the special reference to the compassion and charity of the heavenly Father; but this will hardly appear a limitation to one who reflects what charity (or, in plain English, *love*) means, as a religious sentiment; and especially how much it comprehends in relation to Him of whom it is written, "God *is* love." In such an aspect, love is indeed "the fulfilling of the law," "the end of the commandment," the essence of religion.

In the portion of the Sermon on the Mount alluded to, Jesus had made the copying of the love, charity, in short, religion of God, equivalent to men's being the true *children* of their Father in heaven; and this is exactly the doctrine of Paul, from which we have started. Interpreters of Scripture have commonly thought it enough to say, that, according to the idiom of the Hebrew, or more generally of Oriental speech, the relation of childhood or sonship denotes, figuratively, moral and spiritual resemblance; "son of peace," for instance, signifying one of a pacific spirit; "son of consolation," a comforter; "son of thunder," a zealot; and "son of God," as part, at least, of its meaning, — a God*like* person. But, it seems to me, this kind of exposition hardly reaches the heart and spirit of the language in question, although on the road to it. Jesus brings us nearer to the heart and soul and life of it, — or *would*, if we did not make his word so much a superficial formula and a dead letter, — when he says, that *whatsoever things he seeth the Father do, these also doeth the Son likewise.* We may have been accustomed, indeed, to regard this saying as implying no more than the singular and sole relation of *this one mysterious* Son of God to the Supreme Being. But remember what the same Evangelist who records this says in the beginning of his Gospel, recapitulating the religious history of mankind; namely, that as many as received the indwelling Maker, *to them gave he power to become the sons of God.* And Paul says all who are led by the Spirit of God are the sons of God. All Christians are called

in Christ to feel themselves the children of God, and to be his sons, by adoption, *not only by his adoption of them*, but *their adoption of him as their model.*

And, in point of historical fact, what was it Jesus referred to, when, in his controversy with the Jews, he spoke of seeing and doing the things his Father did? Was it, think you, the miracle or the mercy that formed the prominent object in his thoughts? The double charge of his adversaries was, that he had broken the sabbath and called God *his* Father. In reply, Jesus *said*, that, whatever law of *theirs* he might be violating, he was really fulfilling the law which the spirit and providence of God set forth, when he used the sabbath day for doing good; for God and Nature (another name for God) kept on working sabbath days as well as secular days. *This* was, at least, a *part* of what he, a reverent, loving, and teachable child, had observed of the Father's procedure; and this much, namely, the preference, on God's part, of mercy to sacrifice, of charity to ceremony, and the exemplifications of the true kind of rest and sabbath which Nature (one form of God) affords, every child of the heavenly Father was invited to remark, to reflect upon, and to act upon; and they themselves, on the spiritual side, were no less truly God's offspring, as, on the corporeal plane, they were no less creatures of God than he. It is true, in subsequent encounters with these Pharisaic adversaries, he tells them that he speaks the words of *his* Father, and they do the deeds of *theirs*, meaning Satan; but then the very fact of his laboring with them as he did, proved that, though they would not know, would not own their Father in heaven, *he* knew them to be the creatures and children of God.

We have then, I conceive, the authority of the Master and of the Apostle, as well as the authority of our own common sense and common conscience, — of our best feelings and judgments certainly, — for saying that man's highest religion consists in following the example of the great Father in heaven, in studying and copying his spirit, in following God as a reverent, affectionate, and teachable child. I have already used the phrase, the *religion of God;* and I would now,

in drawing nearer to the heart of my subject, say, that this expression not only *will bear* to be dwelt upon, but, in the view of a deeply thoughtful Christian spirit, will demand to be dwelt on in a profounder and more literal sense than merely as meaning the religion which God *requires of man*. There is a religion of God, meaning the religion which God himself shows, exercises, towards man, towards all his children and creatures. We claim a great superiority to the old heathen in our knowledge of God; but it has always seemed to me to show a fine instinctive presentiment, at least, on the part of the pagan poets, of something in the divine nature which Christian theologians have but seldom and faintly appreciated, when they apply, as you remember Virgil in his great poem so repeatedly and touchingly does, the term *pious* to the conduct and feelings of the highest heavenly beings towards the children of earth. And I have thought, when the great central doctrine of our spiritual faith, that God's giving is a sharing, not a condescension, but a communication, has been set forth with a luminous and copious cogency of argument, illustration, and appeal, that it was capable of still further and deeper and higher application in the sphere of religious sentiment, — that religion itself fails to be properly conceived until it is regarded not merely as something imposed upon man or required from him, but as something which God himself invites man to partake with *him*. God himself sets the example of disinterested, patient, long-suffering self-devotion, forbearance, magnanimity, religious respect for the souls of his children; and invites man, in the exercise of these heavenly qualities, to *enter into the joy of his Lord*.

The *religion of nature*, in the best and highest sense of that much-contested phrase, as meaning, not *our worshipping nature*, but nature's own reverent and patient working-out of the holy and beneficent ends before her, — what is that but the religion of God, whose mysteriously pervading spirit is nature's life?

How and where Jesus learned, by watching his heavenly Father's processes (if we indeed rightly understand him as

intimating that he *did* learn in that way), to heal the palsied, open the eyes of the blind, and raise the dead, of course is utterly beyond our knowledge or conception; but in what school he learned those divine lessons of patience, forbearance, ceaseless and boundless beneficence, and self-forgetting charity, of which the sabbath days witnessed so many of his most memorable exemplifications, — *that* is no mystery to one who will observe how the very suspension of man's work only gives occasion for him to remark the more thoughtfully the unresting activity of nature's God, — the Lord of light and life. Jesus saw and felt what a poor travesty the sabbath *rusting* of men's souls under the old superstition was of the sublime *rest* and repose of the Supreme Soul in the busy harmony of creation. His religion consisted in following, as a dear child, the steps and the style of the Being who has breathed his own spirit into the human heart, and is constantly drawing man's attention to the wondrous and winning lessons of grace and love.

According to the common, worldly, and ecclesiastical estimates, and the superficial statistics of the human family, there is a considerable variety of religions in the land and in the world: but, in reality, to one who has the feeling of what true religion is, there are but two, different and diametrically opposite, kinds of religion, two churches invisible; and the lines dividing them from each other are not identical with any geographical or sectarian lines, but disciples of either principle are to be found, or both exist as tendencies at least in every nation and denomination of men. I call them both *religions*, because, although one of them is the very vital antagonist of religion proper, still it is held with a religious tenacity, a sort of bigotry, often, and clung to as if it were life, instead of death, with the stiff and stolid allegiance of the self-deluded soul. Of these two religions, the one, which alone deserves the name, is a large, generous, self-forgetting, soul-quickening sense of an infinite ideal, kindling in the spirit a constant dissatisfaction with its past attainments, and urging it on to new heights of truth and holiness; while the other false claimant of the name of religion is a narrow,

negative, and niggardly principle of self-seeking penance and formalism, — pride in the guise of humility, self-complacency in the guise of sanctity, indifference and intolerance joining hands in a strange alliance to suppress the convictions, to quench the inspirations and aspirations, which are the soul's life and real religion's breath. This is the benumbing touch of winter to the tree of life and the free flow of the love of truth in the inner man; while the true religion is the glowing and growing summer of charity diffusing its genial atmosphere over the field of the heart's world, inviting forth the germs of good, swelling the streams of hopeful thought and action, and calling into existence a creation vocal with the praise of the all-loving Father. One of these religions is all-grasping, close-fisted, and exclusive; the other, all-bestowing, open-handed, and utterly "given to hospitality." The God of the one is that sublimation of selfishness which is the true and only Satan; of the other, the Being who hides himself, and veils the severe majesty of his sterner attributes that he may enter the human heart as a gentle Spirit of grace, or, rather, who is from eternity the pure and gentle Spirit of unselfishness, essentially free, loving, and communicative, the true and perfect friend, who, not satisfied with the interchange of gifts, would interchange souls and selves with his children and loved ones.

The two kinds of religion I have indicated, certainly we may hope the darker kind, can hardly be looked for in full and outright embodiment anywhere within the circle of our observation; but the true tendencies we have imperfectly described exist everywhere, and are probably at this moment struggling with each other in most men's hearts, — on the one side God, the Spirit of light and love and liberty, striving to enter, enlarge, and elevate the soul; and, on the other, self, blindly set to resist the divine influence.

That we may learn and live the true religion, we are invited to be followers of God, as dear children; in other words, to walk with God, to trace his footprint and his finger in the earth and in the heavens, to study the qualities of his working, and see what the Father does, that we as his chil-

dren may do likewise. To be followers of God is not merely to follow what he said and did in a former age, but to wait upon him, and, with filial reverence, observe the wonders of his hand and the word of his mouth, as our senses and souls to-day and at this hour report them to us; to follow with admiring eyes and adoring hearts those movements of the mysterious element of light, which are the wavings of his garment, those gracefully undulating outlines, vanishing horizons, and mystic depths of light and shadow, in which, at once veiling and revealing himself, the Perfect One beckons the spirit onward along the ladder which leads from the finite to the infinite; to follow him in the depths of our own being and along the paths of our wondrous experience, in these thoughts that wander through eternity, in the mysterious whispers that sound out from above the dim stairway of memory, and in the hopes that greet us out of the infinite future. The devout astronomer (and the *un*devout one has been pronounced *mad*), the devout naturalist, the devout historian, the devout physician and metaphysician, — all these are truly followers of God as dear children. *These also see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep.* But especially and emphatically do *they* follow God as dear children, who, thus meditating in this calm retreat of finite being his "milder majesty," —

> "To the beautiful order of his works,
> Learn to conform the order of their lives."

With a sublime egotism, deserving rather to be called self-appreciation, did the great astronomer, Kepler, declare the lesson he had learned from the patience of God, who had waited six thousand years for a mind to discern the law of the heavens. But there are heavenly laws, yet higher and holier, which our eyes need not travel far to discover, which are the ways of a God ever near at hand, and all around our daily paths, teaching us lessons of patience, purity, fidelity, and truth, in every leaf, and every ripple, and every stone.

Religion is manifested and tested in our patience, our charity, and our faith. We shall show whether we have learned our religion by following God as dear children, in our treat-

ment and judgment of men and their works. Jesus said, "The Father judgeth no man." He said of himself, "I judge no man." He enjoined upon his disciples, "Judge not." But God does judge, and Christ judges, and Conscience (the Holy Spirit in man) judges man's deeds, whether they are right or wrong, worthy or unworthy, holy and wholesome, or unholy and deadly; and love itself rejoices in having the ways of truth and error, safety and danger, clearly discriminated. But he must be a very undiscerning and ungrateful observer of the ways of God in his own experience, who is not impressed with the fact that God gives us not according to what we deserve, but according to what we need. And, in the spirit of this lesson, we shall judge men's works, and judge the tendency of their doings, and what is best and most necessary for us to do with them, *without* judging *them*. The *spirit* of our dealing is what we should learn from God. Therefore there is a true theology in the homely counsel of a poet-philosopher: —

> "Help thou the foolish as thou wouldst a child;
> And help the bad, for none more poor than he.
> To the transgressor show thyself a man,
> As if God had his youngest brother here, —
> A blind man, who, going forth to find his way
> To his physician, groped about in vain,
> Wounding himself, and falling every step!"

In a word, the religion we learn from the way and spirit of the Father, is characterized by that love which makes us put ourselves in another's place, be he sufferer, be he sinner, — which makes us, in a word, practically own that the declaration of our being *members one of another* is not rhetorical emptiness, but solid truth. And the religion learned of the Father, which is charity, is a creative spirit, not a critical and cavilling, but a generous and life-creating principle. Its instinct is to seek out the good in every man and thing, and strive to give it the victory over the evil that obstructs and encumbers it. It always sets the good in the foreground, admitting the evil, and asserting the good; whereas the way of the selfish, worldly spirit is to assert the evil, and only faintly admit the good.

Finally, the religion of God is that spirit of prophecy which is full of calm confidence, because it has the future, the substance of things hoped for, in the purpose of faith and faithfulness. We who preach to-day the doctrine that men should be perfect, as their Father in heaven is perfect, are well aware that we are preaching what is still in advance of the age, but no farther, I suppose, than it was in advance of his who preached it eighteen hundred years ago. And, if it were still eighteen hundred years ahead of *our* age, it would be the more, rather than the less, our duty to preach it. But we have observed, that the doctrine which is most apt to make men cry out, "You are in advance of the age," is precisely the teaching of the very truth or duty the age most needs in order to advance. A common and complacent reply to reformers is, "People must be educated up to your demand;" but where must be that man's eyes and sense, who has not learned, in these days of the Lord, that men's education consists as much in what they do and what they suffer, as in what they read and reason out, — that, in other words, it consists, not merely in being trained up, but in being *shaken* up?

To all, then, let it be said, and emphatically to all who meet on the Lord's Day to meditate his word and will, Be *ye* followers of God as dear children, — followers of his large charity, his perfect purity, his calm and long-suffering patience, his careful faithfulness, in a word, and that a most significant and comprehensive one, his utter simplicity. The apostle's calling us God's *dear children* has in it a twofold strength and pointedness of meaning. Every human being is precious in the sight of his Maker and Father; and therefore is the invitation given so affectionately to each to live near Him who yearns to have all partakers of his holiness, and so our happiness. But the applying to men in relation to God and the godly life the title of children, of itself suggests the one quality of the heavenly Father's spirit and working, which is perhaps among the very least appreciated, certainly in practice, — what we have called, not without Scripture example, too, the *simplicity* of God. It is a touch-

ing thought, that, where we are told God "giveth to all men *liberally*, and upbraideth not," the same word is used as where man is instructed, whenever *he* giveth, to do it *with simplicity*. And how beautifully does nature express this simplicity of the divine giving, — and may we not add forgiving? — "and upbraideth not!" In other words, he simply gives because he sees before him a needy and suffering child; and the fact that sin produced the sorrow and the destitution, or even perpetuates it, makes the misery no less eloquent and moving to the tender spirit which feels the sin itself, to be the greatest misery of all. "Neither do I condemn thee," his human voice once said on earth: "Go, sin no more!"

If we obey the command to follow God as reverent and loving children, we shall deal with men and things in this spirit of divine simplicity. God is calling us to-day to be children in malice, and, in understanding, men; meekly and manfully to follow Jesus in his following of the Father, and learn of him, as he goes before us in the wondrous works of nature and ways of providence, the lessons of patient fidelity, fearless truthfulness, and tranquil trust. Not one day only, but every day, must we be learning and living our religion, if religion means following God as dear children; for there is a still, small voice ever with us and within us, saying, "This is the way of purity; this is the way of peace." That voice is felt in the hollowness and heaviness of a heartless and inhuman existence: it is felt in the dissatisfaction which *they* have such hard work to disguise from themselves who live for self alone, and who wage the unblessed war of the little self against the great and generous purposes of the universal Father. Listen to that voice, ye who *make* the mountains before which you stand bewildered, or, because you turn your backs to the light, project yourselves the shadows which grow to giants in your path. Turn to the Lord; follow his quiet leadings; and, as the prophet says, "Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord: his going-forth is prepared as the morning." And the path of these who do follow him shall be itself as the step of morning upon the earth.

C. T. B.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S LESSON.

"Help one another."

"DURING the week that has passed, the subject of our last Sunday's lesson, suggested by the words 'Help one another,' has been so much in my thoughts that I have wished to pursue it farther; and, preferring to do so while it remains fresh in our minds, I take it up again to-day.

"As a guide to our present thoughts, as well as for the purpose of giving you a motto which I wish you might use to quicken the spirit of charity in your hearts, I will relate a little incident to me most beautifully illustrative of the principle we have been considering. I should have given it in our previous conversation, had it then occurred to me; but it has only since been brought to mind.

"Two little children, a girl and a boy, were on their way to the grocer's. The roofs of the houses and the grass were white with frost, and the wind was very sharp. They were both poorly dressed; but the little girl had a sort of coat over her which she seemed to have out-grown.

"As they walked briskly along, she drew her little brother close up to her, saying, 'Come under my coat, Johnny.'

"'It isn't big enough for both,' he replied.

"'I guess I can stretch it a little,' she said; and they were soon as close together and as warm as two birds in the same nest.

"Warm indeed no doubt they were in great part by the aid of the heart-warmth that filled them, and made other covering unnecessary. You have felt all of you, at times, the power of a deep interest, an absorbing thought, to render you insensible to the extremes of heat and cold; just so love filled the hearts of these little ones, and made their one scanty garment to be all-sufficient for their needs. Now, is it not possible so to enlarge the spirit of love, of kindness, of charity within us, that it shall spread over a far wider surface than now it does, shall hold a far larger number of our fel-

low-creatures in its embrace? Do we fail to find in our hearts any warm feeling of love for those around us, may we not increase that love within us? May we not, to use the words of that little child, 'stretch it a little'? We are little aware how much this spirit may be increased within us, how large a capacity of love is ours, till we have tried truly to exercise our affections, beyond our family and immediate friends, on all those whom the Creator has placed within reach of our regard. We must learn to exercise the love we feel, to know how great is the *power* of love which we possess."

"But how can we do this, Miss Ellis? How can we learn to love others more?"

"In many ways, but in no way it seems to me more effectually than by doing what we can to help them. We can never do the smallest thing to aid another, without being conscious, if we will analyze our feeling, that we have toward him a kindlier regard; and this must ever increase in the proportion that we strive to do him good."

"But, if our efforts fail to be appreciated, — if, as in some instances, they are repulsed, — can our love grow warmer then?"

"Yes: even then, I think, if the regard we feel is disinterested. If it is selfish, indeed, instead of increasing, it will, no doubt, diminish; but, if it is based upon the consciousness that those whom we are trying to aid are our fellow-beings and God's children, their indifference or their ungenerous return of our kind offices will hardly make our love grow cold; we shall rather feel, if our regard is true, that they have the greater need of it, and so will extend it to them all the more.

"One of the most beautiful arrangements of God's providence, it seems to me, is the dependence of human beings upon each other; and it is a quickening thought, that all which is required for the equal happiness of every individual is provided by his care. The adjustment of these provisions is in great part left to man: it is given to him, in large measure, to equalize the burdens and to distribute impartially the

comforts and satisfactions of our earthly lot. Through this work of the rightful distribution of God's bounty, the Almighty has most evidently intended that his creatures shall be drawn together, and helped to be made one. Is it not clear to us, therefore, that, of what we have and which others have not, we are called upon to impart to them, and they in like manner of what they possess to extend to us? You have read the story of the lame man and the blind one: how, by means of the eyes of the one and the strong limbs of the other, they were able to make their way together without difficulty; whereas, without each other's aid, they had been helpless. An article in a Brooklyn paper, by a gentleman of that city, says that this story was forcibly brought to his mind by his own observation of a similar case. Walking in the upper part of the city, he saw two men dressed as laborers walking together. As they were going along for some distance the same way, he addressed to one of them some unimportant remark, when he discovered that they were each laboring under a terrible deprivation; one of them being blind, the other deaf and dumb. The sense in which either was deficient was enjoyed by the other. He who was blind could hear and speak for both, while he himself went confidently on his darkened way under the guidance of his silent companion.

"What is the lesson we should draw from such examples as these? Is it not what I have said,—that, as the opportunity is given us, we should impart of God's gifts to us to supply the need of those on whom these blessings have not been bestowed? Have we all our senses in perfection? Are there any whom we know who are blind or deaf? Certainly we know many who are partially so. Can we not make our sight and hearing serve their wants in a greater degree than now? Have we health? Can we not use it oftener than now to alleviate the sufferings of those who are deprived of it? Have we happiness? Certainly, if we have our trials, we have also much to make us happy; and can we not, through our own happiness, minister more to the comfort of the unhappy and the sorrowing? One of the pleasantest

memories I am permitted to cherish is of one whom I once knew, a widow and childless, whom I was in the habit of visiting often. Though in disposition she was not wanting in cheerfulness, when she grew feeble, and unable to provide as formerly for her own wants, she was often sad. Going in frequently when she was feeling most lonely and unhappy, and passing an hour or half-hour in conversation or in reading from some book or paper, I almost invariably left her cheered and comforted. 'Oh, I feel so much better for your coming in!' she would often say at parting: 'it has done me good.' Though long since gone, I can see now the cheered expression of her face and hear her word of thanks, when I had thus been able to lift the burden from an otherwise weary hour; and I would not miss the thought of it for much. Be assured from me, my dear girls, that, the more we have of such memories as this, and we can make them many if we will, and of far more value to look back upon, the happier and the more satisfying our life will be. To help bear the burdens of our fellow-creatures will not make our own grow heavier, but lighter; and our bright days will be ever brighter for the good we seek to mingle in their earthly lot.

"There is one other influence of the spirit of kindness of which I wish to speak; and that is its power to arrest and conquer the vicious, and also to quiet and restore to reason the insane. Facts are not wanting to prove it to be a most efficient power in both these ways, a greater than men generally are willing to believe. One or two illustrations occur to me among many others which I have read, but cannot now recall. The following I remember to have read, taken from the papers of some missionary or foreign traveller: —

"Being alone one day in his hut, engaged in reading, the doorway was suddenly darkened; and, looking up, his eyes rested on the figure of an athletic man whom he knew at a glance to belong to the class whose criminal propensities urge them into a life of outlawry. His natural impulses prompted him instantly to bid him come in and sit down, and to set before him some food. He sat down, and ate for some time, apparently much abashed. At length he rose to go, but, pre-

viously to doing so, told his entertainer he could not feel easy without confessing to him, that he had come there with the intention of robbing the hut, for which purpose he had fire-arms behind a tree close at hand. The kindness with which he had been treated, he said, had so affected him, that he not only could not carry his project into execution, but he felt inclined to abandon violent intentions, and carry fire-arms no more: then, pointing out the tree behind which his weapons were concealed, he told him he had better take them, and do what he considered best with them.

"In cases of insanity, I am inclined to believe kind treatment to be often the most effective means of restoration. When the superintendent of the asylum for the poor in one of the counties in Illinois first took charge of it, he found an insane man who had been loaded with heavy chains for years. Believing that this cruelty kept the man insane, he took the responsibility of taking them off, and gradually restoring him to liberty. The man at first raved, expecting fresh torture; then he doubted, and finally realized that he was free. He was overpowered with delight, exclaiming constantly, as he looked upon the outer world of sunshine, 'Oh, how beautiful!' Then gratitude to his liberator prevailed. At length he voluntarily went to work in the garden, though he had nearly lost all power of locomotion; and he became entirely restored.

"Mrs. Child, in her 'Letters from New York,' says, 'The dungeon and the scourge were formerly considered the only effectual way of restoring maniacs; but experience has proved that love is the best controlling power. When Pinel, the humane French physician, proposed to try this experiment in the Bedlam at Bicetre, many supposed his life would fall a sacrifice. But he walked fearlessly into dungeons where raving maniacs had been chained, some ten years, some forty years; and, with gentle words, he convinced them that they were free to go out into the sunshine and open air, if they would allow him to remove their chains, and put on strait-waistcoats. At first they did not believe it, they had been so often deceived. When they found it

true, nothing could equal their gratitude and joy. They obeyed their deliverer with the utmost docility, and finally became very valuable assistants in the management of the establishment.'

"To the same end, we have the following testimony of Miss Dix, our American Mrs. Fry: On one occasion, she was earnestly cautioned not to approach a raving maniac. He yelled frightfully day and night, rent his clothes, plucked out his hairs, and was so violent that it was supposed he would murder any one who ventured within his reach. Without appearing to notice him, she seated herself at a little distance, and began to read certain passages of Scripture filled with the spirit of tenderness. Soon his shouts ceased, and he became perfectly still. When, after a protracted stay, she rose to go, he said to her, 'No, you cannot: God sent you, and you must not go.' Finally, obtaining permission from him to leave, on her promising to come again, he said, 'Give me your hand.' Smiling upon him, she gave it. The wild expression of his haggard countenance softened to tearfulness as he said, 'You treat me right: God sent you.'

"Beside the influence of kind and gentle words and acts, it is wonderful the power that resides in the human voice alone, when toned by the spirit of love and kindness. 'Hush, hush!' said an insane young man to Miss Dix, who had addressed to him some simple inquiry on passing him, after having led some twenty or thirty maniacs in worship. He was standing with clasped hands and a countenance of the deepest reverence. Sinking his voice to a whisper, and gazing earnestly on the space around her, 'Hush, hush!' he said, 'there are angels with you! They have given you their voice.'

"At another time, when travelling over a lonely road, the driver of the conveyance, a young lad, her only companion, a man rushed out of the woods, and, stopping the carriage, demanded her money. She spoke to him kindly and gently, saying that she had but little money, and telling him of the

use to which she devoted what she had. While she was speaking, his countenance became deadly pale, and he exclaimed, 'My God, that voice!' She then learned from him that he had been in the Philadelphia Penitentiary, and had heard her lecturing the prisoners in an adjoining cell, and now recognized her voice. He then desired her to pass on, expressing the deepest sorrow for the outrage he had committed.

"My dear pupils, I can only say to you, cultivate the spirit of love and kindness, and an influence shall go forth from your very tones to make happier and better those around you. Go among your fellow-beings earnest to do them good; and the time may come when those whom you have benefited shall learn even to bless your shadow, as the poor soldier of the Crimean battles learned to bless the shadow of Florence Nightingale."

THE CHRISTIAN'S FUNERAL.

While yet our brother walked on earth,
Jesus sustained his failing strength,
With daily manna fed his soul,
And bade him hope for heaven at length.

That glorious hope is now fulfilled
In the bright world of joy above,
Where doubts are fled, and sins forgiven, —
The heaven of God's unclouded love.

O thou who, through thy blessed Son,
Dost save the soul that trusts in thee!
Give unto us, as to thy saints,
O'er sin and death the victory.

To God, who gives eternal life,
To Christ, through whom that life is given,
Be everlasting honors paid
By all the saints in earth and heaven. H. T.

RANDOM READINGS.

MRS. FRY IN NEWGATE.

THE following is one of Mrs. Farrar's reminiscences: —

"I visited Newgate with Mrs. Fry, and witnessed the thorough reformation that had been effected there. The female prisoners were classified; cleanliness and order prevailed, swearing and fighting had given place to reading and sewing, and a committee of ladies were constantly visiting the prison by turns. The morning I was there Mrs. Fry was to have her last religious exercise with sixty female convicts about to embark for Botany Bay. We entered a good-sized clean room and found them all seated on benches at the farther end of it. Mrs. Fry stood at a small table between her and the convicts. A few visitors with myself stood on either side of her. She read from the New Testament a few consolatory passages, and then proposed to pray with them. The women rose, turned round, and kneeled beside the benches. Mrs. Fry kneeled on a hassock before her table and lifted up her melodious voice in such a strain of tender supplication for help and comfort to the afflicted and sorrowful as I can never forget. She merged herself in them, and seemed as if she were bearing them up on wings of love to the throne of grace. Such a prayer I never before heard, and never shall again. It was sublime; it was divine, and it moved all present to tears. The poor women sobbed aloud."

REASON IN RELIGION.

"SOMEWHERE and somehow there must be an answer to every true prayer. For surely the economies of the moral world are not less exact than those of the natural. In the realm of matter, there is no waste. Not a grain of dust, not a drop of water, not a particle of vapor, can ever be lost to the sphere of which it is a component part. The dew which bathes the summer rose, and glorifies the meadow with its morning sheen, had its origin in what might seem to be the escapes and wastes of the planet. And, when rose and meadow have exhaled their dews at the touch

of the sun, the viewless, imponderable vapor is not dissipated beyond recall; it is not all spent on the thankless air; it is gathered and garnered in the chambers of the sky, and returns again in due season, according to its circuit, in orient dews or refreshing showers. And shall not the finer exhalations of the soul, — the prayers which are breathed from the deeps of the breast, the secret vows, the God-ward thought, the devout aspiration, — shall not these also return again according to their circuit, and bring their blessing?" DR. HEDGE.

DANTE.

DR. PARSONS'S translation of the Divina Commedia, if completed, must supersede all others for rhythmical harmony and transparent flow. The first seventeen cantos are already given to the public in a small quarto volume. It is a reprint of the author's earlier work corrected, with the addition of a few cantos. Prefixed are some very beautiful stanzas "On a Bust of Dante," written in Dr. Parsons's sweetest vein. We give the last three stanzas: —

"Peace dwells not here: this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace, —
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of Earth;
Baron and duke in hold and hall
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime,
But valiant souls of kingly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou!
That poor old exile sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now.
Before his name the nations bow:
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of DANTE'S mind."

LITERARY NOTICES.

History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. — Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co., 124, Grand Street, New York, have brought out two more volumes, the third and fourth of their exquisite republication of this most interesting work. As we have already written of the previous volumes, the mechanical execution leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Froude's quality as an historian is of the best, and the history of England has not been read until his pages have been studied. His style is singularly fresh; and yet, unlike Macaulay, he does not give you the impression of one who is sacrificing truth to smartness. These two volumes cover a very exciting period of English story. We cannot resist the temptation of laying before our readers the following eloquent and truthful sentences: "This was the introduction of the English Bible, — this the seeming acknowledgment of Henry's services. Of the translation itself, though since that time it has been many times revised and altered, we may say that it is substantially the Bible with which we are all familiar. The peculiar genius, if such a word may be permitted, which breathes through it; the mingled tenderness and majesty, the Saxon simplicity, preternatural grandeur, unequalled, unapproached in the attempted improvements of modern scholars, — all are here, and bear the impress of the mind of one man, — William Tyndal. Lying, while engaged in that great office, under the shadow of death, the sword above his head and ready at any moment to fall, he worked under circumstances alone perhaps truly worthy of the task which was laid upon him. His spirit, as it were divorced from the world, moved in a purer element than common air. His work was done. He lived to see the Bible carried no longer by stealth into his country, where the possession of it was crime, but borne in by the solemn will of the king, solemnly recognized as the word of the Most High God. And then his occupation in this earth was gone. His eyes saw the salvation for which he had longed, and he might depart to his place. He was denounced to the Regent of Flanders; he was enticed, by

the suborned treachery of a miserable English fanatic, beyond the town under whose liberties he had been secure; and with the reward which, at other times as well as those, has been held fitting by human justice for the earth's great ones, he passed away in smoke and flame to his rest." E.

Dante as Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet, with an Analysis of the Divina Commedia, its Plot and Episodes. By VINCENZO BOTTA. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

This work comes most opportunely, as a new interest is awakened in the life and writings of the great Florentine poet. The life, sufferings, persecutions, exile, and death of Dante, with a portraiture of his times, and a history of Beatrice, his early love, which finally sublimed into a divine ideal of heavenly grace, and burned intensely in his imagination, and inspired his song, are included in the 116 pages introductory to an extended criticism, or rather exposition of the Divina Commedia. The work is indispensable to full appreciation and enjoyment of the awful grandeur and exquisite beauty of the Poem. Dante was fully imbued with the science, philosophy, and politics of his day. The spirit of the Ghibellines burned in him intensely, and touched his pictures of torture in the Inferno with blacker shades. With Cary's hard, and sometimes very obscure, translation, the reader should also have that of Dr. Parsons, of which, however, only the first seventeen cantos are completed. The latter is done with admirable taste; the verse flows musically sweet, and with much greater perspicuty than that of Cary. Dante ought to be read and studied, not merely for his terrible sublimity, but because in him, and through him, the religious ideas of the middle age are reflected in lurid light, and more distinctly than any ecclesiastical history has given them. The seething imaginations of a whole century here determined into form under the plastic power of genius. For such study the present work merits unqualified commendation.

Linwood, with other Stories. Published by Oliver S. Fleet, New York, are very pleasant tales for children and young persons, written with a good purpose, and calculated to exert a good moral influence.

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. DECEMBER, 1865. No. 6.

RELIGIOUS TEACHING AND THE PUBLIC MORALS.

WHATEVER convictions we may have about the progress and ultimate perfection of society, there certainly is very little in the present aspect of the world that would lead us to look for their early realization. To say nothing of the fact, that Protestantism has ceased long since to make any gains from Roman Catholicism, and that Christianity itself has come to a dead stand in its conflict with heathenism, the past year has witnessed a most startling increase of irreligion and crime in the very heart of Christendom, oftentimes in the very face of the Christian Church. It would seem as if that great tide of evil running so long in one channel at the South, which we were rejoicing over as entirely destroyed, had burst forth in a thousand new forms all over the land. Almost every morning journal for the last six months has brought us the account of some new atrocity. Robberies of the most daring character are committed in open day. Men who have occupied for years the highest positions of honor and trust are suddenly detected in a deliberate and systematic course of fraud and vice. Intemperance and lust, extravagance and luxury, are breaking forth among us with fresh power. Our country, in opposition to every sentiment of honor and manhood and right, in the face of the most

miraculous lessons of God's providence to be found in all history, is deliberately refusing to our brother-man his rights. The institutions of religion are becoming more and more deserted. It is estimated, that, in the United States, as a whole, only one-sixth of the people attend public worship; in New England, only about a quarter; and, even in Massachusetts, not more than a third. Everywhere the church has parted, in a large degree, with its prestige, and the name of Christian with not a little of its worth and power. We would not exaggerate. We know that every age has its evils, know the disposition there always is to magnify the past at the expense of the present, know that in the midst of these defects there are great and shining virtues. And yet, after making all the allowance which the case demands, it is impossible not to feel there is something among us, something not only in the outward list of crime, but in the very feebleness of the moral pulse, which is a rude blow to our dream of progress, and of startling concern for the interests of society.

What is the cause of this state of things? Why is it that Christianity, after working for eighteen hundred years in the world, should find itself face to face with such an array of evil? It will not do to call it an accident, — a mere happening to be so just at this time. Crime has its life-principle and its laws of development, the same as virtue, or knowledge, or any other form of growth. As the proverb tells us, "The curse causeless shall not come." And whenever it breaks forth with special virulence, we may be sure that, like disease, it has had violated, in some way, the great conditions of health. It is not a local evil, the result merely of our civil war; for we find it prevailing in Europe, and especially in England, as widely and darkly as in our own land. It cannot be ascribed to the inherent weakness of Christianity as compared with the wickedness of our human nature: for these are constant quantities, tending at the most to produce only a uniform result; whereas the great question is, why, at the present time, we should have such a special outbreak of evil. Neither is it to be explained by the relaxation of our personal

efforts in the cause of Christ. We do not believe there was ever an age in which people were really trying to do more for human progress than at the present. Our missionary societies are hard at work. The churches of every denomination are laboring most earnestly in the promulgation of their faith. There is no difficulty in obtaining any desirable amount of money for the promotion of benevolent objects. Our pulpits have more eloquence, more learning, more absolute power, than ever before. The Christian needs almost an alphabetical index to keep up with all the reformatory associations of which he finds himself a member.

Are we not to look for the true cause deeper than this, — into our methods and principles of operation; into the kind of Christianity we are using; into the special objects and aims for which we are pouring out our zeal and strength? Christianity, with all its divine power, is something the control of which is placed entirely in human hands. Its strength in overturning evil and advancing the welfare of society, the same as with all other power, is always in exact proportion to the fidelity and wisdom with which it is used. And the very fact that error is able to resist its progress, and that sin and evil are breaking forth ever and anon in such sweeping forms, shows that a mistake of some kind, and a very deadly one, has been made in its administration.

We believe that one cause of our present condition is the division which has been so long made between morality and piety, practical goodness and the salvation of the soul, — the putting asunder of what God has joined together. It is notorious that with the great majority of Christian teachers stress is laid almost entirely on the pietistic element of religion. In the Roman Catholic Church, the prominent thing is observance of its outward forms. If the Irish servant girl forbears to eat meat on Friday, and is regular at the confessional, it is of very little consequence whether she lies, or steals, or neglects her work. If the Italian peasant only dies in the bosom of the true Church, he may have been ignorant, profane, licentious, a brigand, and breathing his last in a drunken fit, he goes all the same to heaven. Even in our

Protestant denominations, with all the stress that is laid on sincerity of heart and spirituality of worship as superior to any outward observance, there is the same ignoring of the moral element as being of any Christian value. The great object of those plans of salvation which have occupied so largely the attention of scholars, is to find out some other way by which man can escape from the punishment of sin than by his own goodness. Nine-tenths of the pulpits of Protestant Christendom have been occupied for years in showing that personal merit has nothing to do with salvation, and that it is accomplished for us wholly through the merits of Christ. Take up the autobiography of a good man like Dr. Lyman Beecher, and you read, "The attention to-day has been very deep and solemn. In the morning I preached against morality." How often have we heard whole sermons devoted to the single purpose of proving that a good moral man — one who did right simply because it was right, and cultivated virtue from the direct impulse of his own heart — was worse in the sight of God than a downright drunkard or debauchee or thief! Even with those who recognize the great importance of morality, and make it a prominent part of their preaching, it is not as an independent principle of our nature, good for its own sake, but only as an offshoot of piety, depending for its value on its being done solely out of love to God. The highest virtues without "the atoning blood of Christ" have been stigmatized as "mere filthy rags." And while the good man, dying without a technical religious experience, has been represented as eternally damned, the villain expiring on the gallows after a whole lifetime of sin, who in his last moments has used some cant phrase of theology, has been pictured as entering at once into the peace and joy of heaven.

How could we expect that such a presentation of Christianity could result otherwise than in a flood of immorality? The tide of evil is sure always to break through at that point where the defence against it is weakest. The great motive-power of a virtuous life, the incentives to it which are drawn from eternity and the hope of heaven, have been deliberately

taken away by that preaching which was meant especially to enforce them. It was inevitable, if good morals and good works are of no more value in salvation than good muscles and good health, — inevitable, if we are to be saved wholly by the merits of Christ, and not at all by our own, that this part of religion should be neglected. Men will always produce that in spiritual, the same as in material things, which will get them the most of good in the market to which it is sent, leaving that which is uncalled for, however precious in itself, undone. Let all the pulpits in Christendom go to preaching, that our own prayers, though well enough in themselves, are of no value in the sight of God; that they do not bring us any nearer to salvation; that all the praying which can help us was that of Christ done ages ago; and, in spite of the deep natural instinct of the human heart to reach forth unto its Maker, who does not know what the consequences would be? They might not take place at once; they might not be manifest in every individual case; but children brought up under such training would feel its influence, and we should see its evils finally in the broad scale of society. It is just this which has taken place in regard to morality. There are some errors as well as some truths whose seed it takes the ages to ripen. And the slurs which holy men have been casting for centuries at the value of morality and personal goodness, are now bearing their legitimate fruit in a harvest of robbery, murder, and lust.

It does not help the case to say it is not goodness itself which has been depreciated, but only its coming from the natural impulse of our own hearts, and that the pulpit has always labored to produce it as the outgrowth immediately of our higher spiritual nature. It is merely saying we have cast aside the root which God himself has provided for it, and striven to make it grow from another of our own choice. This whole theory, advocated by so many persons, that nothing is of any value in the sight of God which does not spring directly from the religious sentiment, is false and vicious. The religious sentiment, however much it may quicken and guide all the rest of our being, was never made

for the production of any thing else than its own fruit, — worship, prayer, faith, love. We might as well expect that the skilful training of a rose-bush will make it bloom both with roses and lilies, or that the careful education of a child's mind will, at the same time, render it affectionate, as to suppose that the cultivation of our spiritual nature, if only earnest and faithful enough, will at last bear the two widely different fruits of morality and piety. God has created each part of our being for the performance of its own separate functions, — the senses to deal with material objects; the mind to search after truth; the conscience to lead us into moral goodness; and the spiritual nature, into love and worship. The only way in which we can have all the virtues of a Christian manhood is to cultivate all parts of our being, each from its own root. The great law holds good here, the same as everywhere else, that whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap. And there can be no greater blasphemy against the Divine Wisdom than to suppose, in opposition to it, that God is not pleased with those efforts of the soul, and especially of our moral nature, which arise out of the very faculties which he himself has ordained for their production. It is this law which has been systematically violated in our religious instruction. We have not planted to the moral nature, — not used the power of Christianity for the immediate growth of virtue, goodness, character. We have tried to make the fruits of morality grow from something else than its own seed. And now that we do not find them, now that we discover the part of our nature which has been neglected is covered over with nothing but tares, what have we to complain of except our own folly?

Another cause — one which accounts more especially for the disrepute and loss of power into which religion has fallen — is the way in which the old formularies of theology have been clung to in the face of its fresh and living thought. A few months ago, a national council of Trinitarian Congregational ministers met in Boston to consider the general interests of religion, and to unite their churches the more closely together. It represented all the most wealthy, free, and intelligent

sections of the country, and was made up of the strongest and most energetic men the denomination could boast. In the course of their labors, the question of a new statement of faith came before them. And what was the result? Did they put themselves in closer contact with the great living world that was thinking, thirsting, throbbing around them? Did they seek to express the present form and dimensions of that mighty truth, rooted in Christ, which is to grow evermore till the whole earth is covered with its branches, and all knowledge and all science gathered into its heart? Did they forge a bond of faith that should unite them the more firmly in doing the great work of our day, — solving its problems, settling its doubts, helping its weak, its weary, its hungering souls? No: they went back literally into the graveyard of the old Plymouth pilgrims; and there, away from the world, away from all the mighty issues of the present age, declared their adherence to the faith substantially embodied in the old confessions and platforms of the synods of 1648 and 1680. And what are these famous confessions, revived and set forth in this nineteenth century as the substance of a true religious belief? Here are some of their doctrines: That God, for the manifestation of his glory, has predestinated and foreordained some men and angels to everlasting life, and others to everlasting death; that these men and angels are particularly and unchangeably designed, so that their number cannot be increased or diminished; that the elect are chosen without any foresight of faith or good works, or any other thing in the creature, as conditions or causes moving them thereto; that no others than the elect only are called or redeemed by Christ; that elect infants dying in infancy are saved, as also are all other elect persons who are incapable of being outwardly called; but that others, not elect, cannot be saved, much less can men not professing the Christian religion, be they ever so diligent to frame their lives according to the light and the law of that religion which they do profess; that, by the transgressions of our first parents, they, and we in them, fell from original righteousness, and became dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of body

and soul; that they being the root, and standing by God's appointment in the room and stead of all mankind, the guilt of this sin was imputed, and a corrupted nature conveyed to all their posterity descending from them by ordinary generation, whereby we are utterly disposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to do evil; that every sin, both original and actual, binds over the sinner to the wrath of God, and makes him subject to all miseries, spiritual, temporal, and eternal; that works done by unregenerated men, though the commands of God, and of good use to themselves and others, are sinful, and cannot please God; and so on through thirty-three chapters and a hundred and seventy-one articles.

These doctrines the substance of our Christian faith! How would it be possible to strike a more deadly blow against all vital religion than by such an affirmation? There are some poisons taken into the system which are quicker to kill out its life than the thrust of any outward weapon. It is no wonder that men who are taught that these are Christianity, should pass it by on the other side with repugnance and dread. The great natural instincts of the human heart, God-given as its help from error, rebel against them. Better to throw aside the gospel, and go back again to the light of nature; better to know and worship God as he is revealed in the mountains, the flowers, the harvest-field, yea, in the earthquake and the storm, than to see him through the medium of such a faith.

Then, what a commentary is the affirmation of these creeds on the progress of religious thought! For two hundred years, the great scroll of the universe has been unrolled day after day with its mighty lessons: for two hundred years, the heavens poured down their radiance; the earth uttered its glorious speech of seed-time, summer, and harvest; history, written out in characters world-wide its interpretation of God's plans: for two hundred years, the generations of men, eager, restless, asking ever for more and more light, have come and gone over the face of the earth. In every other department of action, there has been the most dazzling progress.

Mechanical genius has covered the world with its wonderful inventions. Natural science has made revelations of truth throughout the whole realm of nature, that have rendered all previous theories as only the mere alphabet of knowledge. Philosophy has risen up into a fair and magnificent temple of wisdom. Old ideas of government, of society, of political economy, have given way to new and grand principles of liberty, equality, and humanity. Yea, in the department of religious thought itself, ten thousand minds have been at work; the whole realm of knowledge ransacked for its bearings on Divine truth; and a flood of new light poured on the nature, the meaning, and the authority of Scripture. And yet these five hundred men have come together and told us, that, in the midst of all this progress, there is one branch of knowledge which has stood absolutely still, — that theology, the noblest and sublimest of them all, has forgotten no mistakes and learned no truths.

Nor is the action of this body an exception. The position which is taken by the Church at large is deliberately against all improvement, all recognition of new thought, new truth, new confessions of faith. In one of the largest and most influential theological schools of the land, — that at Andover, — where twenty or thirty young men are sent into the ministry every year, the professors are obliged, as the condition of holding their office, to give in their adherence every five years to the same old creed; or, in other words, are obliged to state once in that time solemnly, that, with all their studies, they have not learned and have not taught any thing new. Every person in England, as the condition of graduating from its universities, preaching in the national church, or, in most cases, we believe, of holding a public office, has to subscribe to those Thirty-nine Articles which summed up the religious faith of three hundred years ago. The creeds of all churches are efforts not to embody the latest and the largest truth, but to bind the human mind as firmly as possible to some dead issue of the past. The great ambition of our religious bodies is not to show that they have the forms, the truths, the usages, which are most accordant with the

wants and the knowledge of our own day, as it is with our colleges, our schools, our literary and scientific associations; but to see which can trace them back the farthest into the darkness of a former age. Even in our liberal churches, we cannot publish a book of worship without ignoring the fresh vigor of our living speech, and going back to the uncouth style and the sacred formularies of other days, — putting our new wine into old bottles, as if the flavor of antiquity in the mouth would add something to the earnestness of devotion in the soul.

How can we expect, that, with such a record, such tendencies, such a position, there can be any deep and warm sympathy between the Church and the great heart of society; — how wonder that a body that is groping so blindly amid the ruins of the past, should have so little of controlling power among the issues of the living, active present? Suppose that a philosophical society should meet, and deliberately affirm its belief in the theories, wonderful as they were in their day, of Descartes and Paracelsus and Roger Bacon; or, that a college should require its professors to sign their assent every five years to believe and teach only the views of its founders fifty years ago on geology, chemistry, astronomy and natural philosophy; or suppose that a political party should come together, and put forth in their platform an exact and minute account of their position in regard to the national bank, the alien and sedition laws, the embargo, and all the questions which came up in the early history of our government, without one word of reference to matters which are now before us, — how soon would they be pushed aside and forgotten by the eager, rushing world? The wonder is, that the Church, lagging so far back in the past, has retained the hold which it has of the human heart. The man who crosses with his feet from the market into the meeting-house, has got to cross with his mind at least over two centuries before he can kneel in worship. And the fact that so many are found to do it, shows how mighty and deep is the religious craving of our nature, and gives some hint of what religion might do, if it would only press forward as a leader in the march of mind.

But worse for the interests of the church than even these doctrines themselves, is the lurking suspicion there is that those who profess and preach them, do not really and heartily believe in them themselves. This discrepancy in the Church of England is notorious, — some of its most eminent divines openly contending, as scholars, against many of the articles in which, as preachers, they have deliberately affirmed their belief; and even so good a man as Archbishop Paley calling them articles of peace, not of faith. But, even in this country, is there not much of the same thing? One of the most distinguished professors at Andover has got the chief part of his reputation from the skill with which he has enabled his pupils to hold on to the letter of the old doctrines, while they empty them of all their original meaning. How many of the Boston council believe, according to any honest interpretation of the words, that mankind are "wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body;" and that, by their original corruption in Adam, they are "utterly disposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to do evil"? How many act in their daily lives under the conviction that God has ordained some men to everlasting death, and predestinated others to everlasting life, "without any foresight of faith and good works;" or that infants not elected, and all others in this catalogue, though "they be ever so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature and the laws of that religion they do profess," are eternally lost? But if they do not believe them; if they are professed only for effect, and because there is wanting the moral courage to come out boldly and deny them, what mockery to go down among the dust of those old Plymouth pilgrims, — men who did believe them as terrible realities, and who had forsaken alike the graves and the shrines of their fathers to hold them as the latest and brightest truth of God, — what mockery to go there, of all places in the world, and with solemn rites declare their adherence to them, and "invoke the help of the Divine Redeemer (we quote the very words of their declaration), that, through the presence of the promised Comforter, he will enable us to transmit them in purity to

our children"! Yea, and what an effect must such insincerity have upon their own lives and characters! Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, a distinguished Orthodox divine, in a recent article, has openly accused the officers of the American Temperance Union, most of them clergymen, of loudly advocating total abstinence in public, while unhesitatingly they tipple in private or when in foreign countries; and refers to the fact that four ministers of the gospel, all of them speakers at temperance meetings, and reputed teetotalers, were lately seen at a dining saloon, each with a dish of oysters and a glass of beer before him. We know nothing about the truth of these allegations; but, if they are correct, the hypocrisy was learned in the school of theology, and not that of temperance. We know how impossible it is for a person to be insincere in one thing, without the liability to be so at last in others. The very words which the writer uses with reference to total-abstinence measures will apply almost exactly to the way in which confessions of faith are made up. "This code of Christian duties, which is set forth with such unctuous unction, is meant for the lower classes. It is esteemed a good thing for the rural districts. It will be voted through unanimously in synods and other mixed meetings, out of consideration to weak consciences and country members; but when you come down to matters of practical importance, as at the dinner-table, there is a good deal to be said on the other side of the question."

But with this conviction that the preaching of the pulpit is insincere, that harsh doctrines are insisted on, not because they are true, but for the sake of their effect on the weaker members, — a purpose for which even good old Dr. Beecher strongly implies that he used them, — the loss of the preacher's influence is inevitable. It is evinced at first among his own immediate hearers. If he holds them only for effect, they will learn very soon to do so also. The extent to which this method of believing is carried, even in some of the stanchest churches, is what an outsider would hardly credit. We remember, while a student in the office of a gentleman who has since become a high state official, asking him why it

was he attended a certain church, — if because he believed the doctrines. "Oh, no!" said he, "I go because it is respectable, and because I think it is well for the sake of society to sustain some form of religion. And I am not different in this respect from others. I know nearly all the prominent Church members of this city, and there is not a quarter of them who really believe what they profess. We advocate them for the sake of the general good, and because, if we once take down the bars, there is no knowing where we shall end."

But this state of things in the Pulpit and in the Church cannot last a great while, without its influence on the world at large. If there is one place more than another in which the common sense of mankind demands absolute sincerity, it is in the house of God. If the Church is known to be insincere in one thing, why not in another? if it preaches doctrines for effect, why not duties? why not the most solemn verities of God and the soul? And when it comes to this question, the people are apt to ask still further, Why go to church? why sustain religion at all? Is not this the key which explains a large part of the indifference there is to public worship, to say nothing of the bearing, not very indirect, which it must have on the public morals?

Then, in contrast with the emphasis which the Church has given to obsolete doctrines, we have, as another cause of our present condition, the indifference or the open opposition which it has shown so often to the great living questions of reform. It must be confessed with sorrow, that it has not been the channel, especially during the last hundred years, through which Christianity has exerted its most powerful influence on society. None of our great reformatory movements — temperance, anti-slavery, social equality, religious toleration — have originated in its bosom, or gone forth to the world with its benediction. It has looked upon them, in all their early days, with coldness, indifference, scorn, and owned them at last only when they had attained in some degree to popularity and strength. Phillips, Garrison, Parker, Channing, Emerson, are held up as the heretics of all evangelical

religion. The New-York Tract Society, the great organ of all the stricter American churches, while it was rolling out tracts on the Trinity and dancing by the thousand, not only refused to advance any thing new against the buying and selling of human beings, but actually expurgated from its republication of foreign matter every thing which alluded to the subject. The Boston council, last summer, which professed such a minute acquaintance with all the mysteries of the divine and human nature, and with the plans of God from the remotest eternity, was quite uncertain as to one of the greatest questions which is now before the country, — how we shall suppress the evils of intemperance. And in all our denominations, not excepting even the most liberal, the kind of work which, during the last dozen years, has caused the most of division and hard feeling, and has been looked upon, even by good Christian men, who had the interest of religion close at heart, with the most of suspicion and distrust, is the application of the gospel made in some of our pulpits to the mighty issues of the day.

Nor is the position of the Church any better at the present time. What are the great subjects which are occupying, just now, the chief part of its attention? In England it is all taken up with the arithmetic of the Pentateuch, — how big was Noah's ark, and whether the children of Israel numbered sixty or six hundred thousand. The prominent question in New York is, whether a minister belonging to "the genteelest and best educated of all the sects" shall be allowed to preach the gospel of Christ in any other than his own denomination? The triennial Episcopal Convention, which has been in session the last month at Philadelphia, while voting peremptorily not to thank God for the establishment of the national authority over our whole country, and for the removal of the great occasion of national dissension and estrangement, appointed a special committee to consider whether there should be a comma or a semicolon in the Prayer-book. All the great ecclesiastical organizations of our country are discussing, not how they shall unite the several parts of the nation again in the bond of one hearty

union; not how they shall fuse the two hostile races, the white and black, in one loving, helpful brotherhood in Christ; but how, with the least difficulty, they shall get their unrepentant traitors back into their own ranks. How is it in the Unitarian denomination? To be sure, it has some true and noble works in hand. But the question which most occupies its attention as a Church, and which enters the most largely into its literature, is harped on the most in its pulpits, and is doing the most to divide it, is that of Theism and Christianity, — the question, not whether man shall do right at all, but whether he shall do it on the authority of the Bible, or simply on that of the soul. The lines of cleavage along which the Christian world is divided into its countless sects are not the great issues of duty, of reform, of practical godliness, but the nature of the Godhead, about which we never did and never can have any knowledge; the mode of baptism, whether by dipping or sprinkling; and the question, whether the clergyman shall offer his prayers from the printed page or from the depths of his own heart. The chief inquiry, in settling a minister, is not whether he is devout and patriotic; whether he is alive to the spirit and need of the times, but whether he is sound on the metaphysical problems of a thousand years ago. It was only last summer that a Congregational council, assembled in Portland, Me., refused to install a minister, though unexceptional on every other point, because his mind was filled with doubt whether heathen and others not having the privilege in this world may not in another have the offer of salvation. What a burlesque on all religion! Here is a world lying in wickedness, and thousands of souls, in the dearth of religious teachers, passing every day into eternity, and, as these men believe, into eternal woe, without ever hearing one lisp of the gospel; and yet this body refusing to send another laborer into the field because he is not absolutely certain that God will refuse the heathen all chance of repentance. What is it that is brought forward most prominently in the creeds which are held so important by many of our churches? Not charity and honesty and righteousness and brotherly kind-

ness. We never saw the creed yet in which the least emphasis was laid on those doctrines which our Saviour calls the sum of the law and the prophets; but statements about the Trinity, and total depravity, and the vicarious punishment of Christ. And what are the topics which are set forth most largely in our pulpits? Not the duties of the market and street and home; not an exposure of the sins of avarice and lust and dishonesty and the hatred of our brother man, occurring right around us; not the old, homely, everlasting truths and motives which strengthen the weak, console the tearful, and feed the hungry; but all the changes that can be rung on the doctrinal significance of our Saviour's death; not "Christ and him crucified," but "him crucified" alone; the duty of keeping holy the sabbath day; the sins of Peter and Judas, and David, and Adam and Eve; and, in our more liberal churches, all the elegant conceits that can be conjured up about God and man and virtue, with a special care to have them such as were never expressed before. Everywhere it is the tithing of anise and mint and cummin, and neglecting the weightier matters of law and judgment and mercy and of a deep and living faith.

It is this, more perhaps than all else, which has robbed the Church of its prestige, and opened the gates for the inflow of evil. It is only as a leader, helping society ever and ever into a higher state, that religion can be a power. Suppose that, instead of taking the time-serving course it has, hushing up the voice of freedom, and supplying the enemy with some of his choicest weapons, the Church, fifty years ago, had placed itself at the head of the antislavery movement, what a new glory would now have encircled its brow, and what a claim it would have to-day, and for ages to come, on the respect and support of the American people! The world is too earnest, is interested too profoundly in the pursuit of its own realities, to be turned into shady places with the lure of any mere vanities, no matter how much they are baptized with holy names. The human heart may be fed with husks fifty and a hundred and a thousand times, but not for ever. There is not one of those subtle questions which the circles of

theology are now discussing so vigorously, with which society at large has the slightest affinity. It will listen to nothing, only so far as help is promised in solving the immediate practical problems that are pressing upon it with such tremendous force. And the very fact, that more than five-sixths of the people of the United States are absent from the house of God, shows that for more than five-sixths of the people the house of God is able to satisfy no real and pressing want.

Finally, in view of all these causes, do we not have a most powerful lesson in regard to what needs to be done, not only for suppressing the present outburst of evil, but for carrying on the great work of social progress to its full perfection? Christianity must be freed from the bondage of dogma and form; brought up from the darkness of the past; brought up from its grinding in the mill of metaphysics, and set, like the river, like steam, like the lightning, like science, like all the other powers of God, at work directly for the interests of the living present. The "change of base" that we need is not from one point of theology to another, — not from the Unity to the Trinity, or the Trinity to the Unity; not from Christ to Theism, or from the Bible to the soul; but away altogether from speculation to practical work; from the councils of Nice and Trent, the synods of Westminster and Boston, to the market and the street, to the merchant's office and the workman's bench. The Church of the future is to be, not the one that has the truest theology, the holiest ritual, the pedigree which reaches back the nearest to Peter and Paul, but the one that does the truest work, that throbs with the holiest feelings, and that gets the nearest to the human heart. The faith which is to move our mountains — those of evil and vice — is not faith in doctrines, in Noah's ark, in Sinai, in John's memory, or Paul's logic; but faith in man, in virtue, in Christ, the eternal word, and in the ever-present God. There is no need of despair. The very weakness of our present position will tend to bring us the quicker upon the ground of our true strength. The whole history of Christianity is that of growth from decay, the rising of beauty from

ashes, the dying in vice and error only to re-appear in the glory of a new holiness and a diviner truth. We are now merely in one of its autumns, not its old age, not its grave-yard. The spring will come. And, through many springs and autumns, through bud and blossom and the rustling leaf, through hope and fear, joy and shame, we shall surely realize at last the fulfilment of its divine prayer, — "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

J. C. K.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.*

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXXVI.

O JESU, MEINE ZUVERSICHT.

[Melody: "Durch Adam's Fall ist ganz verderbt."]

From the fifth verse.

STAND by me in this need of mine,
A gracious pity taking:
Lord, free me while in bonds I pine,
And heal me where I'm aching.
Give me Thy light that I may see
Myself with wakened senses;
And let Thy truth a mirror be,
To show me my offences.

---

* ERRATUM. — The third stanza of Hymn 34, in our last number, was erroneously printed, —

"Oh, high and dear believing!
I shall at length arise,
To earth the body bearing;
The spirit finds the skies."

It should have read, —

"O dear and high believing!
I shall at length arise;
Though earth to earth lie cleaving,
The spirit finds the skies."

Make softer Thou my stubborn heart,
That it may yield before Thee;
And, pierced with a repentant smart,
Acceptably implore Thee.
Ah! make it, through believing, clean,
For good works ready ever;
Yea, be Thyself a guest within,
O strength of my endeavor!

Break off from me all evil bands;
Break off all evil willing;
And what Thy holy Word commands
Thy spirit be fulfilling.
In me, let meekness, temperance, —
Those spirit-fruits, — be growing;
Set right thoughts marching in advance;
Set holy fervors glowing.

'Tis Thine in us to will and do,
O Father! as Thou carest;
Vouchsafe the strength to carry through
The work Thou first preparest.
Let Thy sweet peace upon me light;
Spread hopes before, behind me;
So shall I strive as in Thy sight,
Fulfilling what's assigned me. N. L. F.

XXXVII.

ES WOLLE GOTT UNS GNÄDIG SEYN.

May God reveal to us his grace,
And pour his benediction;
And fly before his glorious face
All glooms of earth's affliction!
That we may view his works aright,
And scan his wondrous dealing;
And Jesus Christ's propitious might
Show all the world its healing,
And turn them to the Father.

So thanks to Thee, and praise to Thee,
Lord God, from every nation!
The song of joy and jubilee
From all the wide creation!
For Thou on earth art Judge and King,
And wrong shall not be master;
Thy strong decrees protection bring,
And bind all kindreds faster
To keep thy just commandments.

Let not Thy people's praises cease;
Good works their reverence showing;
Their land bring forth its full increase,
Thy word more prosperous growing.
Oh, bless by every holiest Name,
The Father, Son, and Spirit!
And come that kingdom with acclaim,
Which all true souls inherit!
Now from your hearts say, Amen. N. L. F.

When the past and the future cheat us, it is through a charm to which we consciously abandon ourselves: we know how much the landscape gains in each case from the atmosphere through which we view it. But the present is the true deceiver: its clear, cold daylight hides much, in appearing to conceal nothing from us; for it is possible to look at things so closely as not to see what they really are. We catch the mean detail: we miss the grand, comprehensive outline. We must stand farther off, so that we may see the whole. 'When the great Athanasius lived on earth,' says Pascal, 'he did not appear in the light in which we now regard him: he was only a man called Athanasius.' Yet was the great Athanasius *the true Athanasius*. And even thus greatness ever stands among us, as 'one whom we know not;' know not, even because we think we know it so well.

THE LOT OF THE CALLED.

A SERMON BY F. H. HEDGE, D.D.

"And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets, and followed him." — MATT. iv. 18–20.

ALL great and permanent reforms, especially all religious movements that win for themselves a permanent place in the world, originate with "the people," — I mean, with the humbler classes, the uncultured poor. All religions have had this origin; they have risen from beneath, they have struck their roots in the lower strata of society, and gathered to their symbols the masses of the people, before winning the assent of the learned and the great, who, at last, are dragged in in spite of themselves, and swept away by the overpowering current of popular opinion. Confucius complained that the princes of his day rejected his doctrine; but the doctrine of Confucius became the State-religion of China, and has been so for more than two thousand years. Zoroaster found an ally in the King of Iran; but the Magi and the courtiers and the men of influence in the land were leagued against him. Buddhism stooped to the vile and despised, and won its great triumph by its great condescension. Mohammed was spurned by the pride of the Koreish, and found his first disciple in a slave.

Of this humble origin of wide-spread religions, Christianity is the supreme instance. When Jesus, by private exercises of the spirit and by providential leadings, had become persuaded of his high calling, and moved to undertake his saving mission, he deemed it necessary to associate with himself some trusty companions, to whom he could impart his mind and purpose, and who should assist in disseminating his doctrine. It was a matter of prime moment what manner of persons should be selected for this office. The first thought of an ordinary reformer would have been to draw to himself men of high position and commanding influence, to secure

to himself the interest and prestige of rank and power. In our day, when a project is started which aims at social and moral reform, it is judged expedient to gain over people of mark, — the accredited leaders of society, — and to give the new movement all the authority which social distinction can secure. It appears that Jesus had received overtures from men of this stamp, but gave them no encouragement. When a ruler of the Jews undertook to treat with him, he told him plainly, It is in vain for you Pharisees to think you can enter this new kingdom, which I proclaim, on the strength of your old position: you have got to be born again. Your aristocratic traditions will avail you nothing here: you must throw aside all that, forget all you have learned, and begin anew. And so he turned from the leaders of the nation to its humblest citizens. The first whom he chose for his associates in this great work were two fishermen; then two more of the same craft; then a tax-gatherer; and so on, — obscure men, poor, unlearned, rude.

Why did Jesus select such before all others for his disciples? Why peasants of Galilee, rather than educated Pharisees and Sadducees? — members of the Council, the aristocracy of the land? He might have had such for his followers, had he chosen to accept the advances they made. Why not such? Men who, by virtue of their commanding position would make an impression on the public mind, and authorize a strong impression in favor of the new doctrine, would give it forth as from a height, that so, the heights being gained, the plains and valleys might be overawed and secured. It is impossible to say how much of prudential calculation there may have been in this selection. I rather suppose that Jesus followed a divine instinct which taught him that these rude men were the fittest instruments for the work assigned to them. He perceived in them something which especially qualified them for that vocation. Had the purpose of his mission been a system of theology such as after-ages have extorted from the gospel, he would, it is likely, have chosen men of erudition and intellectual discipline to be its missionaries. Then Scribes and Pharisees would have been the

fittest expounders of his doctrine. But this was not the mission with which his disciples were charged. This was not the object which Christ had in view. He did not want teachers of theology, but competent witnesses, faithful reporters; men who were open to receive, and likely to deliver as they received, the truths which he taught. This was what Jesus required in his disciples; and, for this, Galilean peasants were better instruments than phylacteried Rabbins. They possessed one quality at least — the natural fruit of their condition — which the learned and the rulers would have lacked, and which was very essential to constitute a competent minister of the New Testament, namely, simplicity, freedom from prejudice and self-conceit. Had Rabbins undertaken the charge of the gospel, they would have made of it a Rabbinical affair; would have overlaid it with their traditions; have perverted it to uses and issues very wide of its original import. These men had no prepossessions of their own which would color or mar their testimony. They were unsophisticated. If they had much to learn, they had comparatively little to unlearn. They needed not, as Christ said to Nicodemus, to be born again to forget their prejudices; they needed not to become as little children before they could see the kingdom of God. They were already in that condition; they possessed this qualification in perhaps as great a degree as could be expected of any who were otherwise fit for the work.

We see the same thing in every new manifestation of the Spirit. The most apprehensive of new truths are they who are least pre-occupied with theories of their own. And it seems, as I said, to be the law of all reforms that they originate with the unlearned, and grow, as the plant grows, from an obscure root in the earth, — grow gradually up into power and greatness, instead of descending from the heights of the world. Humanly speaking, it would have been well if all the fathers of the Church had been men of this stamp. We should then have had at this day the pure Christianity of Jesus, instead of that compound of dogmas and speculations, of Jewish and Gentile traditions, which has borne the name

and honors of the gospel, and in which it is so hard to sift the wheat from the chaff. I say, humanly speaking; for there is another view of this subject, — a providential historical view, — according to which the very additions and foreign speculations and uses, which have gathered around the evangelical nucleus, have had their value and fulfilled their part in the scheme of Divine education. Pure Christianity is perhaps too pure, too ethereal, too spiritual, to act as a social organized power, to constitute a visible Church, without that body of extraneous matter which it gathers to itself from the various circumstances, spheres, and minds amid which it is planted; as the seed which is put into the ground, in order to appear an organized body, must take to itself something which is foreign to itself from the earth and air which surround it. The seed still maintains its proper type, and modifies these foreign elements more than they modify it. And Christianity, though somewhat qualified by the medium of ecclesiasticism in which it works, on the whole subordinates that medium, and makes it the instrument of its own peculiar power. Indeed, all healthy, efficient organism is a compromise between the ideal and the caricature of the principle embodied in it.

Such were the two brothers, Simon and Andrew, whom Jesus summoned from their fishing to help evangelize the world: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." "And straightway they left their nets, and followed him." There was no magic in this. It is not necessary to suppose that this was the first meeting between Jesus and these brethren. In all likelihood they had often met before, and were mutually acquainted. Jesus had seen something in these men which marked them for his own; and they had known him as a teacher and prophet, — had looked to him, perhaps, as the promised Messiah. There is nothing wonderful in the readiness with which they accepted the summons, "Follow me."

But what did they understand by it? What views and expectations did they connect with it? I suppose they thought very much as the rest of their countrymen did of

the national Messiah. They saw in him a reformer indeed, and one who would rebuke the sins of the people; but they saw in him also a potentate and prince who would overthrow the foreign usurper, and restore and occupy the national throne. In following him, they followed a victorious leader, who would not fail, when he came in his glory, to reward his own. We shall do them no injustice if we suppose that they obeyed an impulse of personal ambition in accepting the call to become fishers of men. Vague visions of Messianic prizes were floating before their minds. When they thought of the goal of their discipleship, they clothed it in purple, and saw themselves in imagination sitting at the right and left of royalty. Little did they know or suspect of the real issues of that future which took such rosy promise in their imagination. Had they dreamed of the doom which their mission had in store for them, — the disappointment of their cherished hopes, the life of persecution and the martyr-death to which the Master was calling them, — they would hardly have been tempted to quit the old fishing-ground, and the safe though humble profits of their vocation. They would have been as prompt to reject the call as they were to accept it in the light in which they saw it. They accepted it in one sense; it was interpreted to them in a very different sense: they accepted it as the earnest of future triumphs; it was interpreted to them as a martyr's crown. And yet, when the real nature and result of their calling was revealed to them, they met it without shrinking. With the trial came the courage and the strength. Step by step, each coming event brought its own preparation and support; and they welcomed at length the martyr-death of the Christian confession with the same alacrity with which they would have taken their places by the side of the conqueror's throne, had such been the lot appointed for them.

A significant picture of human life is set before us in this example; significant lessons are taught by it. Our condition is essentially that of these Galileans. We begin our career, like them, with expectations which are never to be realized in the way we had fancied, but in a way very different, if at all.

We seek a kingdom, how different from the true one! Our kingdom of heaven, — we may not call it by that name, — the good which we seek, by whatever name we call it, we see postponed from year to year. It comes not, but, instead of it, comes to patient continuance in well-doing a good which we did not seek, and could not understand till it came. Our expectations are not fulfilled in form, but they are fulfilled in the spirit to all who merit success. The highest good, as we understand it, that in which all our hopes and wishes centre, is the kingdom of heaven for us. Our life is an experiment to find that kingdom. The young man rushes on the future which tempts him with its prizes; he sees profits, honors, social satisfactions, — external advantages of every sort. These at first are his kingdom of heaven, and these accordingly he pursues. God permits us to indulge in these pursuits to our heart's content; he has placed no caution at the entrance of those paths, and all things lure us onward. We follow trustingly the temporal Messiah in hope of a temporal kingdom. We delude ourselves with a dream of happiness which flies before us as we pursue, and will not suffer itself to be clutched. No man ever found what he sought in that way, but we find something else which is better. The pursuit has not been vain; the time spent has not been lost. If it has not brought the satisfaction we desired, it has benefited us in a way we did not expect. It has served to educate us, to call forth our powers, to school our affections, to discipline our hearts. The industry and intellectual vigor to which it has trained us; the habit it has formed of seeking happiness in action; the trial it has furnished to our virtue; the power of endurance it has brought out in us; the lessons of patience and renunciation which have come to us from its very failures and disappointments, — these are the prizes which have come to us from our pursuit. They did not enter into our calculation when we engaged in it. We were thinking of quite other things. We followed a temporal Messiah. It may be we have attained those other things also, but we have not found what we sought in them; they have not yielded the looked-for satisfaction. It is not from them that our peace

has come. What looked so tempting in the distance has turned out to be something very different when grasped We may call it ours; but we cannot appropriate it with any such fruition as it promised in the pursuit. The temporal Messiah has disappointed us; but the true Messiah has been revealed. The kingdom which we had in our minds at the outset has failed. It never existed but in our imagination; but, instead thereof, an entrance has been administered to us into another and better kingdom, — a kingdom of enlarged insight, of ripe experience, of self-command and kind affections, of patience and of peace.

The calling of these fishermen teaches, that the life of the privileged, of the eminent, of those who are *called* in a special sense, is not a happy life, as happiness is commonly understood. It is not a life of ease, but of hardship. Those who are called to power and honor are called to toil and struggle. The greater our privileges, the harder our lot.

No doubt these fishermen seemed to themselves, and were thought by their countrymen, to be peculiarly favored in being made the intimate companions of him who was expected to restore the kingdom to Israel. They were so, indeed, but not in the way which they had conceived. What seemed to them an omen of dignity and splendor, proved to be the herald of hardship and suffering. We are apt to look upon distinction as so much enjoyment. We think the most eminent, the highest placed, the loudest called, to be the happiest. They are so in one sense, since the highest happiness for man is the most thorough education and the most intense action of his powers; the most complete development of all that is in him. But if happiness means enjoyment, then eminence, so far from being synonymous with happiness, is synonymous with sorrow. For every privilege which God confers, he imposes a corresponding burden of care and toil. The higher we ascend in the scale of being, the more life ceases to be enjoyment; the more difficult it becomes; the more of trial and of conflict it involves.

Happiness is the property of children, the gift of God's love to that period of life, but not the destination of man.

The destination of man is to labor and endure, to strive and produce. The higher his position, and the greater his privileges, and the more distinguished his endowments, the more apparent this destination becomes, the more sensibly it is felt, the more certainly it fulfils itself. It is written, "All dignity is painful. For the son of man there is no crown, whether well worn or ill worn, but is a crown of thorns."

Who have been the most eminent in the world's annals, — the heroes of history? We find them, for the most part, among the great sufferers of history; and the more we learn of their private life, the more we find it to have been a life of conflict and sorrow. Their private confessions, where they have come down to us, show them to have been often weary of life, and to have felt their burden greater than they could bear. Even from the strong and high-hearted Luther escapes not unfrequently the sigh for the rest of the grave. An overshadowing earnestness, bordering on sadness, characterizes the portraits of the great poets, — Shakspeare, Dante, Milton, Goethe, — and seems to have been the distinguishing trait of all who are most renowned in the world's annals. The hero of our own history, the most honored of our countrymen, is said never to have smiled during all the period of the war which established our national independence.

Need I remind you how strikingly this trait was exemplified in Him who stands in our grateful and affectionate reverence for all that is sublimest as well as for all that is holiest in man? An immortal sadness clings inseparably to his idea. All the representations of him, in the paintings of the old masters, show how universal the impression, — perhaps we should say, the tradition of this trait. And so intimately is this sadness associated with the idea of Christ, that Christianity has been termed by those who have reflected most profoundly on its spirit, "the worship of sorrow," as exhibiting one who devoted himself to privation and suffering and death in the service of man, as the price of man's highest and eternal good; and as calling on the followers of Christ to follow him in this also, — willing, if need be, to suffer with him,

that so they may reign with him; "bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life of Jesus might be manifest" in them; seeking their life, not in comfort and ease, but in toil and sacrifice. This is the doctrine of Christianity, — a doctrine for the most part peculiar to Christianity. For though traces of it, as of all great truths, may be found in the ancient philosophies, yet the spirit of those philosophies, on the whole, was eudæmonism, was Epicurean: it made happiness the highest good. And this, I apprehend, whatever their theory, is still the practical philosophy of the greater part of mankind, — not the worship of sorrow, but the worship of enjoyment.

Enjoyment is the childish ideal of good. It is this that floats before the mind at the entrance of life, and with many during its entire course. Where even ambition prompts to unwearied exertion, and persuades renunciation of present ease and sensual satisfactions for honors and possessions in the distance, which seem more desirable than present enjoyment, it is still enjoyment in one shape or another which they pursue. It is still some phantom of future independence and ease, or of future mark and consequence, which beckons them on, and which renders endurable the sacrifices it demands. And not only does worldly ambition look to this end, but how often is religion itself degraded to a worship of enjoyment by the representations which are made of its ends, and the motives by which its obligations are urged; enjoyment with which some future state is to reward the toils and sacrifices of this! Men are taught to worship enjoyment under the name of heaven. And the popular doctrine has been, that, after suffering the inconveniences of righteousness in this present life, we are to take our ease in the life to come.

Long time is required to correct this false ideal in religion and in all the pursuits of life, and to teach us that enjoyment is only a phantom with which God permits us to delude ourselves for awhile, until we learn the deeper meaning and use of life, — until we learn that labor is the end of labor; that its use is to educate us for further and endless toil; that, when

we have done well, the reward of well-doing is the power and the privilege of doing better; having been faithful in few things, to be made rulers over many; not with additional comforts and ease, but with additional responsibilities, care, and toil. If we have been sharply tried, and have borne our trials well, the reward is new trials, which multiply so long as we are able to bear.

God teaches all this by gradual discipline, if we are open to instruction. He has his ends with us quite distinct from our own. We set out with a theory which we have to unlearn; we amuse ourselves with plans which we have to renounce. We mean to labor for a given time, and then take our rest. But God does not mean that we should rest so long as we are capable of labor. He keeps us at work; and the more we do, the more he lays upon us. If we have toiled for money, he does not permit us to sit quietly down and enjoy our gains, but keeps us at work as his stewards, or takes our riches from us that we may begin our work anew. If we labor too covetously, he makes the care of money at once our punishment and his treasurer. If we have done well, and earned credit in any undertaking, he does not permit us to sleep upon our laurels, but goads us on to new undertakings. If he sees in us a patient, brave, and self-sacrificing spirit, he does not afflict us once and then dismiss us, but heaps trial upon trial. At every turn he baffles and disappoints us, and yet wrings from us at last the strange confession, "Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee;" and, correcting our false ideal, teaches us to find in brave and efficient service the kingdom of heaven, which we once sought in selfish enjoyment; instead of getting the uttermost, to seek our satisfaction in doing our best

So it fell out with these poor fishermen, who left their nets to follow the call of Jesus, not knowing whither they went. They embraced that call with buoyant heart and high hopes, seeing conquest and glory and golden crowns in the distance, and finding at every step disappointment, privation, danger, and ending with a martyr-death. Assuredly the life of the called is not a happy life, in the ordinary sense of the term.

The greater our privileges, the harder our lot. The more we have and can, the more we are called to do and to bear.

But courage! The God who appoints the discipline and the task is the same God who worketh in us to will and to do. The internal support is equal to the outward pressure; and as our day is, so our strength. Had Andrew and Peter foreseen the trials in store for them, how would they have spurned the Master's call, and shrunk with terror from such a life! But they did not shrink when the trials came; they found the strength where they found the call. And though one of them, in a moment of weakness, was tempted to deny his discipleship, he amply atoned for that weakness by his subsequent life, and, according to tradition, by his heroic death. Wherever there is a call to do or to bear, there is strength corresponding to that call; and what seemed impossible once, will seem easy and natural as we grow up to it by the gradual discipline of life. "It would not do for me to enlist," said a young man of feeble health and delicate organization, at the breaking-out of the war, "I should prove a coward on the field of battle." But he did enlist, impelled by the irresistible call of patriotism, and showed himself, when the trial came, as brave as any veteran on the field; and cheerfully, in the supreme hour, paid the tribute of his life to the sacred cause he had espoused.

The life of the called is not a happy life, if happiness consists in selfish enjoyment; nevertheless, it is a blessed life, if blessedness consists in consciously filling a place in the army of the faithful, and the fellowship of that spirit which animates all the brave and good. The limits of enjoyment are soon reached, the season of enjoyment is soon past; but life and blessedness have no bounds. The time is near when the having possessed a little more or a little less of this world's goods, the having experienced a little more or less of earthly delights, will no longer be matter of pleasure or regret. But the consciousness of having paid with our best for values received, of having borne our share of the common burden, and contributed something to the general good, will be rich compensation in view of all the past, and ample support in

view of all the future; will be a satisfaction which we can take with us to our final rest, assured that the sundering of soul and body cannot wrest this treasure from our life, and that wherever, in the Divine economy, our waking may be, it will find us sound and furnished and girt and ready for the new career.

SABBATH BELLS.

How sweetly sound the sabbath-bells
  A summons to the house of prayer,
High over hills, down in the dells,
  Through the soft summer air!

Come — says their accent, sweet and shrill —
  To holiness of beauty here!
God's house celestial glories fill:
  Draw near, divinely near!

Already, presences of grace
  In the bright courts of Zion shine.
Yet, there is room: come; in your place,
  The great assembly join!

Jesus is here; his heavenly smile —
  Rapture for angels — beams for you:
His glory gilds the wave and aisle,
  The pulpit and the pew.

He fills with God the frescoed dome,
  And the heart's temple penetrates.
To-day, if ye will hear him, come,
  And throng his open gates!

Hark! For the Holy Spirit fills
  The organ's voice and chant and chime,
And through the preacher's accent thrills,
  In this accepted time! R. F. F.

"BEAUTY FOR ASHES."

To many persons there is nothing on earth more dreary than a country burying-ground, a genuinely old-fashioned, neglected spot, with its solitary mounds of earth linked together by briars and tangled vines, as in the fraternity of a common destiny. It is humiliating to stand in such a place, and reflect that the silent dust at your feet once stirred with the passionate pulses of life; that youth and beauty and strength and genius and power have their unfailing representatives in the saddest, obscurest churchyard!

"Ashes for beauty" is all that most persons see in the falling headstones, and the decaying remnants of those records which even love cannot render perpetual.

In the course of a day's excursion to an old seaport town, I strolled through an enclosure once set apart as the resting-place of the dead, but long unused, and, I was assured, rarely visited except by strangers. Situated almost in the centre of business, the sounds of activity swept past with a strange cadence: carriages rolled by on either side; and the laughter of children at their play, and idlers lounging upon the sidewalks, mingled with the low rustle of stirring grasses. Even the sunny warmth of noon, pervading the atmosphere, left chill and damp the dark undergrowth at our feet: only here and there, a sunbeam glanced into some flower-cup lifted for its touch. The eternal calm sealed upon the sleepers around seemed like a palpable presence.

How long since rest came to them! since the sorrowing ceased to grieve; the heavy laden to bear life's burden; the anxiously striving to fail and fall! If regretful longings clung to the beauty of earth, they can never re-awaken; singing birds, and sighing breezes, and the myriad voices with which the world echoes, touch but the surface of these green graves. If powerless to recall the sweetness and the joy of existence, neither may they summon back the long possession of its sufferings and sicknesses of mind and body.

Very few names and dates were legible upon the stones remaining upright, and these touchingly repeated the words of faith and consolation which are ever new with every fresh affliction. Whatever weakness of human vanity, of charity which, "thinking no evil," speaks lying words in praise of virtues which never existed in the dead, may disturb the living, they die in insignificance before the grandeur of the voice breathing of resurrection and immortality.

Gradually Nature unfolds her own flowery epitaph over every couch where the children of earth are hidden. The lettering may be homely and common, traced in simple weeds; but the message of peace is recorded no less by them than by the most exquisite blossoms. She awaits tenderly the exhaustion of that terrible, heart-wringing agony which is mocked by the approach of sympathy: upon the bare, bleak newness of the rough clods nature lays no hand. But, as weeks and months go on, and calmness distils upon the bereaved soul, a corresponding change is wrought in that too-suggestive clay heaped over the form lately instinct with life. The dews of heaven fall, and the sun shines, not in vain. Leaf by leaf, spire by spire, the mantle which in time shall wholly conceal that unsightly prominence is revealed. Ah, God loves us! if he makes one garden desert, he fails not to pour into it a thousand tiny rills from the deep fountains of his abundant healing. They are soft and blessed tears that answer the beauty which nature offers as her best compensation for our losses. The stronger and richer vitality is quenched; but from its ashes spring the lilies of the field to symbolize that providence upon which the struggling heart may repose.

Years succeed each other, and, alas! one affliction opens the gate for many another to enter. So when the lesson of suffering endurance has been learned, or rejected and forgotten, and each grave has performed its part as a special reminder of mortality, the ground becomes level as if never upheaved; and, but for the marble reared upon it, nothing might suggest its former use. Still the process of assimilation between dust and its kindred dust goes on, more noise-

lessly and surely than art can fathom. The stone sinks slowly, slowly down; mosses creep over its face like a veil. When the name has dropped from the circle of its former association, why should it be syllabled by careless lips? No cruel fate, but a just and kindly ordinance, effaces at length every remnant of the tragedy which death rehearses, and whose grimness earth would fain soften.

These thoughts, with more or less distinctness, occurred to me as I forced my way through the graveyard, whose rank verdure choked every pathway.

The sun shone, and the delicious air woke no discord even there; the blue waters of the beautiful bay flashed through the trees, and the sky bent itself near to the listening earth.

> " There is life in the summer meadow,
> But death is in the world!"

After quieting itself with a little philosophy, my heart returned to that natural creed, to the pathos and yearning of an older poet than the one above quoted, who says mournfully, —

> " Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

But Job, sending his cry into heathen darkness, ought not to stand as a type of the sorrowing in all ages; and, after the coming of Christ, why do we turn at once and instinctively to the shadow of the narrow valley, and shut our eyes to its sunrise light?

If we, as Christians, have risen above the plane of our mortal existence, and are learning, in any just degree, to value the sweet and bitter things that encompass us, we can remember with no undue regret, that " the world and the fashion of it passeth away." It is right that we should love the home which our Father has so wonderfully adapted to our use and enjoyment here: it is *not* right that we shrink with dread from a summons to the mansions he has prepared for those who love him, though the passage thither be through a forgotten grave! We cultivate too much a morbid misanthropy, which weeps over the physical details of death,

neglecting to strengthen the faith that illumines and transforms them.

With such loving insight, Vaughan sang: —

"Dear, beauteous Death, thou jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark."

Will humanity ever learn to distinguish the fine, clear harmony that underflows the decay and discord of time?

C. M. P.

ON AFFLICTION.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

As the harp-strings only render
All their treasures of sweet sound, —
All their music, glad or tender,
Firmly struck and tightly bound:

So the hearts of Christians owe
Each its deepest, sweetest strain,
To the pressure firm of woe,
And the tension tight of pain.

Spices crushed their pungence yield;
Trodden scents their sweets respire;
Would you have its strength revealed,
Cast the incense in the fire:

Thus the crushed and broken frame
Oft doth sweetest graces yield;
And, through suffering, toil, and shame,
From the martyr's keenest flame,
Heavenly incense is distilled!

From "Christian Life in Song."

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER XII. — CONCLUSION.

From the indications from time to time given of the state of Arthur Ashton's health, the reader will hardly be surprised at the event now to be briefly described. Though it brought the most profound sorrow not only to Morning Side, but throughout the neighborhood, and indeed to the whole town, it shall be my endeavor to allude to it in that calm spirit which marked the whole of his life.

I think I have before referred to his quickness in obtaining knowledge pertaining to any subject which interested him. This was true of farming, of road-making, of schools, of natural history, of every thing to which his attention was turned. When he began to perceive his health to be failing, and perhaps to feel some premonitions that life with him would be short, nothing could surpass the eagerness with which he sought to understand what death is.

The previous chapters of this book show how much he thought and read upon the subject; and the effect of all this upon himself I observed with much interest. I have heard him quote an Italian proverb, that "it is one thing to talk about death, and another thing to die."

We sometimes see men assume an indifferent and flippant air towards death, as if it was a journey that gave them only small concern. I believe that this is almost always a shallow affectation. It might do for the old Stoics to write treatises "De contemptu mortis;" but under no title of that sort, it is probable, would there be expressed the feelings that become a Christian. If he schools his heart to contemplate death with resigned composure, it is not that he may run into another extreme of ceasing to view it with thoughtful awe.

While Arthur Ashton would have been offended by any want of profound reverence in the thought of this great mys-

tery, he had so much studied the phenomena it presents, up to the remotest point to which our intelligence reaches, that nothing took him by surprise. For the successive stages of his disease he seemed prepared, and he yielded himself to them in the spirit of a child in the paternal arms. I heard him repeat the following words with a solemnity and pathos which gave them a meaning to my ear deeper than they ever had before, — "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

I used sometimes to wonder what had weaned him so much from the world. No sharp trials had ever assailed him. He had a grateful and hearty relish for life, and, apparently, he had every thing to make life happy, — property, occupations to his taste, affluence of affections, and a cheerful and joyous nature. It is true, he had not entered into the closer relations of husband and father; but he had a strength of faith which would have subordinated all earthly relations.

The paternal character of God, the merciful and loving ministry of Christ, the benignant change of death, the continued and uninterrupted life of the soul, — these points, which with him had been something more than abstractions for years, seemed now to come out in greater distinctness, and to stand before him in a more solid reality.

There was still another thing that contributed to his calm peace. He had done something more than study the change of death as far as our intelligence reaches. The future world was not to him a land of shadows. While no science can penetrate it, and revelation has not lifted the veil that hides it from our view, still there are certain leading probabilities which are suggested by our nature, and which become in a sense illuminated and established by prolonged and devout meditation.

If to thousands of dying persons the future world be a blank, can it be any wonder that they have no adequate Christian supports? To Arthur it had certain salient points more assured than any thing here. I have deeply regretted that I had not talks with him on the subjects he named in that low whisper at his bedside; and, though he left some

papers relating to them, how much more should I have learned from his voice and eye and deep-loving heart!

On one point his decline presented a result different, as I imagine, from what he expected. I think it was more prolonged than he anticipated. The changes through which he knew he had to pass did not succeed each other, I suspect, with the looked-for rapidity. He had not, perhaps, made sufficient allowance for the tenacity of life. It is an error into which observers of more age and experience often fall. There was no impatience manifested; nor am I at all confident of the correctness of my conjecture, which perhaps may have been chiefly suggested by his early readiness to depart.

I have read in the lives of the early Christians, as also in the memoirs of some of the devout men whom the Roman Catholic Church has canonized as saints, of the holy joy they felt in the near prospect of death, as if they were about to receive the highest conceivable distinction and glory, for which they desired the congratulations of their friends.

I dare say, if any one had observed the expression on my face, in perusing these accounts, he might have detected an incredulous look; as I have supposed that all such statements were grounded half in the nervous excitement of the dying, and half in the strained imagination of their friends.

I have been taught to see what a shallow conclusion this was. Day after day, week after week, I have myself witnessed this holy joy. It was authenticated not by strong words and earnest protestations. Throughout his decline, Arthur was true to his own quiet nature. But his joy, his heaven, was apparent in his whole air and manner, — in his voice, which had tones of an unearthly sweetness; in the look of his eye, which revealed depths of celestial peace.

I remember once, as I went from his bedside to my house, I read again his brief account, given on a former page, of the death of Sir Philip Sidney, who said, "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world." And I said to myself, "When I read that, two or three weeks ago, did I believe that Sidney really *had* such a joy? No. I regarded it as the extravagance of excitement, — as a few words gath-

ered out of the incoherent and perhaps unconscious utterances of the dying, and not to be accepted as a deliberately uttered and literal truth."

Thus did my foolish scepticism blind me to a fact of which there have been ten thousand witnesses, all of whom would have made but little impression upon my mind but for this witness under my own eye.

And why should it be thought to be an incredible thing, that the good man, dying, should feel as if he ought to be congratulated upon some approaching and transcendent glory? Whence comes the doubt, if not from our worldliness, the film of which has fallen from the eye that is soon to be closed in death? If this life be but the vestibule of true existence; if trials and sorrows be laid aside at the grave; if the true and final home be *there*, where an uncounted number whom we have known and loved are waiting to receive us, then sighs and tears do not seem to be the most appropriate surroundings of a death-bed: and who can doubt, that, when we have a more lively faith in immortality, they will be exchanged for expressions of triumph and of joy. "O præclaram diem!" said the old Roman, in view of his departure; and may not Christian faith have even greater confidence and exultation?

The different light in which the living and the dying look at death, creates a conflict of vision which, as we have reason to suspect, often gives one of the most painful trials to the departing spirit. Sighs and tears reflect only that earthly atmosphere which he has left. It is with a sort of shock that he sees that his friends are wholly immersed in it, and incapable of sympathizing with that heavenly air now his, and which he feels should be wreathed with sweet smiles of joy.

There was with Arthur an acuteness of sensibility on this subject that quite surprised me, because my attention had never been called to this point before. I see how natural his feeling was when he said, with the utmost emphasis, "Do not come into my room with sad faces: come with cheering smiles."

It is melancholy to think how often our worldliness sur-

rounds the dying with dark shadows, when they would be so thankful for a light from one cheerful and cheering look to shine on the way they are to go.

At length, when came the night which would probably be the last in this world for Arthur, he sent word that he wished that Uncle Ephraim and I might be with him. We were at his bedside through the long watches. We had but little to do; for he was in a dozy state most of the time, and once or twice spoke in his sleep. The names of "mother," "father," and "Sarah," were distinctly heard.

Few things leave a more marked impression than to watch through the night at a dying bed. In that still and dimly lighted chamber, what an oppressive anxiety marks the heavy hours, while the great world outside is wrapped in peaceful and unconscious slumber! Perhaps we lift the curtain, and look out upon the stars, and think of the mystery of the soul's leaving that body fast perishing by disease, and going, perhaps, to one of those far-off shining orbs. And when the gray of the morning is descried, and the first faint sounds of awakening life are heard, it seems as if they were only trifling and fleeting shadows which the busy world will eagerly pursue. I remember that Uncle Ephraim asked, "What would become of this world's business, if God had not made the shadows we run after seem, for a little while, like things of substance?" It is death that shows their real nature, and wakes us from this kindly dream.

As the day dawned, Arthur felt some restlessness, accompanied with a slight degree of faintness. He thought he would be better if he could be lifted up to sit in his chair, front of the window, to see the sun rise. We gently raised him, and placed him in a large arm-chair, which we soon moved to the spot he named. Just as the cloudless sun was rising, his head fell back on the pillow behind him; but no groan, no struggle, marked the final moment. The sun of his immortal life had its rising in like unclouded splendor.

The funeral customs of New England had often been criticised by Arthur Ashton. We endeavored, therefore, in

making arrangements for his obsequies, — though he left no directions on this subject, — to act in conformity to his ideas.

The assembly of a large number of acquaintances, oftentimes invited through the newspapers, at the house of mourning, and the forming of a long procession to the grave, involve the necessity of much domestic and millinery preparation, at a time when a bereaved family most long for quiet; while the crowd of carriages at the front door, the presence of a score of officials and drivers of horses, and the gathered idle lookers-on, open the inmost recesses of grief to a public and unsympathizing gaze.

We imported this fashion from abroad, he used to say, though we have had the good sense to lay aside some of the hollow paraphernalia of grief, such as the flowing weepers and the nodding plumes. You may frequently see these pompous processions in the Old World, where the friends of every private citizen ape the customs of the great; and the consideration a man enjoyed while living is measured by the length of the procession that follows him when dead.

Of course, there may be fit occasions, now and then, for impressive public solemnities, with the long procession of mourners that go about the streets, —

> "Sometime let solemn Tragedy,
> In gorgeous train, come sweeping by;"

but, in our ordinary funeral rites, why need we follow bad precedents at third-hand? why should we not have more simple and soothing burial ceremonies, suited to our own convictions of propriety?

He had so often conversed upon this subject that some desired changes had already been made. I remember his telling me that it used to be the custom for mourners to take their last look of the departed in the presence of a crowd of spectators. He added, that the groans and shrieks he had heard were an outrage upon all Christian self-control and submission. He had persuaded mourning circles to bid adieu to the loved remains of their relative in the privacy of their chamber.

Some signs of another change in burial customs were beginning to be seen, — that of having prayers at the house, in the presence only of the nearest friends; and then, at some convenient hour afterward, to have the body quietly, and with no parade, attended to the grave only by the nearest male relatives.

Let it not be thought that he ascribed undue importance to this point. To the sorrowing and stricken heart, nothing can be more grateful than the quietness and seclusion which this arrangement favors; and the holy impressions of death are not broken up and driven away by bustling cares. The consideration of cost would not be here alluded to, if we did not see, every day, families in humble circumstances incur, in the inconsiderate hour of bereavement, wholly useless expenses, which they find it hard afterwards to meet.

If we think that those about to leave the world must be indifferent to all these arrangements, it may be well to remember that, perhaps, we who are still immersed in the world-element may not have the same feelings as those who are just emerging from it. The closer they approach to all unmasked realities, the more sensitive may be their dislike of any parade and show, and the stronger their attachment to severe simplicity and sincerity.

When Burns, who belonged to a military company, expressed, in his last moments, a wish that the "awkward squad might not fire over his grave," perhaps it was through that mysterious longing that the body should have a sacred privacy after death, with which every delicately-minded man may, in his last moments, most keenly sympathize.

Of course, a large number of persons came to the house, to see once more the face of "our Arthur," as everybody affectionately called him; but at the funeral there seemed to have been a general delicate regard to his well-known feelings, and there was no bustle of a crowd. The large parlor was filled with relations and most intimate friends; and, both before the religious service and after it, there was the quiet of a private, holy hour.

As our church was then, and had been for some time,

without a pastor, a young clergyman from a neighboring town, a college classmate of Arthur, conducted the religious service, which he prefaced with some remarks that seemed to us all to be appropriate and comforting. I afterwards obtained a copy of them from the speaker, whose permission I have to insert them here. I am sure that, by those who heard them, they will be often read, in recalling the impressions of an hour that can never be forgotten.

The brief address was as follows: —

More meet it is, as it seems to me, that I should sit in that silent group of mourners, than stand here to conduct these funeral offices. There can be no deeper mourner than I. From the time that I first knew him, eight years ago, to the day of his death, no ties of blood could unite us closer than these ties of love.

I well remember the impression he made on us all at the beginning of our college life. We noticed his extremely youthful appearance, his slender form, his calm blue eye, his gentle manners, and an air of saintly purity which never deserted him, — the bare presence of which among us was always an inspiration to every thing that was good.

When, a year ago, I came to live where Providence hath cast my lot, the place to me had an attraction, because I could descry from thence the smoke of his chimney; and the skies that canopy these neighboring towns and these fair hills seemed to cover me like a home, because they enclosed one whom it was the greatest privilege of my life to know and love.

In my repeated interviews with him, during his decline, our talk has chiefly been on subjects which you, who knew him so well, can readily name, — the purpose of life; its blessed enjoyments and privileges; its connection with the future; and the gentle and benignant change of death. To me his chamber has been a place of instruction, where I have received impressions that can never be effaced.

To you, who saw the daily beauty of his life, has been accorded a privilege which, much as you may now appreciate it, you will hereafter more adequately prize. If you live a hundred years, and range through all the altitudes and depressions of human experience, it is not likely you will meet with any thing that will leave a more sweet and holy flavor.

It is not becoming in me, nor is it just to him, to indulge in

indiscriminate praise. A stamp of perfection, seen nowhere in this world, was not impressed on him. But his very defects — his quickness of temper, and his too unyielding persistency of purpose — only endeared him more to our hearts, since they showed that that character was human and imitable, which otherwise we might have deemed to be above our poorer humanity. The reality of human virtue, the possibility of saintliness of life, have been demonstrated in a way we cannot gainsay or resist.

Should we hereafter meet with hard and unjust treatment from our fellow-men, the remembrance of the fruit we have seen our nature here bear shall soften our heart and restrain our condemnation; yea, this one full, golden ear from our fields we will hang up in the chamber of memory, as a prophecy of that harvest which the reapers, who are the angels, will gather, in coming times of more favoring culture.

But, meanwhile, we too, in our appointed hour, must go in that path of the dead along which he hath now passed. To us shall it be as peaceful and as radiant as it was to him?

I should fail to give you that lesson which I know, above all others, he would have me impress, if I did not say to you, Lead the life of a good Christian, and then never have fear of death. As saith the holy apostle, "Death is yours," — that is, in your power, — yours to subdue; yours to triumph over; yours to abolish, so that you shall never taste it.

Christians are divided in this world into many sects, some of them separated from each other by mere metaphysical distinctions of little consequence. For one, I would be a member of a new sect, should it arise, that would treat this subject of death more in the spirit of Christ, — that would take it out of the old pagan darkness and horror in which it is still enveloped; that would teach us that it is a gentle and kind step in our immortal progress, and would surround it with the light of Christian faith and the smiles of undying love.

Farewell, for a little while, friend of our youth, and forerunner to the bright Spirit-land! Thou wouldst not have us shed one tear at thy grave, but exchange even there words of congratulation and joy. Nor will we deem thy departure untimely. "Wisdom is gray hairs, and an unspotted life old age." Thou wilt give us the hand of welcome when we meet thee on those distant shores.

The above address was followed by a prayer; and then, perhaps a couple of hours later, a simple carriage, containing

three or four male friends, accompanied the body to the spot in our cemetery, since marked by that marble slab on which so many wreaths of fresh flowers are often hung.

On looking over Arthur Ashton's papers, I found many hymns which he had composed. I had at first thought of inserting several of them here; but, on reflection, I have changed my mind. It is not likely they would have any interest beyond the small circle of his intimate friends; and for them they will have a sacred charm in his handwriting, which they would lose if submitted to the public eye in print.

There is one, however, which is in such accordance with the spirit of his life, and of the chapters of this book, that I shall here insert it. It is as follows: —

HYMN.

"And the way ye know." — John xiv. 4.

To hail, new-born, this world's fair light,
  To clasp fond parents at my side,
To welcome love, to know the right, —
  Behold the ways that I have tried!

Thou hast ordained another way,
  In equal love, for me to tread:
Thy will unquestioned I obey;
  I take the way trod by the dead.

It is a way that doth not run
  Where is not felt thy loving hand;
And brighter light than this world's sun
  Illumines those that near thee stand.

It is a way where peacefully
  Thy holy Son passed through the grave,
And proved, obtaining victory,
  How ample is his power to save;

A way in which the wise, the good,
  The dearest we have known on earth,
Thy saints, — unnumbered multitude, —
  Ascended to their heavenly birth.

O Father! when I hear thy voice,
  To thee, without one fear, I go;
In the last look of earth rejoice
  That death is through a way I know.

One word, now, of myself, and my task is done.

The reader will justly conclude that one of the chief joys of my country life has been taken away. But in my walks to the grove, the brook, the glen, I have an invisible companion, of whom I am reminded at every step. It is true

> "Lycidas is dead; dead ere his prime,
> Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer;"

but I can say, in the words of another majestic master of song, —

> "O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves!
> Forbode not any severing of our loves;
> Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;]
> I only have relinquished one delight,
> To live beneath your more habitual sway.
> . . . . . .
> We will grieve not, rather find
> Strength in what remains behind;
> In the soothing thoughts that spring
> Out of human suffering;
> In the faith that looks *through* death."

And what is the result of all? It is that my acquaintance with Arthur Ashton unsealed a fountain of spiritual light within, and has proved a life-long blessing to my soul. The world has a new meaning to me, life a new plan; and death is not the end, but is a new beginning. The visible universe is a MORNING SIDE.

H. A. M.

A WORK is set before the day we live in, a necessity is laid upon it: it sees and accepts its calling, content to labor in the thick smoke, and weary itself among the very fires of speculation. Let but our age apprehend a cause or an idea as worthy of its devotion, and it will not fail to be furnished with apostles, with confessors, yes, if need be, with martyrs; so strong is the passion of its onward march, so steadfast the ardor of its perseverance. And thus in how many a fair and still extending region of human thought and labor we have already arrived —

> "At the winning and the holding of a prize,
> The hope of which would have been once deemed madness."

RANDOM READINGS.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

It would be a sin to suffer such a year as this which now hastens to a close to complete its months and days without a word of devout gratitude, and the confession of a God of whom we can hardly say any more, "He hideth himself." Those of our readers who are the youngest, and shall live the longest on earth, will never see such another twelvemonth, — such changes from darkness to light, and then presently from light to darkness; such a melting-away of armies; such a silencing of boastful voices; so rapid a passage from war to peace; such a tragedy in a nation's life; such joy uplifting, and such sorrow weighing down, a nation's heart; such a Fast Day as that on which the funeral honors were paid to our murdered President; such throngs in cities and villages, as, on more than one occasion, the people bore their dead to the last resting-place; such a thorough discomfiture of those who presumed to measure their strength with the Spirit of Humanity, in the vain effort to put the world back for centuries. I am sure we have not thanked God, as we should have done, for all his mercies to this people. It will do us good to compare the month of December, which is before us, with the same month in the previous year, especially if we find ourselves compassed about by new cares and oppressed by new anxieties. A nation with an experience like ours during the past year has a right to believe that God proposes for it a great work and a high destiny, of course through added labors and sufferings. Our noble army of martyrs, rejoicing now in the success of the cause for which they died, have purchased for us the privilege of doing and bearing yet more; they have lifted our nation's life up to a higher plane, and have put within the reach of our fidelity and earnestness and continued self-sacrifice a genuine Republic, in which every man shall be politically equal to every other man. What a significant symbol it is, that a me-

chanic, and he of a class which in times past has been especially despised, should be at the head of our country! The successes and the disasters of the year, with their joys and sorrows, have brought us, under God, so far, and have marked out for us the path in which we are to walk soberly and prudently, yet with courage and settled determination, until it shall appear that our young men and our noble President have not died in vain. As the year closes, we find ourselves not free from hinderances and anxieties. We find those who have not been taught by defeat, and who still cherish the delusions which have wrought such mischief in times past; we still have great need of patience and laboriousness; we shall be tempted to heal the hurt of the people slightly, to take words for works, to rely upon promises that will not be kept: but all this ought not to lessen by one iota our gratitude for all that we have compassed, or minister in any way to discouragement. The time has been when no price would have been esteemed extravagant in return for the results which the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-five has put beyond all peradventure. We have seen the end of chattel slavery in the United States: what we want now and must have, just as soon as schools and a true humanity can prepare for it, is a complete citizenship for every nominal citizen, and meanwhile protection for the weak. There is so much in the circumstances of the times to draw us together in mutual helpfulness; there are so many who have done what they could for us, and now ought not to be compelled to ask us to do what we can for them; there is so much to provoke us to charity of heart and life, — that we hardly need to be asked to give much of the time which may remain, before the record of the year shall be closed, to earnest communion with the Spirit that is ever seeking our spirits, and would lead us safely and profitably and peacefully through the changes of time into the Rest of Eternity. Truly his mercies, like his days, are without number; and all things work together for good to those who love him.

How many, during the closing year, have wept great bitter tears! It has seemed to me at times that the shadows never lay so deep and dark before, or that the hope of man became so suddenly disappointment. Doubtless, however, the experience of others has been the opposite of all this; for a wise hand blends the light and the darkness in just proportions. Let us hold fast by the faith that the night is far spent, and the day at hand. E.

DID PAUL HAVE FITS?

[The following article is from the "New-York Observer." In our allusion to Strauss, we were perfectly aware that we were putting it "mild;" and, if the editor of the "Observer" will look into Strauss himself, he will see that he does a good deal more than "intimate." Strauss, through page after page, tries to prove that the whole story of Christ's resurrection is a fiction resting on the imaginations of nervous women, or of men who took the visions of their own minds for facts, of whom Paul — probably subject to epileptic convulsions — is a specimen. To these bodily and mental peculiarities he attributes the vision which was the proximate cause of his conversion to Christianity. S.]

THIS question is agitated in certain quarters just now, and with some degree of zeal. A short time since, the Rev. E. H. Sears, in an address at Cambridge, Mass., made allusion to the views of Strauss, the German Rationalistic critic, and employed the following language in speaking of the conversion of Paul: —

"There was a man who started from Jerusalem towards Damascus, on a mission of persecution and murder, proud, cruel, and vindictive: he came from Damascus with a heart yearning towards all mankind, with the humility of a child, and with affections as tender as a woman's love. He went towards Damascus with an intellect narrowed down to a rapier's point, and harder than its steel: he came from Damascus with an intellect broadened and fused with divine fire, and with a logic so invincible, and with its links so warm with the Holy Ghost, that it moulded the thought of the world for eighteen centuries. What changed him? *Epileptic fits*, says Mr. Strauss. He was liable to swoons, and seeing spectres, which he called his 'thorn in the flesh.'"

A writer in the "Christian (Unitarian) Register" denies that Strauss taught such a sentiment, and cites an extended passage from his writings, the passage to which Mr. Sears alludes in his discourse. Strauss, alluding to Paul's experience, says: —

"In the passage of Galatians, he designates his conversion as the revelation *in him* of the Son of God, thus himself making the principal fact *an inward experience*, and signifying that he had not only seen and heard Christ, but had also felt his heart possessed by the knowledge of Christ the Son of God. Still *we cannot doubt that he believed that he had really seen the transfigured Christ*, and that he gave to this appearance the character of an external

manifestation. But with the discrepancy in the account of the Acts, which would constrain, in this respect, our conviction if we took it to be strictly historical, Paul alleges nothing which obliges us to share his view, or hinders us from considering the appearance *an inward fact and a purely psychological phenomenon.* The apostle himself tells us that he was subject to certain peculiar and ecstatic states of mind. If he wished to glory, he wrote to the Christians of Corinth, he could boast of the abundance of visions and revelations with which he was favored; and here he relates the fact already cited of the man caught up to the third heaven. But lest the greatness of his revelations should awaken pride, a thorn in the flesh was given him, and an angel of Satan buffeted him. This may suggest convulsions, perhaps of an epileptic character; and this conjecture seems to be confirmed by the fact that he speaks elsewhere of the weakness of his body, and of his mean appearance."

The language of this passage is sufficiently explicit to justify any one in saying, that Strauss teaches that Paul was subject to epileptic fits, and that his extraordinary visions were to be attributed to his constitutional peculiarities. The whole passage is one of the clearest exhibitions of the infidelity that would find a natural explanation of every supernatural event in the Sacred Scriptures. It intimates that Paul did not see what he believed he saw, — that there is a discrepancy in the narrative, — that we are not required to share the same view that Paul took of his experience, — and that we are at liberty to regard it as a purely psychological phenomenon; that he was subject to convulsions, *perhaps of an epileptic character*, and these peculiarities are to be taken into the account when forming a judgment of the story of Paul's conversion.

Mr. Sears, so far from doing injustice to Strauss, comes far short of intimating the extent of his unworthy attempt to depreciate the experience of the apostle. It was a mild way of putting it, to say that Strauss attributes his wonderful experience to *epileptic fits!* He might have gone much further, and made a stronger case.

If there is any man in the annals of Scripture who had a sound mind, that man was Paul. To attribute his experiences to ecstasies or imagination or convulsions, is scarcely less ridiculous than it is impious.

NEW LIFE IN OLD FORMS.

There is a vast deal of this new life in the Church of England at the present day; and we think that many persons who seem to regard themselves as endowed beyond the rest of the world with the divine humanities, and are accustomed to speak almost scornfully of old churches and rituals, would be amazed to find how rich are some English Churchmen of the straitest sort in the spiritual treasure, old yet new, which the Lord is giving to the world in these times. In reading the sermons of some of the modern High-Church divines, we are almost led to imagine that our own Transcendentalists, as we have called them, are addressing us, — we get all that was positive, and therefore good, in those men, without their negations. As little as any do these believers after the old type care for the mere letter even of Scripture. They insist upon penetrating beneath the word and the surface, and carrying us along with them into the deeper places. They are realists, and deal with realities. They love the body for the life which is tabernacled in it; the form for the substance of which it is the vehicle. They are not content with a revelation which was once a revelation: they must be brought near to God here and now, and hear his voice, and feel upon their hearts his quickening and soothing hand. A form of sound words, which is only that, does not content them; and much and rightly as they prize the objective, and steadily as they refuse to be satisfied with moral ideals or with "pictures painted in the air," they must have for the object something more than an ancient book, however sacred. They listen for the Spirit that speaks to the churches to-day, not less earnestly but more earnestly, because this Spirit, according to the word of Jesus, will take of the things of Christ, — the Christ, indeed, that lived and taught in Judea; the Christ that died for our sins, and rose again the third day; yet also the Christ who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Of course, in the writings of these Churchmen we find much from which we are compelled stoutly to dissent; much which, as we think, they would not have written had they opened their minds as fairly to the new learning as they have opened their hearts to the new life: but often we can earnestly assent to what they *mean*, if not to what they say; and are refreshed by the atmosphere of faith and love

in which they live and write and labor. We count them amongst the real forces of the time; and many of the things which they are trying to strengthen ought to remain.

We have been moved to set down these sentences by the reading of a volume of sermons from Rev. Thomas Thellusson Carter, Rector of Clewer, Berks, — a volume which, better than many other collections of discourses, deserves to have reached, as it has, its second edition. If we had any influence with the excellent Messrs. Dutton & Co., we should counsel the republication of these sermons, for the edification not only of the particular branch of the Church to which they minister in their vocation, but for the good of our whole Zion. We will transcribe a few paragraphs, as our eyes fall upon them, for the instruction of our readers, and so make good this unsought, but we trust not unwelcome, commendation.

It may interest our readers to know, that Mr. Carter is a clergyman in charge of one of the "Houses of Mercy," which are illustrating practical Christianity in Protestant England, not only by maintaining within consecrated walls a daily service of prayer and praise, but also by showing forth that religion, pure and undefiled before the Father, which is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. E.

REASON AND FAITH.

It is needful to reconcile the claims of reason and faith, which to many seem to be at variance, their minds being uncertain whether simply to accept all that is presented to them as of God without inquiry, or to limit belief to what they are able to comprehend; the end of the one course being superstition, of the other rationalism. The error lies in supposing that reason and faith are opposed, and proceed on contrary principles of thought. They are rather similar operations of the mind employed in different spheres of knowledge. By reason, the soul embraces what it is able to apprehend according to natural laws of thought; by faith, the soul embraces what the Spirit of God reveals to it, according to laws of thought operating through his gracious aid above the natural powers of reason, yet in intimate accordance with them, if not an actual development of them, by a divine energy animating and exalting the soul. Faith is as a sublimed and transformed

reason, having its instincts and laws, which the soul acknowledges and feels to be supreme, without losing its own properties or freedom of action. Faith is the expansion and exaltation of the soul, neither disparaging nor contradicting any one of its own true functions, although raised into a conscious union and co-operation with the mind of God. Faith ponders the truths of a higher world, as reason those of this lower world. Faith draws its conclusions and grasps its ideas in the supernatural, as reason deals with its kindred objects in the natural world. Reason leads us to the threshold of the sanctuary; faith enters within it. The great sages of heathen Greece and Rome prove what reason can do in searching after God; the saints are witnesses of the truer, higher reach of faith. They do not differ as to the laws of thought. The saints still sit at the feet of the ancient sages, learning of them how to regulate and strengthen the powers of judgment, and testing, by the authority of their master-minds, the processes of thought employed even in the profoundest theology. But they are advanced far beyond them in the spheres of divine knowledge, their capacities indefinitely enlarged, their perceptions purified and quickened, their hold on the True and the Eternal maintained by His very Presence, dwelling in them, who is the perfect Light, who desires to reveal himself ever more and more to every soul that seeketh him.

The grace of faith neither absorbs nor sets aside the operations of reason. It recognizes reason as God's chiefest gift to man, intermingles with its powers, and acts through them; it is itself the highest reason, or rather the superadded, the crowning glory of the rudiments of high intelligence with which the Creator endued unfallen man. To separate faith from reason is to dethrone reason, to evacuate it of its truest greatness; for reason needs faith to reach its intended height, to become capable of apprehending the highest verities. To disparage reason for the exaltation of faith is to deprive faith of the groundwork of its development and the safeguard of its truth; for grace, while raising humanity, acts according to its natural laws.

But faith is not to be regarded merely in its connection with reason. It has a wider range within the soul, being the superadded grace of every faculty. Faith quickens and exalts every faculty, as it enters into and transforms the reason. We live by faith, all our inward powers being raised by its influence to em-

brace God and the unseen world. The imagination is kindled and sanctified by faith, soaring into highest mysteries under its sure guidance. The conscience judges with more solemn authority, by faith realizing the inner Presence of the Eternal Judge speaking through its voice. Hope wears a brighter radiance, and with a freer confidence amid all changes and chances of a world of trial, clings to unchanging Love by an instinct deep as life, which faith feeds. Faith is the stretching forward of our entire nature towards the Eternal and the Invisible; the going-forth of one's whole self beyond one's self to reach unto God, to lose one's self in God, to be found again in him as one with him. Faith animates the whole life, not losing any portion of true humanity, but drawing it more and more within the veil, till it is hidden with Christ in God.

CHRIST REVEALED TO HIS DISCIPLES.

The loss of the sensible Presence of Christ is, as even our natural reason may discern, necessary for the exercise of this discipline. An unchanging vision, palpable to the sense, would have been as incompatible with this economy of trial as the complete hiding of his countenance from the forsaken soul. In the one case, it would have been all rapture; in the other, all despair. What is needed is the vision of faith, which is a seeing, and yet not seeing; a seeing neither clearly nor darkly, but an inexpressible intermingling of experiences which are neither fulness of sight, nor yet blindness. And this wonderful discipline of the soul began in earnest, as the law of our regeneration, when our Lord withdrew himself into his ascended glory, and the invisible and incomprehensible Spirit came forth to be the second Comforter.

It is important to mark in the text the significant order of the words, "A little while, and ye shall not see me; and again a little while, and ye shall see me." The attention rests on the idea of "seeing" as the end, the closing prospect of our Lord's promise. What if it had been reversed? what if it had been, "A little while, and ye shall see me; and again a little while, and ye shall not see me"? The order of the words, as they now stand, causes the mind to repose in the blessed assurance, that this clouded, fitful state is not to last, but is the incipient stage of a growing communion with God which is opening into, and at last will rest in, the full and unchanging vision of his glory. The order of the words that fell from our Lord's lips corresponds with those

of the prophet in the passage just referred to, who, after describing the "day known of the Lord," not "day nor night," adds, "but at evening-time there shall be light." The unchanging light is the consummation of the clouded day of the prophet. "Ye shall see me" is the point in the horizon on which our Lord bids us rest; as the end of the period during which this weary alternation of seeing and not seeing must continue, to be succeeded by the one cloudless vision of the Living God.

And what is our support now in this our trial-state? It is the blessed assurance, that every training and exercise of our spiritual faculties, during this our present imperfect but most real communion with our Lord; every sacrament of which we partake, even every sacred symbol,—is the means of a continual advance, a constant drawing on towards that ever clearer and unchanging Vision. They are in their several degrees the shadows through which the glorious light is streaming in, as we are able to bear it, under which the plants which cannot bear the full blaze of the noonday sun are being nourished for a "little while." "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself;" but it is only because we cannot yet see thee and live, that thou shinest upon us with tempered ray suited to our weakness: but our dim eyes strain after thee, and seek to discern thee more and more, not merely in the special means and pledges of thy Presence, but even in all these outer forms, these visible works of thy hands.

A GOD WHO CARES FOR US.

These descriptions bring home to our apprehension some faint view of the movements of the secret mind of God. There are two ideas more or less prevailing, instincts created by the fall, which cloud the whole thought of God in most men's minds. One is, that the Supreme Godhead cannot be interested or concerned, in any real sense, in the condition of his creatures, still less be moved by their joys or sorrows. This idea took a definite shape in one of the ancient philosophies, the Epicurean, which pictured the Godhead as having no sympathy with the creature, and rapt into a wholly separate sphere of undisturbed and even unconscious repose. This heathen conception was but the exaggerated expression of a thought which is universal, and one so inwrought in the human mind as to need a positive and earnest effort of faith to remove it. It seems to arise chiefly from two

causes: (1) from the difficulty of conceiving how God, having no parts or passions, can nevertheless feel what corresponds with them, with our joy and grief, our desires and regrets; and (2) from our inability to comprehend pure, disinterested love in its highest forms. Another idea, as extensively prevailing as the former, is that one so perfectly holy cannot have sympathy with a sinner, — the feeling which was symbolically expressed in Adam's hastening to bury himself in the trees of the garden, out of the reach and sight, as he hoped, of God; and such as broke forth from Manoah, "We shall surely die, because we have seen God;" and again from the lips of St. Peter, when he first felt the nearness of God, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord!"

How different is the view which our Lord reveals in the imagery of these parables! The deep moving of the Heart of God in his secret home; the strong yearning, arousing him from his place; the intense anxiety, as he stretches forth to recover, as he bends over, the fallen; and then the extreme rejoicing, as he recovers the long-lost object of this fervent love, — such are the features exhibited in these descriptions. We may be unable to connect this view with the ineffable peace, the undisturbed beatitude, the essential separation of God from his creatures. We fail to reconcile the two ideas. Yet neither can we lower, nor need we fear to embrace trustfully, the outward expressions of divine love which these parables disclose. It is as a reflection of this perpetually strong movement of compassion in the Heart of God towards the lost, that the angels are stirred to a continual joy in their recovery. Their joy is not a feeling which arises in them first, as what belongs to a creature sympathizing with creatures; but is a consequence of their pure life being strung in perfect harmony with what passes in the mind of God. It arises in him first; it then thrills from him through the highest orders of pure creatures. What we on earth feel of joy at the recovery of the fallen, is but the distant echo dying away of that same intensity of love, ever arising in the Godhead and from himself, pervading the heavens. The visible anxiety of Christ to win back the lost to himself, was the expression of a deep eternal movement in the Divine Nature itself; and the actions and feelings of his humanity, at which the Pharisees were so unutterably amazed, only betokened a yet more amazing wonder, the intense concern, the inexhaustible compassion of God himself.

REMINISCENCES OF REV. DR. NICHOLS.

A PERUSAL at this late day, for the first time, of the little memorial volume, "Remembered Words," from the sermons and letters of the late Dr. Nichols of Portland, has recalled most pleasantly the remembrance of two or three charming days, passed at his hospitable home during the summer of 1851. Having previously had no personal knowledge of him, except from listening to his profound discourse before the Alumni of the Divinity School in Cambridge, I was prepared to find him merely a scholar; a person in whose presence one might have a painful sense of inferiority. Never did such an idea take its flight more instantaneously than did this on hearing his first salutation, so kind, so paternal. The metaphysician, the stranger, became at once the friend; and, before the second day had ended, the heart had spoken to him from some of its deep places.

He and his nearest friend could not have fully appreciated the pleasure they gave in that brief season, nor have realized that it would often recur to the memory of their guest as a privileged period. Many a wayside flower may the Christian drop unconsciously as he passes on, to be woven by some unknown hand into its life-garland of beauty and fragrance. Were all but faithful to their opportunities, the desert might indeed blossom as the rose.

During that visit, Dr. Nichols conversed much in his study with another guest, an aged clergyman, who was also a man of much thought, on subjects of such a nature, that, as the latter afterward said, his mind had not for a long time experienced such quickening as it had done from these conversations with Dr. Nichols.

How beautiful was this union of scholarship and profound thought with those sweet, genial, and Christian graces, which put the stranger at ease, and adorn the home! Would that the combination were not so rare!

As for the volume which introduced these reminiscences, it seems peculiarly fitted to be a daily companion, lying on one's table, ready to be taken up at any moment. It contains gems of thought and Christian experience; exhortation, encouragement, and consolation. Many of the sentences are so condensed as to be easily retained in the mind, and act as a stimulus to high

endeavor. It would be an excellent gift-book to the bereaved. The paragraph suggested by the passage, "The people said it thundered; others said, an angel spoke to him," is full of beauty and inspiration. Many a mourning heart must testify to its truth. The friends to whom we are indebted for this collection of choice passages have done a good work, and deserve our thanks.

†

FINISHING THE WORK.

"Let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." — *Second Inaugural Address of* PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

WHILE men, with ceaseless strife, in Church and State,
About the means of doing good contend;
The wounded man is left unto his fate,
And, in the means, forgotten is the end.
Lo, for a thousand years, the Church has striven
To guide the nations in their heavenward way;
But, by conflicting sects and dogmas, riven,
Too oft, alas! her light has led astray.
And lo the State, still struggling to be free,
Oft wastes the precious years in wordy strife;
Forgetting the great end of Liberty,
And the great work of every nation's life,
To raise the low, instruct the darkened mind,
And live in lasting peace with all mankind. J. V.

RAPPINGS RAPPED.

CONCORD is just as idiotic as ever in relation to the spirits and their knockings. Most people here believe in a spiritual world, which no respectable junk-bottle which had not met with a slip would condescend to contain even a portion of for a moment, — whose atmosphere would extinguish a candle let down into it, like a well that wants airing; in spirits which the very bull-frogs in our meadows would blackball. Their evil genius is seeing how it can

degrade them. The hooting of owls, the croaking of frogs, is celestial wisdom in comparison. If I could be brought to believe in the things which they believe, I should make haste to get rid of my certificate of stock in this and the next world's enterprises, and buy a share in the first Immediate Annihilation Company that offered. I would exchange my immortality for a glass of small beer this hot weather. Where *are* the heathen? Was there ever any superstition before? And yet, I suppose, there may be a vessel this very moment setting sail from the coast of North America to that of Africa, with a missionary on board! Consider the dawn and the sunrise, — the rainbow and the evening, — the words of Christ, and the aspirations of all the saints! Hear music! see, smell, taste, feel, hear, — any thing, — and then hear these idiots, inspired by the cracking of a restless board, humbly asking, "Please, spirit, if you cannot answer by knocks, answer by tips of the table"!!!!!! — *Thoreau's Letters.*

JESUS CHRIST THE FOUNTAIN OF CHRISTIAN TRUTH.

THE one thought which I wish to make clear, and impress deeply on your minds, is briefly this, that the man of Nazareth is the fountain of all our best religious ideas, — our ideas of God and of human nature; not the only source of religious truths (I do not mean that), not the only mediator. There is not an atom that exists that does not tell us of the Unseen, that does not mediate between the human soul and the things invisible and eternal.

But in all history, in all nature, the cardinal fact is the life of Jesus, — his personal life. There is that obscure Nazareth, in that far-off land, —

> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
> Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed
> For our advantage on the bitter cross, —

there, on the bloody mount of Calvary, burns the central light. There is the key to the whole great mystery. Just as we take the history of that one life, as we think of Jesus, and appreciate his word and work, his doing and enduring, so do we learn to think of the Supreme Object, and to know his will and our duty.

There is the light, illuminating the whole sphere of our vision, of which most of the lights that men are now following — so far as they really are lights — are only the pale reflections. — *W. H. Furness, D.D.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. By J. G. HOLLAND. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

The Plain Talks consist of nine lectures which Dr. Holland has delivered before Lyceums in various parts of the United States. He has a popular and homely and very forcible way of putting things. He sometimes uses the keenest satire against popular sins and follies. He makes no attempt at fine writing, but throws out a constant stream of common sense, set off with figures and illustrations, which send it home to the common mind and heart with much point and humor. His subjects are Self-help, Fashion, Work and Play, Working and Shirking, High Life and Low Life, The National Heart, Cost and Compensation, Art and Life, The Popular Lecture. These Lectures were received with much favor when delivered, and now make a very racy and readable volume.

S.

Life and Character of J. H. Van der Palm, D.D. Translated from the Dutch. By J. P. WESTERVELDT. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Van der Palm was a divine of the Dutch Reformed Church, distinguished in his own country and time for learning, piety, and eloquence. He was born at Rotterdam in 1763; was educated at the university of Leyden, where he became Professor of Oriental Languages and Antiquities, and of Sacred Poetry and Eloquence. The Life is written by an ardent admirer, and in a high strain of eulogy. Appended are ten Sermons of Van der Palm, very florid and devout, and, though without any freshness of originality, written in an eloquent and flowing style, and which must have been very effective with the charm of delivery which his biographer ascribes to him.

S.

The Poetry of the Orient. By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mr. Alger here finds a subject congenial with his tastes and his somewhat oriental fancy. The Historical Dissertation, comprising ninety-two pages, illustrating the distinguishing characteristics of Eastern poetry, with copious quotations, is written with the best qualities of Mr. Alger's style, and warmed and vivified with his glowing imagination. His analysis of the genius of the Supis is very charming, a theme where he is evidently at home. In the "Specimens," which comprise the second portion of the volume, we are disappointed. They are short and epigrammatic, and abound in wit and fancy, but they do not fulfil the expectations raised in the introductory dissertation. They answer, however, the main purpose of the volume. They give the reader some conception of the genius of the Orient, and make him desire a more intimate acquaintance with it. S.

Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare: with an Essay toward the Expression of his Genius, and an Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama. By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1865.

The reader may have learned, from a brief article in the body of this number of the journal, our high appreciation of this volume. It tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, concerning the life and character of the great dramatist, and that in an altogether pleasant and satisfactory way. An ardent admirer of Shakespeare, Mr. White is not also a blind idolater of this king of writers; especially is he free from the fond imagination, that all wisdom is hidden in his words, and must needs be found in them. The book is admirably printed, and in every way made readable, as such a book ought to be. E.

Lyrics of Life: by ROBERT BROWNING, Ticknor & Fields; is the fourth of the illustrated series which these Publishers have published as "Companion Poets for the People." They are in a cheap, portable form, and are the choicest of English poetry. Two more volumes are announced as nearly ready. They are good little books for one to take with him on a journey with the contingency of long stops at railway stations, or to fill up any leisure moments with the golden melodies of the language.

S.

A Poem by R. A. Fuller, Esq., commemorating the fallen soldiers of the town of Weston, and delivered at a memorial service held for that purpose, has been published by order of the selectmen of the town. The writer, we understand, has a poem on kindred themes, descriptive of the war and its victims, thoroughly patriotic, and abounding in humor and pathos, delivered elsewhere, and fitted for Lyceum occasions. The following extract is from his published poem: —

"And there were martial forms who went away
And bade farewell, — but greet us not to-day!
And yet the muse has not a heart to weep
For heroes who so nobly fell on sleep.
Weston with tenderness their fallen brave
Has brought and made at home their martyr-grave,
Where bloom their laurels of immortal sheen,
And tears shall keep the sod for ever green,
With kindred care; — and who is not akin
With those who died their country's cause to win?
That country is their mother; all the free,
While time endures, are their posterity.
Sleep where they may; — in green Earth's quiet breast
Unknown, or in the church-yard here at rest;
Or in Mount Auburn's consecrated shade, —
To them through time be grateful honor paid!
Their fitting epitaph a poet wrote:
'The brave' — these are his touching words I quote —
'Die never. Being deathless, they depart
To change their country's arms for more — their country's heart.'"

Recollections of Seventy Years. By MRS. JOHN FARRAR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The reader will not find a book of more agreeable gossip than this, if that word can be applied to well-told anecdotes of things and characters with which every person, at all conversant with English literature, has a living interest. Mrs. Farrar passed her early life in France and England, became acquainted with many of the distinguished characters of those days, treasured up a fund of information, personal and general, and now that those characters are dismissed from the scene, she can publish it without any violation of propriety, in a few instances suppressing names or giving fictitious ones. These anecdotes refer to Mrs. Barbauld, Mr. and Mrs. Opie, Benjamin West, George the Third, Elizabeth Fry, Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson, Crabbe, Buxton, Joanna

Bailie, Miss Edgeworth, the Princess Charlotte, Mrs. Somerville, and many others. Her descriptions are made with charming simplicity, abound with incidents of travel, and illustrations of English customs and social life half a century ago. S.

The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte. By JOHN STUART MILL. Boston: Wm. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street. 1866.

Mr. Spencer has brought together within these covers two articles from the "Westminster Review" of April and July, 1865: the one, devoted to an exposition and candid examination of Comte's philosophy; the other, occupied with a survey of some of the later speculations of the modern expounder of Positivism, especially in his character of Hierophant or Priest of the new faith. The book contains as much as the general reader will need or care to know about Comte's opinions, and from an admirable expositor. Mr. Mill has rendered a very important service to short-lived and care-burdened men in preparing this *résumé;* and Mr. Spencer is to be commended, and should have his reward, for rescuing such valuable matter from the receiving tomb of old reviews. E.

Songs of Seven. By JEAN INGELOW. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1866.

They are songs of human life from childhood's days of freedom and gladness, to the time when our eyes are turned forward and upward to the heavenly city; and they are simple and sweet, not as joyful in their ending as one might desire, and yet true to much human experience. Messrs. Welch, Bigelow, & Co. have set forth the stanzas in the best style of their noble art, and have made, with the aid of the artist's pencil, a very pleasant gift-book for the sevens and the seven times sevens, and those who are on the way from the beginning to the ending of our mortal life, and through the lights and the shadows of earth. E.

We have received from Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, "Life and Letters of F. W. Robertson." We promise ourselves much pleasure in reading and calling the attention of our readers to volumes that have long been eagerly looked for. E.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building